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Celebrated Spies and
Famous Mysteries of the Great War

## *By* GEORGE BARTON

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CELEBRATED SPIES AND FAMOUS MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT WAR
*Cloth decorative, 12mo, illustrated, $2.00*

THE PAGE COMPANY
53 Beacon Street, Boston

LORD KITCHENER

# CELEBRATED SPIES *and* FAMOUS MYSTERIES *of* THE GREAT WAR

By GEORGE BARTON

Author of "The World's Greatest Military Spies," "The Ambassador's Trunk," "The Strange Adventures of Bromley Barnes," "The Mystery of the Red Flame," etc.

Illustrated

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TO
JOSEPH MORGAN ROGERS
THE KINDEST OF CRITICS

# INTRODUCTION

This book, while complete in itself, may be accepted as a companion volume to my earlier production, " The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents." The previous work pictured the notable spies of the past from the days of the first Napoleon until the Spanish-American War, while the present narrative deals with the secret romance and adventure of the world's greatest war.

It will be noticed that the subject matter of these pages covers not only the celebrated spies of the war, but also the great mysteries of the awful conflict. Thus we have a combination of real stories which, for absorbing interest, will compete with the most thrilling tales of fiction. These actual men and women furnish the color to the sadness and the gray monotony of the war. Some of the characters rest under deserved obloquy. One of the saddest reflections is that every war produces its Benedict Arnolds, and the present one furnishes no exception to this rule. But human nature is a complex thing. To understand motives, it is necessary to study the personality of the subject and all of the details leading to the act, and even then we are often inclined to suspend judgment. Such a bundle of contradictions are the creatures known as men and women.

This is not a history of the espionage of the war. It is not a story of the German intrigues in America

and elsewhere. These things have already been told in great detail in other publications. It is rather a series of pen pictures relating to certain dramatic figures of the war. Even while we condemn the deeds, we wonder at the audacity and the courage of the criminals. Could there possibly be a more startling difference than is shown in the character of the three women whose stories are recounted? The sublime devotion of the martyr-nurse and the recklessness of the Javanese dancer and the Turkish beauty will be remembered long after the war has passed into history.

Bolo Pasha, the lobster dealer, decorated by the Khedive of Egypt, who handled millions of dollars and was finally brought to trial by the American Secretary of State, is a more fascinating character than anything to be found in the pages of history. Yet he is fairly matched by the man who manufactured bombs to destroy Allied ships, and the childlike German who dynamited the Vanceboro bridge. Quite different, and yet as absorbingly interesting, are the stories of the curious fate of Lord Kitchener and the strange mystery concerning the last end of the Czar of Russia.

Wherever it has been possible to present documentary evidence it has been done. This is particularly true of the story of the mad adventure of Sir Roger Casement. His case has been difficult to classify with anything like precision. But it is clear that it could not be omitted from a book which pretends to relate the picturesque, dramatic and mysterious sides of the war. Was he patriot, traitor or lunatic? Opinions differ, according to the point of view. Not less re-

markable than his exploit and trial was the attempt to obtain clemency for this strange man. Conan Doyle led in this movement, and associated with him were other public and literary men whose patriotism and devotion to the British Empire cannot be questioned. They inclined to the opinion that Casement was not mentally responsible, although those who were with him in his last hours insist that his mind was as clear as a bell.

The writer desires to express his indebtedness to Michael Francis Doyle for the photograph of Sir Roger Casement; to the report of the Casement trial, published in the series of "Notable English Trials" and ably edited by George H. Knott, barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple; to Mr. M. H. de Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* for excellent portraits of two of the defendants in the case of the Hindu Plots; to Mr. A. Bruce Bielaski, former Chief of the Bureau of Investigation, for his polite answer to certain queries; to Mr. Carl Ackerman and the New York *Times* for permission to use the report of his investigation into the mystery concerning the last end of the Czar; to Earl E. Sperry, professor of History in Syracuse University, for extracts from his able reports on German plots in the United States during our period of neutrality, and to all others who aided in the gathering of the material presented.

The stories speak for themselves, and they are offered with the assurance that every effort has been made to present them fairly and accurately.

G. B.

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# I

# THE CURIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LORD KITCHENER

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPIES

## I

## THE CURIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LORD KITCHENER

WHEN the armistice was signed, and the order was given to quit firing in the great World War, more than one person half expected to see Lord Kitchener emerge from a German prison camp.

The fact of their having been disappointed does not in any way help to explain the strange disappearance of the celebrated soldier. It is known that Lord Kitchener embarked on the *Hampshire* on the afternoon of June 5, 1916, bound for Russia, and that the vessel was sunk by a mine or a torpedo that night. The presumption, of course, was that the famous soldier was drowned, but the circumstances surrounding the sinking of the vessel, and the fact that no one could be found who could testify that he was on the ship when it actually sunk, only served to intensify what may be justly regarded as one of the curious mysteries of the war.

One of the seamen on the *Hampshire* testifies that, in his opinion, Lord Kitchener went down with the ship, but this was, after all, simply an opinion, and it is

matched by others who expressed the belief that the great English soldier had reached land and was then taken prisoner and concealed by the Germans. The theory may be fantastic, but so were many incidents of this strangest of all the strange wars of history. Kitchener, in his time, was called "the greatest personality" of our day. He was certainly one of the most interesting characters of his generation, and when he stepped out of the limelight there was a void that was never afterwards quite adequately filled.

There have been greater soldiers than Lord Kitchener; there have been clearer thinkers, and there have been men who attracted the loyalty of their subordinates to a stronger degree, but it is hard to recall any man who combined all of these characteristics in such a striking way, and who, at the same time, had such a puzzling personality as the man who was last seen alive standing on the deck of the *Hampshire,* and stolidly looking forward to what seemed to be certain death.

Lord Kitchener had all of the earmarks of a fatalist. His personal traits helped to bear out this impression. He was as brave as a lion, and had no fear whatever of danger or death. He was an exacting soldier, but fair to his men. He was reticent to an unusual degree. He has often been called sphinxlike, and the description is a fair one, even though it is known that he could relax and become a most entertaining talker in the privacy of a circle of intimate friends. He had premonitions about the length and character of the war that were almost uncanny in their precision, and the accuracy with which they were afterwards confirmed. His

years in Egypt, and his association with the people of that strange land threw about him an atmosphere of mysticism which set him apart from the ordinary run of public men, and made him a marked man to the people of England, and, indeed, to the world. All of these things combined to throw a strange glamour about the stories of his disappearance.

Before taking up the evidence in the case it is desirable to briefly pass over the life of Lord Kitchener from the time war was declared by England until the moment he was last seen alive. It was on the fifth of August, 1914, that he was appointed Secretary of State for War, and on the very next day he made a request in the House of Commons, through Mr. Asquith, for five hundred thousand additional men for the army. At the same time he advertised for one hundred thousand recruits. These were the men who afterward achieved fame as "the first hundred thousand," and the story of how they were drilled and whipped into shape will always be one of the inspiring tales of the great war. The British people were enthusiastic, to be sure, but they did not think the nation would have much difficulty in winning the war. It was Lord Kitchener who gave them the first inkling of the gigantic task that lay before them. He boldly declared that the war would last three years or longer.

That assertion, which was repeated on more than one occasion, did not serve to enhance his popularity, but it was eventually the means of arousing the British bull dog spirit, and of creating a preparedness movement which undoubtedly saved the nation from the

perils of over-confidence. When the British Expeditionary Force began to embark for France the Field Marshal gave each man a message of cheer and of caution. "You are ordered abroad," he said, "as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honor of the British Army depends on your individual conduct. It will be your duty, not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.

"Be invariably courteous, considerate and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted. Your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust."

Lord Kitchener's ideals of a good soldier, as thus set forth, were exemplified in his own conduct. Incidentally, it might be stated, that in the early stages of the war in England there was much opposition to the idea of sending English soldiers into France, just as in the United States there were protests against sending our own soldiers abroad. Mr. Winston

Churchill is authority for the statement that men of great power and influence, who afterward labored tirelessly and rendered immeasurable service in the war, were found resolutely opposed to the landing of a single soldier on the Continent.

At the very outset, Lord Kitchener emphasized his belief — then held by so few — that the war was likely to be a long and difficult one. In his first speech in the House of Lords he said, among other things: "While associating myself in the fullest degree, for the prosecution of the war, with my colleagues in His Majesty's Government, my position on this bench does not, in any way, imply that I belong to any political party for, as a soldier, I have no politics. The terms of my service are the same as those under which some of the finest portions of our manhood, now so willingly stepping forward to join the Colors, are engaging — that is to say, for the war, or, if it last longer than three years, then for three years. It has been asked why the latter limit has been fixed. It is because, should this disastrous war be prolonged — and no one can foretell with any certainty its duration — then after three years' war there will be others fresh and fully prepared to take our places and see this matter through."

From that date until the evening of his strange disappearance, Lord Kitchener worked unremittingly for the success of England and the Allies. We find him making speeches in the House of Lords, taking the stump and going about the country encouraging enlistments, hurrying over to France to assist Joffre,

holding midnight conferences at his home for the purpose of solving perplexing problems, calling on Queen Mary to supply hundreds of thousands of belts, and knitted socks for the troops, and in a score of other ways doing the work, seemingly, of a dozen men.

In one famous speech at the Guildhall, he said impressively: "I shall want more men and still more, until the enemy is crushed."

It was in the fall of 1916 that Field Marshal Roberts, better known as "Bobs," died suddenly. Lord Kitchener paid a tribute to his memory in the House of Lords, and the words of eulogy he spoke on behalf of his dead comrade might easily be applied to himself. Kitchener, on that occasion, said: "He would himself, I feel sure, have wished for no happier end than to pass away, the greatest soldier of our day, in the midst of the greatest Army the Empire has ever put in the field, with the sound of the shells and the cheers of his comrades still ringing in his ears. . . . He was one of the most tried and proven leaders of men the British race has ever produced, and the country at the present crisis can ill afford to lose the services of so eminent a military adviser. . . . I, more than most men, had occasion to learn and admire his qualities of head and heart; his ripe experience and sage counsel were fully and freely offered to me to the end. To us soldiers, the record of his life will ever be a cherished possession. We mourn his loss, but hope to profit by his illustrious example."

Shortly after that Kitchener made another notable recruiting speech at Guildhall, in the course of which

he said: "Napoleon, when asked what were the three things necessary for a successful war, replied: 'Money, money, money.' To-day we vary that phrase and say: 'Men, material and money.'" He added: "It has been well said that in every man's life there is one supreme hour to which all earlier experience moves, and from which all future results may be reckoned. For every individual Briton, as well as for our national existence, that solemn hour is now striking. Let us take heed of the great opportunity it offers, and which most assuredly we must grasp now and at once — or never. Let each man of us see that we spare nothing, shirk nothing, shrink from nothing, if only we may lend our full weight to the impetus which shall carry to victory the cause of our honor and our freedom."

Soon after Lord Kitchener left England for a short visit to the Eastern Theater of War. During his journey through France he conferred with General Joffre. Later he visited Anzac and met General Sarrail. It was the first time the two men had met since the beginning of the war, and General Sarrail said that he spoke for every soldier at the French front when he paid a tribute to Kitchener's extraordinary genius for organization, and the firmness, tenacity and thoroughness with which he carried out all the military and other work he undertook.

"I well remember," said this general, "our two meetings. What struck me was the fine, tall figure and its soldierly bearing. We discussed at length many important and delicate questions, and I was charmed

not only with the manner and extent of Lord Kitchener's knowledge to the minutest details of the subjects discussed, but his wonderfully complete knowledge of the French language, and more especially, of the technical terms and phrases relating to all such topics, whereby the deliberations were immensely facilitated, and an interpreter was wholly unnecessary."

Presently Lord Kitchener reached Athens and had a long audience with King Constantine, and an interview with the Prime Minister of Greece. From thence he went to Rome, had interviews with Signor Falandra and others, and left for the Italian General Headquarters at the front. Here he was received by King Victor Emmanuel. On the way home he stopped in Paris, had an interview with M. Briand, lunched with the French President, and afterwards attended a war council.

On his return to England his activities became more pronounced than ever. He not only paid close attention to his military duties, but spent considerable time in arousing the enthusiasm of the English people, and in impressing upon them the necessity of constant economy during the continuance of the war.

We now come to the most eventful incident in the life of this unusual man. On the second of June he had a private audience with King George, and three days later he traveled to the extreme north of Scotland with the members of his staff, and embarked for Russia on the *Hampshire*. It was said at the time that he was going on a special secret mission but, of course, no inkling of the character of this mission

was given to the public. Two destroyers had been sent with the *Hampshire* as an escort, but the weather was so rough that they were sent back. At eight o'clock that night, while the watch below were standing by their hammocks, ready to turn in, an explosion occurred. All the lights on the vessel immediately went out and a terrible draught came rushing along the mess deck, blowing off the men's caps. No one knew exactly what had happened, but while the sailors were standing on the half-deck, an officer came with Lord Kitchener from the captain's cabin. He called out "Make room for Lord Kitchener," and the men made a passageway to let him pass. He went on the deck and stood there as passive and unconcerned as though he were in his office in London. On the following morning the Admiralty received a telegram from Admiral Jellicoe, in which he reported "with deep regret that His Majesty's Ship *Hampshire,* with Lord Kitchener and staff on board, was sunk last night about eight o'clock, to the west of the Orkneys, either by a mine or torpedo."

That was the curt, official manner of announcing one of the greatest disasters of the war. Observers in the neighborhood afterwards reported that four boats were seen to leave the ship. Patrol vessels and destroyers at once proceeded to the spot, and a portion was sent along the coast to search; but only some bodies and a capsized boat were found.

Seaman Charles Walter Rogerson gives the following narrative of the tragic event: "I was the last of the survivors to see Lord Kitchener before leaving

the ship. In the papers I notice that his Lordship is said to have been drowned by the overturning of a boat, but this is not correct. Lord Kitchener went down with the ship. He did not leave her. I saw Captain Savill helping his boat's crew to clear a way to the galley. The captain at this time was calling to Lord Kitchener to go to the boat, but owing to the noise of the wind and the sea Lord Kitchener apparently could not hear him. When the explosion occurred Lord Kitchener walked calmly from the captain's cabin, went up the ladder and on to the quarter-deck. There I saw him walking quite coolly and collectedly up and down, talking to two of his officers. All three were wearing khaki without overcoats. In fact, they were dressed just as they were when they boarded the ship.

"Lord Kitchener did not seem in the least perturbed, but calmly waited the preparations for abandoning the ship, which were going on in a quiet, steady, and orderly way. The crew went to their stations, obeying orders steadily, and did their best to get out the boats, but that proved impossible. Owing to the rough weather no boats could be lowered; those that we got out were smashed up at once. No boats left the ship. What the people on shore thought to be boats leaving were three rafts. Men did get into the boats as they lay in their cradles, thinking that as the ship went from under them the boats would float. But the ship sank by the head, and when she did she turned a complete somersault forward, carrying down with her all the boats and those in them.

I do not think Lord Kitchener got into a boat at all. When I sprang on to a raft he was still on the starboard side of the quarter-deck talking to his officers. I won't say he did not feel the strain of the perilous situation like the rest of us, but he gave no outward sign of nervousness, and from the little time that elapsed between my leaving the ship and her sinking I feel certain that Lord Kitchener went down with her, standing on the deck at the time. Of the civilian members of his suite I saw nothing."

"Although I do not really know what happened, my belief is that the *Hampshire* struck a mine, which exploded under her fore-part. It could not have been a submarine in such weather. An internal explosion in one of the magazines would have ripped the ship apart. It was hard luck to come to such an end after going through the Horn Reef battle unscathed. In that battle we led the *Iron Duke* into action, and our shells sank a German light cruiser and two submarines. We did not have a single casualty on our ship, although big shells fairly rained into the water all around us."

These and other statements were made immediately after the disaster, and under the stress of great excitement, but a reference to the reports of the finding of the Admiralty does not differ very greatly from the stories of the seamen as told at that time. This official report reads as follows:

"The *Hampshire* was proceeding along the west coast of the Orkneys; a heavy gale was blowing, with

the seas breaking over the ship, which necessitated her being battened down.

"Between 7.30 and 7.45 P. M. the vessel struck a mine and began at once to settle by the bows, heeling over to starboard before she finally went down about fifteen minutes after.

"Orders were given by the Captain for all hands to go to their established stations for abandoning ship. Some of the hatches were opened and the ship's company went quickly to their stations.

"Efforts were made without success to lower some of the boats, one of them being broken in half during the process and her occupants thrown into the water.

"As the men were moving up one of the hatchways to their stations, Lord Kitchener, accompanied by a Naval Officer, appeared; the latter called out, 'Make way for Lord Kitchener,' and they both went up on to the quarter-deck, and subsequently four military officers were seen on the quarter-deck walking aft on the port side.

"The Captain called out for Lord Kitchener to come up to the forebridge near where the Captain's boat was hoisted: he was also heard calling for Lord Kitchener to get into the boat, *but no one is able to say whether Lord Kitchener got into the boat or not, nor what occurred to this boat, nor did any one see any of the boats get clear of the ship.*

"Large numbers of the crew used their life-saving belts, waistcoats, etc., which appear to have proved effective in keeping them afloat.

"Three rafts were safely launched, and, with about

fifty to seventy men on each of them, got clear of the ship.

"A private soldier appears to have left the ship on one of the rafts, but it is not known what became of him.

"It was light up to about 11 P. M.

"Though the rafts with these large numbers of men got safely away, in one case out of over seventy men on board, six only survived; the survivors all report that men gradually dropped off and even died on board the rafts from exhaustion, exposure and cold. Some of the crew must have perished trying to land on the rocky coast after such long exposure, and some died after landing."

In concluding this narrative of the strange disappearance of Lord Kitchener, it is hard to resist the temptation to quote the tribute which was paid to Kitchener's memory by Lord Desborough, who was an intimate personal friend of the great soldier. His remarks will give, perhaps, a more vivid portrait of the creator of "the first hundred thousand" than anything that might be written in a formal biography.

Lord Desborough spoke at the Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Cliveden, and his remarks are given in the London *Daily Telegraph* of June 17, 1916. He said:

"When I first knew him, he was a most striking figure, tall, spare, with the most wonderful, piercing, bright blue eyes set very far apart. His eyes were what he called 'burnt out' afterwards. He was doing a desert ride on camels with a Bedouin Arab tribe

with whom he was 'blood brother,' and the sun off the sand in their long ride, like sun off snow, nearly ruined his eyes. I asked him why he did not wear colored glasses, but he said a 'blood brother' of an Arab tribe could not wear glasses. I remember my brother, who was in the 10th Hussars, saying that Kitchener was always working, up at sunrise drilling his men, and learning Arabic, of which he knew even the dialects.

Another physical calamity befell him when his horse fell on him when he was riding alone in India. Some natives saw the accident, but were too terrified to go near him, but at last they summoned up courage to bring the news that the 'Lord of War,' as they called him, was lying seriously hurt. He suffered much from his broken leg afterwards. Indeed, when he came back from India he determined to get his leg broken and set again, but he could not find a surgeon who would do it, and this was one of the few occasions on which he did not get his way. The feelings of the natives of India were shared by those in Africa. On the field of Omdurman I met one who had been through the advance up the Nile. He said Kitchener never slept, and appeared when least expected among every unit of the force, which his spirit pervaded.

"Once again when he was at Taplow I asked him about South Africa, and he told me everything without the slightest 'swagger' or self-praise; in fact, I think modesty was one of his greatest qualities. He looked just the same as before the war, except that he was a little more sun-burnt. He said he wondered

what the Boers would think of our life over here in the summer, going lazily on the river in boats and lounging about all day, and he said that they 'did not look at life that way.' Whatever was going on he seemed to pay the greatest attention to it, even if it was not of the slightest importance.

"Lord Kitchener was not in private life the stern, unbending sphinx of popular imagination. Indeed, no one to his friends was a more stimulating companion. When alone with you he was very talkative, and his curious humor and his quaint summing-up of individuals and situations was an unfailing source of interest and surprise. He was absolutely unaffected, and had an ingrained distaste for popular demonstration, speechifying and banquets.

"Children accepted him as a natural friend. I remember my little girl once meeting us as we came in for tea from a walk, outside the tea room (she was, I may say, his god-daughter), and she immediately said to the great Lord Kitchener, 'Don't go in there, they are making such a chatter; come up and have tea with me,' and up he went right to the top of the house, with his lame leg, and sat down with Imogen and her nurse and had a long talk.

"There is one short story about him and the Army I think I may tell, as it helps you to understand him. A high staff officer, who has now a command, came to see him from the front, and he put searching questions to him about munitions, and then he said: 'I hope the Army does not think I have let them down,' and two large tears rolled down from his stern eyes.

The munitions difficulty was part of our unpreparedness for war. The contractors undertook to carry out contracts, but owing in a great measure to their best men leaving for the war, found themselves unable to do so, and Lord Kitchener had terrible disappointments.

"Work was the keynote of Lord Kitchener's life, and work is the legacy he leaves to us. Amusements, as such, did not amuse him; his aim was always to get something big accomplished, and he accomplished it. And now he is gone, and it feels, as I have seen it described, 'Like Nelson's column falling — something national, almost symbolic, gone,' but his work and his example remain, and, if it had to be, I hope he may lie where he is with a British warship for his coffin."

The disappearance of Lord Kitchener under such circumstances furnishes a dramatic close to a remarkable life. Is it any wonder that the imaginative should seek to envelop his exit in a cloud of romance and conjecture? The average hard-headed Britisher will have no doubt but that he found a watery grave. The unusual man, with a well-developed sense of imagination, will construct a tale of mystery such as no novelist would care to risk on paper. The writer does not presume to speak for either side. The plain facts in the case, so far as they are known, have been given in an impartial manner. The reader will have to draw his or her own conclusions.

## II

## MISS EDITH CAVELL — FIRST MARTYR OF THE GREAT WAR

## II

## MISS EDITH CAVELL — FIRST MARTYR OF THE GREAT WAR

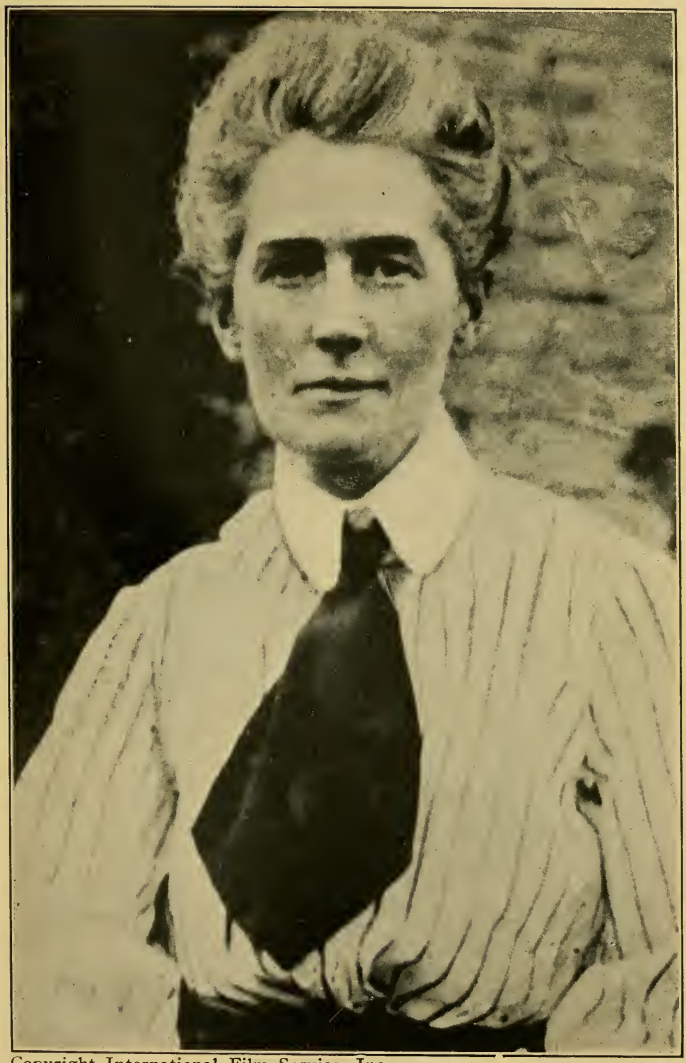
WHEN Baron von der Lancken permitted the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, he furnished the first martyr of the Great World War. He did more than that. He dealt Germany a blow that robbed it of the respect of civilization. There had been many unpardonable and detestable acts before that event, but when this gentle Englishwoman was placed before a firing squad, the shot that took her life was heard around the world, and decent men and women, regardless of race or religion, instinctively arrayed themselves against the Kaiser and his brutal system. It was the death knell of tyranny, and in her own way this little woman did as much for the cause of liberty as a division of infantry or a squadron of battleships.

She was a teacher and a nurse, and before the war was a directress of a home for nurses in Brussels. Her whole life had been spent in doing good for others, and there is every reason for believing that the alleged acts for which she was executed were prompted by a love of humanity. In the beginning there was no suggestion that she had been guilty of espionage, but

when the wrath of the world was aroused over her death, her stupid and cruel executioners began to speak of her as " the spy Cavell." The German Chief of the Political Department in Belgium was warned that the death of Miss Cavell would disgust the world, but he laughed cynically and said, " I am sure the effect will be excellent." It was excellent because, by laying her life on the altar of liberty, this courageous and lion-hearted woman helped to redeem the world.

It was shortly after her arrest, on August 5, 1915, that the matter first came to the attention of Brand Whitlock, the United States Minister to Belgium. It was reported that she had been taken into custody on the charge of aiding stragglers from the Allied armies to cross the Belgian frontier into Holland. It was alleged that she gave them money, clothing and information concerning the route to be followed. At that time the affairs of Great Britain in Belgium were being cared for by the American Minister. A cablegram of inquiry from London caused Mr. Whitlock to write to the German authorities to ask if it were true that Miss Cavell had been arrested, and if it were true, that authorization be given to Gaston de La Leval, the legal counselor of the American Legation, to take up the matter of her defense. There was no answer to this communication, and a day or so later Mr. Whitlock wrote a similar letter to Baron von der Lancken, Chief of the Political Department. This brought a response. The Baron admitted that Miss Cavell had been arrested, and he added:

" She has herself admitted that she concealed in



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MISS EDITH CAVELL

her house French and English soldiers, as well as Belgians of military age, all desirous of proceeding to the front. She has also admitted having furnished these soldiers with the money necessary for the journey to France, and having facilitated their departure from Belgium by providing them with guides, who enabled them to cross the Dutch frontier secretly. Miss Cavell's defense is in the hands of the advocate Braun, who, I may add, is already in touch with the competent German authorities.

" In view of the fact that the Department of the Governor-General, as a matter of principle, does not allow accused persons to have any interviews whatever, I much regret my inability to procure for M. de Leval permission to visit Miss Cavell, as long as she is in solitary confinement."

This was disappointing, but it did not dampen the ardor of the American officials. Mr. Hugh Gibson, the Secretary of the Legation, had a premonition that Miss Cavell was doomed to death even before she was tried, and this filled him with an intense desire to do everything in his power to avert the tragedy. In this he was seconded ably by Monsieur Leval, who, although a Belgian, and thus in the black books of the Germans, did not spare himself any effort in a brave attempt to save the unfortunate woman.

Monsieur Leval wrote to the lawyer Braun, who said that he had found it impossible to attend to the case and that he had turned it over to his friend and associate, Mr. Kirschen. Thereupon the Belgian got into communication with Kirschen, and explained to

him the deep interest that was felt in the case by the American Legation. One of the difficulties of the situation lay in the fact that lawyers defending prisoners before the German Military Court were not allowed to see their clients before the trial, and were not permitted to know what was in possession of the prosecution. It was playing the game with loaded dice, but that was the German way all through the war. When all of these things had been explained to Monsieur Leval he said that the least he could do would be to attend the trial to see that Miss Cavell was given a semblance of her rights.

"But, my dear sir," protested the advocate, in great alarm, "that will never do. You must not think of such a thing. Your presence would do Miss Cavell more harm than good. The Judge would resent the attendance of the representative of the American Legation. If you really desire to help the prisoner, you will stay away."

Astonishing as this may seem, it was the truth. Consultation with those who were familiar with the situation proved that Mr. Kirschner was correct, and so, with a heavy heart, Monsieur Leval remained away from the sittings of the Court. The trial began October 7, and ended the next day. Miss Cavell was tried under paragraph 58 of the German Military Code, which says:

> "Any person who, with the intention of aiding the hostile Power or causing harm to German or Allied troops, is guilty of one of the crimes of para-

graph 90 of the German Penal Code, will be sentenced to death for treason."

The paragraph 90 thus referred to is that of "conducting soldiers to the enemy." All of the legal authorities who have gone into this phase of the case agree that it was a strained interpretation of the facts to try Miss Cavell under this section of the law. Her perfect candor, which would have helped her in any civilized court, only helped to seal her fate with her barbarous judges. She admitted that she had helped soldiers to cross the frontier, and that some of them had written to her from England thanking her for what she had done. She was fearless enough to say that she had helped them to escape because she thought they would be shot by the Germans if they did not get out of Belgium. After all the evidence was in — and it was all one-sided — the Public Prosecutor asked the Court to pass sentence of death on Miss Cavell and eight other prisoners.

Monsieur Leval then asked permission to see Miss Cavell, and also asked that Mr. Gahan, the English Chaplain, be permitted to visit her. He received a flat refusal. They told him he could not see her until the judgment was pronounced and signed. It was also decided that Mr. Gahan could not visit her, but that she could see any of the three German Protestant clergymen attached to the prison.

While her friends on the outside were trying to save Miss Cavell, she was awaiting her fate with Christian fortitude. One of her fellow prisoners was Dr. Hostelet, of Brussels. He escaped with a five years' sen-

tence, and when the armistice was signed, was released. Like all who came in contact with the heroic Englishwoman, he was filled with admiration for her calm courage. He had known her before her arrest, and was familiar with the whole circumstances surrounding the case. Writing of those earlier days in Brussels, he says:

"In my frequent visits to Miss Cavell, I was able to see the risks she was running. The presence of a lot of men was obvious as soon as one entered the house — voices, songs, cries. I often pointed this out to her, and she replied calmly and resignedly: 'What would you? I cannot impose silence on them.' She even consented to let them go into town to amuse themselves. I remember her fright when one night some of them came back singing and disorderly, scandalizing the neighborhood.

"It was then that I and some other friends determined to put these dangerous guests in private houses or with reliable inn-keepers. But the more we housed, the more came. One day six guides arrived bringing thirty men concentrated at Mons and sent to Rue de la Culture (Miss Cavell's home). At this time the home became publicly known as a refuge for fugitive soldiers. I was very worried and went to try to induce her to break off all relations for a time with this group of guides and soldiers, telling her that the work itself was imperiled and must be diverted into other channels.

"We had sure knowledge, too, that some suspicious persons knew of our prearranged signals. But she

would not listen. 'Nothing but physical impossibility, lack of space or lack of money, would make me close my house to Allied fugitives.' So she went on, never ceasing her devotion to the work until the German police got on her track and made three perquisitions in her house, after which she was arrested. In her trial she was accused of recruiting, but she only spoke the truth when she replied: 'My object was to get the men sent to me across the frontier; once there, they were free.' She was also accused of espionage. Denial here was absolutely justified. That espionage was facilitated through her is certain, but she never took an active part in it. Absorbed in her work as head of a nurses' school, she never dreamt of running a recruiting office or a spy service. She wished to save men, Englishmen first, then Allies, and she gave herself up entirely to this humanitarian and patriotic work."

Monsieur Leval made a full report to Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, describing what he had done to assist Miss Cavell during the trial. He tells of the request of the Public Prosecutor to the Court, asking that the death sentence be passed on Miss Cavell, and then adds:

"After I had found out these facts, I called at the Political Division of the German Government in Belgium and asked whether, now that the trial had taken place, permission would be granted to me to see Miss Cavell in jail as there certainly could no longer be any objection in refusing this permission.

"The German official, Mr. Conrad, said that he

would make the necessary inquiry at the Court and let me know later on.

"I also asked that permission be granted to Mr. Gahan, the English clergyman, to see Miss Cavell.

"At the same time we prepared at the Legation, to be ready for every eventuality, a petition for pardon addressed to the Governor-General in Belgium, and a transmitting note addressed to Baron von der Lancken.

"On Monday, at eleven o'clock, I called up Mr. Conrad on the telephone from the Legation — as I had already done previously on several occasions when making inquiries about the case — asking what the military court had decided about Mr. Gahan and myself seeing Miss Cavell. He replied that Mr. Gahan could not see her, but that she could see any of the three German Protestant clergymen attached to the prison; and that I could not see her until judgment was pronounced and signed, but that this would probably only take place in a day or so. I asked the German official to inform the Legation immediately after the passing of said judgment so that I might see Miss Cavell at once, thinking, of course, that the Legation might take immediate steps for Miss Cavell's pardon if the judgment really was a sentence of death.

"Very surprised, to still receive no news from Mr. Kirschner, I then called at his house at 12.30, and was informed that he would not be there until about the end of the afternoon. I then called at 12.40 at the house of another lawyer interested in the case of a fellow prisoner, and found that he also was out. In the afternoon, however, the latter lawyer called at my

house saying that in the morning he had heard from the German Kommandantur that judgment would be passed the following morning. He said he feared that the Court would be very severe with all the prisoners.

"Shortly after this the lawyer left me, and while I was preparing a note about the case at 8.00 P. M., I was privately and reliably informed that the judgment had been delivered at five o'clock in the afternoon; that Miss Cavell had been sentenced to death, and that she would be shot at two o'clock the next morning. I told my informant that I was extremely surprised at this because the Legation had received no information yet, neither from the German authorities nor from Mr. Kirschner, but that the matter was too serious to run the smallest chance and that, therefore, I would proceed immediately to the Legation to confer with Your Excellency, and take all possible steps to save Miss Cavell's life.

"According to Your Excellency's decision, Mr. Gibson and myself went with the Spanish Minister to see Baron von der Lancken, and the report of our interview and of our efforts to save Miss Cavell is given to you by Mr. Gibson."

The report of Hugh Gibson, the Secretary of the American Legation at Brussels, to Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, to which Monsieur Leval refers, says, among other things:

"We sent a messenger to Baron von der Lancken, urging him to return at once to see us in regard to a matter of utmost urgency. A little after ten o'clock he arrived, followed shortly after by Count Harrach and

Herr von Falkenhausen, members of his staff. The circumstances of the case were explained to him and your note presented, and he read it aloud in our presence. He expressed disbelief in the report that sentence had actually been passed and manifested some surprise that we should give credence to any report not emanating from official sources. He was quite insistent on knowing the exact source of our information, but this I did not feel at liberty to communicate to him. Baron von der Lancken stated that it was quite improbable that sentence had been pronounced; that even if so it would not be executed within so short a time, and that, in any event, it would be quite impossible to take any action before morning. It was, of course, pointed out to him that if the facts were as we believed them to be, action would be useless unless taken at once. We urged him to ascertain the facts immediately and this, after some hesitancy, he agreed to do. He telephoned to the Presiding Judge of the Court Martial and returned in a short time to say that the facts were as we had represented them and that it was intended to carry out the sentence before morning.

"We then presented as earnestly as possible your plea for delay; so far as I am able to judge, we neglected to present no phase of the matter which might have had any effect, emphasizing the horror of executing a woman, no matter what her offense, pointing out that the death sentence had heretofore been imposed only for capital cases of espionage and that Miss Cavell was not even accused by the German authorities of anything so serious.

"I further called attention to the failure to comply with Mr. Kirschner's promise to inform the Legation of the sentence. I urged that, inasmuch as the offenses charged against Miss Cavell were long since accomplished, and that as she had been for some weeks in prison, a delay in carrying out the sentence could entail no danger to the German cause. I even went so far as to point out the fearful effect of a summary execution of this sort upon the public opinion, both here and abroad, and although I had no authority for doing so, called attention to the possibility that it might bring about reprisals.

"The Spanish Minister forcibly supported all our representations and made an earnest plea for clemency.

"After some discussion Baron von der Lancken agreed to call the Military Governor on the telephone and learn whether he had already ratified the sentence, and whether there was any chance for clemency. He returned in about half an hour and stated that he had conferred personally with the Military Governor who said that he had acted in the case of Miss Cavell only after mature deliberation; that the circumstances in her case were of such a character that he considered the infliction of the death penalty imperative, and that in view of the circumstances of this case, he must decline to accept a plea for clemency, or any representation in regard to the matter.

"Baron von der Lancken then asked me to take back the note which I had presented to him. To this I demurred, pointing out that it was not a

'requete en grace,' but merely a note to him transmitting a communication to the Governor which was, in itself, to be considered as the 'requete en grace.' I pointed out that this was expressly stated in your note to him, and tried to prevail upon him to keep it; he was very insistent, however, and I finally reached the conclusion that, inasmuch as he had read it aloud to us and we knew that he was aware of its contents, there was nothing to be gained by refusing to accept the note, and accordingly took it back.

"Even after Baron von der Lancken's very positive and definite statement that there was no hope, and that, under the circumstances, 'even the Emperor himself could not intervene,' we continued to appeal to every sentiment to secure delay, and the Spanish Minister even led Baron von der Lancken aside in order to say very forcibly a number of things which he would have felt hesitancy in saying in the presence of the younger officers and of Mr. de Leval, a Belgian subject.

"His Excellency talked very earnestly with Baron von der Lancken for about a quarter of an hour. During this time Mr. de Leval and I presented to the younger officers every argument we could think. I reminded them of our untiring efforts on behalf of German subjects at the outbreak of the war and during the siege of Antwerp. I pointed out that while our services had been rendered gladly and without any thought of future favors, they should certainly entitle you to some consideration for the only request of this sort you had made since the beginning of the war. Unfortunately our efforts were unavailing. We per-

severed until it was only too clear that there was no hope of securing any consideration for the case."

From another authority we have a description of what took place in the court room at the conclusion of the trial. It is from Dr. Hostelet who, as already explained, was a fellow-prisoner with Miss Cavell at the bar of German Military justice. Dr. Hostelet gives a vivid pen picture of that dramatic moment when sentence was pronounced against Miss Cavell and the others:

"The military prosecutor came in. With his high coloring, waxed mustache, elegant and brisk, he looked as cheerful as ever. He entered the reserved part of the hall, followed by the interpreter, the lieutenant, the prison commandant and the German chaplain. He took a large sheet of paper from the portfolio carried by his faithful attendant. Every one was silent, and instinctively we drew together. The prosecutor read the verdict in German as if he were reading a list of honors. Five times the sinister 'Todesstrafe' (death penalty) was heard. For Baucq, Miss Cavell, Severin, Mille. Thuliez and Comtesse de Belleville. I got off with five years.

"The interpreter signed to us to leave the room. I saw Miss Cavell leaning against the wall, cold and impassive. I went to her and said a few words of hope. 'Mademoiselle, make an appeal for mercy.' 'It is useless,' she answered placidly, 'I am English and they want my life.' At that moment the sub-commandant of the prison came for her. With care and deference he led her out of the room; he seemed to have some grave and painful communication to make to her."

The night before her execution Miss Cavell wrote a number of letters, and it is significant that the thought of those she was leaving behind her was deeper than any consideration for her last hours on earth. One of these letters was directed to a young girl friend who was afflicted with an appetite for drugs. Here is the remarkable communication, written on the very eve of Miss Cavell's tragic death:

"My dear girl: How shall I write this last day? Standing where I stand now, the world looks already far away. I worried about you a great deal at first but I know God will do for you abundantly above all that I can ask or think, and He loves you so much better than I. I do earnestly beseech you to try to live as I would have had you live. Nothing matters when one comes to this last hour but a clear conscience before God, and life looks so wasted and full of wrong-doing, with things left undone.

"You have helped me often, my dear, and in ways you little dreamed of, and I remember our happy holidays with mother, and many small pleasures. I want you to go to England at once now and ask . . . to put you where you can be cured. Don't mind how hard it is. Do it for my sake and then try and find something useful to do, something to make you forget yourself while making others happy.

"If God permits, I shall still watch over you and love you and wait for you on the other side. Be sure to get ready for this. I want you to know that I was neither afraid or unhappy, but quite ready to give my life for England.

"I am sending you my wrist watch by Mr. Gahan because it was always with me, and I know you

will like to wear it. I will pray God for you at the last that He will keep you in His tender care. Forgive me if I have been severe some times; it has been a great grief to remember it. I think I was too anxious about you this last year and that was why. I am sure you will forget it and only remember that I loved you and love you still.

"EDITH CAVELL."

Can any one read this communication without a thrill of admiration for the Englishwoman who not only met death courageously, but who thought of the welfare of others during her last moments on earth? We have no account of the execution beyond the fact that the heroic nurse was shot early the next morning. Monsieur de Leval makes a brief reference to it. He says: "This morning Mr. Gahan, the English clergyman, called to see me and told me that he had seen Miss Cavell in her cell yesterday night at ten o'clock; that he had given her the Holy Communion, and had found her admirably strong and calm. I asked Mr. Gahan whether she had made any remarks about anything concerning the legal side of her case, and whether the confession which she made before the trial in Court was, in his opinion, perfectly free and sincere. Mr. Gahan says that she told him she perfectly well knew what she had done, that according to the law, of course, she was guilty and had admitted her guilt, but that she was happy to die for her country."

Miss Cavell wrote another letter on the eve of her execution, and it was addressed to her nurses in the institution at Brussels. A framed copy of

it in both French and English is to be found in the living-room of the Nurses' Home in New York city. It deserves to be preserved for posterity. The complete text of this eloquent and moving communication is as follows:

"Prison of St. Giles, Brussels.

"My Dear Nurses:

"I am writing to you in this sad hour to bid you farewell. You will remember that Sept. 17 brought to an end the eight years of my direction of the school. I was so happy to be called to help in the organization of the work that our committee had just founded. On Oct. 1, 1907, there were but a few pupils. Now you are already quite numerous — fifty or sixty, I think.

"I have told you on different occasions the story of those early days and the difficulties that we encountered, even to the choice of words for your 'hours on duty' and 'off duty.' In Belgium all was new in the profession. Little by little one service after another was established, graduate nurses for private nursing, pupil nurses, the hospital of St. Giles. We supplied the institute of Dr. Depage, the sanatorium of Buysinghen, the clinic of Dr. Mayer. And now many are called upon — as you may be, perhaps, later — to nurse the brave wounded of the war. If this last year our work has decreased, it is due to the sad days through which we are passing. In happier days our work will renew its growth and its power for good.

"I speak to you of the past because it is wise occasionally to stop and look behind over the road that we have traveled and to note our errors and our progress. In your beautiful building you will have more patients and all that is needed for their

comfort and yours. To my
able to speak to you individu
much to occupy my time —
forget our evening talks. I
to duty would bring you tr
the thought you had done y
cheerfully before God and
would be your greatest supp
ments of life and in the face

"Two or three of you will
talks we had. Do not forget
ready traveled so far through li
see more clearly than you and shov
path.

"One word more — beware o
speech. In these eight years I have
unhappiness which could have been a
few words had not been whispered here
perhaps without evil intention, but which ru
reputation, the happiness, the life even, of
one. My nurses should all reflect on that, a
should cultivate among themselves loyalty and espr
de corps.

"If any one of you has a grievance against me I pray you to forgive me. I may sometimes have been too severe, but I was never willingly unjust, and I have loved you all, far more than you realize.

"My good wishes for the happiness of all my young girls, both those who have graduated and those who are still in the school, and I thank you for the courteous consideration you have always shown me.

"Your devoted Directress,

"Edith Cavell."

The death of Miss Cavell caused a wave of righteous

over the civilized world. At
ended to ignore this sentiment
y doing great damage to their
ached a point where Dr. Alfred
German Under Secretary for
moved to make a formal de-
n. Speaking to the staff corre-
*ew York Times* in Brussels, he

that Miss Cavell had to be exe-
, necessary. She was judged justly.
l not be necessary to have any more

om the English and American press that
ng of an Englishwoman and the condemna-
several other women in Brussels for treason
caused a sensation, and capital against us is being
ade out of the fact. It is undoubtedly a terrible thing that a woman has been executed; but consider what would happen to a State, particularly in war, if it left crimes aimed at the safety of its armies to go unpunished because committed by women. No criminal act code in the world — least of all the laws of war — makes such a distinction; and the feminine sex has but one preference, according to legal usages, namely, that women in a delicate condition may not be executed. Otherwise, men and women are equal before the law, and only the degree of guilt makes a difference in the sentence of the crime and its consequences.

"I have before me the court's verdict in the Cavell

case, and can assure you that it was gone into with the utmost thoroughness, and was investigated and cleared up to the smallest details. The result was so convincing and the circumstances were so clear, that no war court in the world could have given any other verdict, for it was not concerned with a single emotional deed of one person, but a well-thought-out plot, with many far-reaching ramifications, which for nine months succeeded in doing valuable service to our enemies to the great detriment of our armies. Countless Belgian, French, and English soldiers are again fighting in the ranks of the Allies who owe their escape to the activities of the band now found guilty, whose head was the Cavell woman. Only the utmost sternness could do away with such activities under the very nose of our authorities, and a Government which in such case does not resort to the sternest measures sins against its most elementary duties towards the safety of its own army.

" All those convicted were apparently aware of the nature of their acts. The court particularly weighed this point with care, letting off several of the accused because they were in doubt as to whether they knew that their actions were punishable. Those condemned knew what they were doing, for numerous public proclamations had pointed out the fact that aiding enemies' armies was punishable with death.

" I know that the acts of the condemned were not base; that they acted from patriotism; but in war one must be prepared to seal one's patriotism with blood whether one faces the enemy in battle or otherwise in

the interest of one's cause does deeds which justly bring after them the death penalty. Among our Russian prisoners are several young girls who fought against us in soldiers' uniforms. Had one of these girls fallen no one would have accused us of barbarity against women. Why now, when another woman has met the death to which she knowingly exposed herself, as did her comrades in battle?

"There are moments in the life of nations where consideration for the existence of the individual is a crime against all. Such a moment was here. It was necessary once for all to put an end to the activity of our enemies, regardless of their motives; therefore the death penalty was executed so as to frighten off all those who, counting on preferential treatment for their sex, take part in undertakings punishable by death. Were special consideration shown to women we should open the door wide to such activities on the part of women, who are often more clever in such matters than the cleverest male spy. The man who is in a position of responsibility must do that, but, unconcerned about the world's judgment, he must often follow the difficult path of duty.

"If, despite these considerations, it is now being discussed whether mercy shall be shown the rest of those convicted, and the life which they have forfeited under recognized law is given back to them, you can deduce from that how earnestly we are striving to bring our feelings of humanity in accord with the commandments of stern duty. If the others are pardoned it will be at the expense of the security of

our armies, for it is to be feared that new attempts will be made to harm us when it is believed that offenders will go unpunished or suffer only a mild penalty. Only pity for the guilty can lead to such pardons; they will not be an admission that the suspended sentence was too stern.

"The weakness of our enemies' arguments is proved by the fact that they do not attempt to combat the justice of the sentence but try to influence public opinion against us by false reports of the execution. The official report before me shows that it was carried out according to the prescribed forms, and that death resulted instantly from the first volley, as certified by the physician present."

The official defense of the execution of Miss Cavell thus made leaves out several important features of the case. The complaint of the United States Government was not that Miss Cavell was a woman, but that those in charge of the trial refused to give the United States Minister to Belgium an opportunity to make a plea in her behalf. Even the ordinary courtesy accorded to the vilest criminal of being permitted, before dying, to have a clergyman of his or her own selection, was denied her until a few hours before her death.

Mr. James M. Beck, an eminent member of the Bar, and an authority upon international law, in denouncing the attitude of the German Government in this case, says: "Apart from the brutality of the whole incident there is one circumstance that makes it of peculiar interest to the American people and which

gives to it the character of rank ingratitude. Our representative did advise the German officials that a little delay was asked by our Legation as a slight return for the innumerable acts of kindness which our Legation had done for German soldiers and interned prisoners in the earlier days of the war before the German invasion had swept over the land. The charge of ingratitude may rest soundly upon far greater and broader grounds. . . .

"Under these circumstances it would be incredible, if the facts were not beyond dispute, that the request of the United States for a little delay was not only brutally refused, *but that our Legation was deliberately misled and deceived until the death sentence had been inflicted.*"

After the war, the body of Miss Cavell was disinterred, and brought to England amid impressive ceremonies. The remains reached London on May 15, 1919, and there was a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, conducted by the Bishop of London and participated in by an enormous concourse of people. King George was represented by the Earl of Athlone, brother of Queen Mary, and among other distinguished persons present were the Dowager Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing and the American Ambassador and Mrs. Davis. When the procession left the Abbey it passed through streets massed with people who stood with reverent attention while the coffin of plain oak was placed on the train for Norwich, the home of the martyred nurse. On its arrival at that place it was conveyed

to the Norwich Cathedral on a gun carriage. After brief services conducted by the Bishop the interment took place in the local cemetery. The benediction was pronounced, the bugle sounded, and then the earth was thrown upon the coffin which contained the simple inscription:

EDITH CAVELL
BORN DECEMBER 4, 1865
DIED OCTOBER 12, 1915

## III

# THE FATE OF NICHOLAS II — THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE WAR

## III

## THE FATE OF NICHOLAS II — THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE WAR

IT would be difficult to name any event of the war of more dramatic interest than the deposition of the Czar of Russia, and the overthrow of the greatest autocracy in the world. While these lines are being written, that country is still in an almost hopeless state of chaos, and time alone will tell the place it is to occupy in civilization. After centuries of despotism the whole false fabric has gone down into hopeless ruin. For the moment the last state of Russia seems worse than its first, but eventually it must work out its salvation on the lines of sanity and justice. The peasants, coming out of the darkness of absolutism, are dazed by the light of liberty. Revolutions inevitably bring the least desirable elements to the surface. Scoundrels and beggars on horseback will have their day. Law and order must come in the long run, and when it does come the experiment of a free Russia will be watched by the world with much interest.

The purpose of this volume is not to deal with the history of the war, but rather with the unusual personalities who played their part in the grim struggle. Few possess such interest as the unfortunate Czar of

Russia. His overthrow was followed by a disappearance which constitutes, perhaps, one of the greatest mysteries of the great war. To some it is no longer a mystery, but to others who demand absolute proof, it is likely to remain one of the unsolved puzzles of the ages. The present article pretends to do no more than give the facts so far as they are known. The unbiased reader will form his or her own conclusion, but whatever that may be all will agree that the story of Nicholas II contains more drama, more thrills and more human interest than are to be found within the pages of the most popular works of fiction.

I

Nikolai Alexandrovich, better known as the Emperor Nicholas II, was born on May 18, 1868, and was trained and fated to become the ruler of the great Russian Empire. His education was all based upon the assumption that he was to eventually ascend the throne of his forefathers. To that end he was taught several languages, and was made especially conversant with Russian history. If he had had a quicker, more observant mind, that, in itself, should have filled him with forebodings, because the history of Russia is a succession of intrigue, of bad faith and of political assassinations. We are told that as the future head of the "mighty armed strength of Russia," Nicholas studied the art of war, and served in each of the three branches of the national defense. To further broaden himself for his big job he traveled extensively, and special stress was laid on his journey through Asia to

Japan and the return by way of Siberia. On that occasion the future Emperor halted at Vladivostok and laid the first stone of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Furthermore, he was permitted to take part in the meetings of the Council of Empire, and was chairman of the Far Eastern Committee. He succeeded to the throne on November 2, 1894, immediately after the death of his father.

It might be said at the outset that the new ruler of Russia was a man of good intentions. He was really kind-hearted, but without the strength of character needed for such a trying position. An autocrat must be strong and merciless, or else he is not likely to be a successful autocrat. He had inherited a long succession of wrongs, and he was scarcely the man to right them. His troubles began on the very day of his inauguration. The faulty arrangements for his coronation resulted in a panic during which two thousand persons were killed or injured. It was but another instance of the graft and inefficiency which cursed Russia for years. As an evidence of the great kindness of heart of the young Czar, we are reminded that he gave a large sum of money for the relief of the victims and that their families were remembered.

Russia had had thirteen years of peace, and, curiously enough, the thought of the governing powers of that country was that it had been gaining strength and wealth only for the purpose of crushing those who might try to block its growing power. As one writer puts it, Russia "was crouching, but had not yet sprung." The war with Japan came, but even that

humiliating defeat does not seem to have taught a lesson to the Czar and the array of conscienceless Grand Dukes who strutted about and oppressed the people and lived on graft.

In the meantime the poor Czar tried his best to be a wise and generous ruler. He gave himself faithfully to the performance of the small duties of his position. He read papers and telegrams, he worked ten and eleven hours a day, and it is told with pride that he kept a diary of the happenings of each day. And while he was immersed in small things, those upon whom he depended were engaged in oppressing the people and feeding the dissatisfaction. It was boasted that he never rested during the daytime, and that he personally wrote all of his directions to his subordinates in his own handwriting. For instance, what could be more childlike than the following claim to the good will of his subjects?

"Expensive writing materials and luxurious conditions for work make no appeal to him. He carries on in this respect the wise economy of his father, and uses the same material for work as the majority of his subjects, and is sparing even of those. For instance, he uses his pencils till they are all but finished, and only then does he hand over stumps to his little son to play with."

And all of this while millions of money were being wasted by those in whom he trusted. Yet it is certain that Nicholas was doing the best he could. He undoubtedly wanted to do right. He constantly repeated: "I like to hear the truth." But is it con-

ceivable that he did hear the truth? If history is to be believed, we must conclude that it was one of the things he rarely heard. But he continued doing his routine work day by day, laying corner stones, taking part in the elaborate ceremonies of the court, and always hoping that he would leave behind him a better Russia than he had found when he ascended the throne. From time to time he made notes on various subjects that were brought to his attention, and they prove that he had a really sincere desire to do the right thing. Here are a few of these notes:

"I am firmly persuaded of the necessity of a complete reform of our law statutes to the end that real justice should at last reign in Russia, so, with the help of God, let these things begin."

"Serious attention should be paid to Eastern Siberia in general, and the province of Okhotsk in particular, and the work should be put in hand at once."

"The Ministry of national education should concern itself particularly with a special preparation of school mistresses, taking measures at the same time to protect them from the hard moral and material conditions which place defenseless female workers in such a helpless position."

These recommendations indicate that the Czar had a real desire to improve the condition of his subjects. There is no doubt about his good intentions. His relations with those around him were always marked by great kindness and affability. His kindness and consideration also marked the attitude of the Imperial family towards their servants. They showed

the same interest in their private affairs and an anxiety to overlook the difference of position and treated them with a consideration due to them as men and women. These facts should be kept in mind in forming an estimate of the personal character of the Czar.

It was his ambition to be known as the "little father" of his people. He was interested in measures that would improve the condition of the agricultural peasant, and on various occasions he expressed himself formally in these words:

"It is my chief pre-occupation to discover the needs of the peasants who are so dear to me."

"I am specially concerned with the welfare of the peasant."

"I am earnestly considering the condition of the peasantry, and the question of giving them the land they need."

"Of all the bills introduced by me into the Duma, I consider the one which deals with the reform of the land tenure of the peasantry to be the most important."

"I will not forget the peasant; your needs are near to my heart, and I shall always keep them in mind."

The personal participation of the Czar in the conduct of affairs is also shown in his attitude towards the law makers of Russia. On one occasion, in answer to the expressions of loyalty of the Senate, he said: "I thank you sincerely, gentlemen, for the sentiment that you have expressed. I greatly appreciate your unselfish work which so completely fulfills the object of your institution. The Senate's two cen-

turies of good work for the good of the State have proved the necessity of its place in the organization of the Russian State. During the past two hundred years the Senate has undergone many changes, but they have never shaken its foundations so firmly laid by the strong hand of Peter the Great. Remembering, on this memorable day, the glorious past of the Senate, I am glad to recall that in the days of revolt and disorder the Senate remained a firm bulwark of law and order. In the future, follow the example of the past Senators, who kept fixed in their minds the words of their founder; and honestly, not idly, but with zeal fulfill your duties and may God help you in your further work for the good of our dear country and the glory of the Russian Empire."

There are numerous instances of the Czar's goodness of heart to those who served him; for instance, after the Central Asian Railway was built, much difficulty was caused by the shifting sands which threatened to interfere with the trains. It was not until 1895, when M. Paletski, of the Foreign Department, entered the service of the railway as Supervisor of Plantations, that the problem was solved. By great study and hard work, Paletski found a means to prevent the sand from shifting by sowing plants in it at a small outlay. In this way the area covered by artificial plantations along the Central Asian Railway covers more than ten thousand acres. The Emperor was delighted with this work, and knowing that Paletski could not be rewarded by a mere grant of money, he promoted him, in spite of regulations to

the contrary, to the rank of actual Counsellor of State.

Again, in 1912, Dr. Deminski and a female student of medicine died of the plague contracted while attending patients in one of the villages. The Emperor, on hearing of the heroic end of these modest workers, gave orders that the Minister of the Interior should furnish him with all of the details of the sacrifice that had been made by these two Russians. Then he ordered that the widow of Dr. Deminski should be given a pension equal to her husband's full salary, and that her children should be educated at the expense of the State. At the same time, the parents of the student who had died, were given an annual sum equivalent to the salary their daughter would have received had she passed through college and received her degree of doctor. These incidents, small in themselves, indicate that Nicholas II was anything but a tyrant in dealing with his subjects.

When the war began the Czar found himself confronted by the most critical events in his life. There is every reason to believe that he did the best in his power for his country and the Allies. There is one incident which is told by Count Gaston de Merindal, a French writer, who was in Petrograd at the time. He says that he stood in front of the Winter Palace and a mass of people was kneeling as though in mute adoration in front of a man who had just made his appearance on one of the balconies. This man was the Czar. He said: "I swear I will not put my sword into its scabbard until they, who have at-

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tacked us, shall have been vanquished. People of Russia, pray for victory."

A great shout came in response. This cry was a menace, an oath, a prayer. It ended in a song, and the song was "God preserve the Czar."

In telling this, the Frenchman tried to make it clear that the peasants really cared for the Czar, and that after his downfall there was remorse and shame in the eyes of many of them when one mentioned the name of Nicholas II.

There is no need in this place to enter into the story of Russia's part in the great war. It is enough to say that rumors were heard from time to time that that country was anxious to make a separate peace with Germany, and that those high in power were not in sympathy with the cause of the Allies. On March 15, 1917, came the astounding story of the successful revolution in Russia, and the report that the Emperor Nicholas had abdicated. The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, the younger brother of the Czar, became Regent, but in a short time he, too, was swept out of power. The scenes in the Russian capital were thrilling in the extreme. The killing of Count Freederiks, Minister of the Imperial Court, and aide-de-camp to the Emperor, was one of the incidents of the revolution. His house was burned, his aged wife carried out fainting, and his daughter ill-treated by the drunken mob. There were arrests and murders, and the Duma joined hands with the revolutionists; regiment after regiment revolted, and in less than twenty-four hours the whole fabric of Russian autoc-

racy crumbled to dust. Evidently the whole population was against the Government. The early period of the uprising seemed more like a mock revolution, and although much fighting took place, the casualties were not large, and finally, with the abdication of the Grand Duke Michael, the Romanoff dynasty came to an inglorious end.

The Czar was not in Petrograd when the revolution began, but a telegram was sent to him by the Czarina, telling him that an uprising had broken out in Petrograd, and to come home at once. Even then he did not realize the full meaning of the news. He was told that a crowd of students, hoodlums and young soldiers had terrorized the Duma, but that a few detachments of troops would be able to put them down. One of his staff told him that seven hundred of the St. George cavalry were on their way to present a cross to the Emperor, and had arrived at a nearby station. He was informed that it would be sufficient for him to appear in the midst of these heroes and go to the Duma, but one general in the party could restrain himself no longer. It was General Zabel. He said: "There are sixty thousand troops with officers backing the temporary Government. Your Majesty has been declared dethroned. It is impossible to go further."

The Czar was completely taken aback at this announcement. When he was able to speak, he exclaimed: "Why was I not told before? Why tell me now when all is finished?" After a moment he added with a gesture of helplessness: "Let it be

so. Thank God! I will abdicate if that is what the people want. I will go to Levidia to my gardens. I am so fond of flowers."

But he was not destined to go to his flowers. Two or three hours after making these statements he signed his abdication. His chief concern from that moment was of the Czarina. He turned to those around him and said: "What has Alexandra to do with politics? I refuse to believe that she is unpopular among the people."

By this time the Czar had been formally taken into custody. Four members of the Duma looked after that formality. The deposed Emperor was taken immediately to the Alexandrovsky Palace where the former Empress had already been interned. Nicholas was met at the door by Count Benckendorff, who was First Marshal of the Court, and who was now, himself, under arrest.

To add to the distress of the occasion, all of his five children were in bed with the measles, for which reason the Empress had not been outside of the palace walls for two days. She was given a certain amount of liberty, although forbidden to use the telephone and telegraph, or have any communication with the outside world.

The Czar held himself erect and seemed calm and indifferent while he was with his captors, but once within the privacy of his room, he broke down and wept.

Speaking to those of his own party, he said that he had undertaken more enlightened projects than any

Czar since the time of Peter the Great. In 1898 he appealed to the world to establish international peace, and this at a time when Russia had the largest standing army. This led to the Hague conference. He also pointed to the fact that he had established the Duma in August, 1905, and he concluded by exclaiming bitterly: "Why do my people persecute me when I have tried so hard to help them?"

The two things that he had feared most — revolution and assassination — were now partly accomplished. He had meant well, but that was not sufficient for a Czar of Russia. He has been compared to Louis XVI. Both were amiable and well-meaning, but both were weak and dominated by politicians who looked solely after their own interests, and in the case of Nicholas II, came the loss of his crown and the overthrow of an already tottering throne.

II

The Czar's own record of his downfall is one of the curiosities of the great war. As already mentioned in the earlier part of this narrative, it was his practice to keep a daily account of his life. Part of this fell into the hands of the Revolutionists, and a portion of his diary, relating to his last days, was prepared by a Bolshevist commission, and printed in the *Izvestia,* a Petrograd newspaper. It is republished here, not only for its own inherent interest, but because it gives a vivid picture of the events of those thrilling days:

March 11, 1917. Disturbances have been occurring for several days at Petrograd. Troops have unfortunately taken part in them. It is an uncomfortable feeling to be so far away and to receive only brief, unfavorable reports.

March 13. Went to bed at 3.15, because I had a long talk with Ivanoff, whom I sent to Petrograd with troops to restore order. Slept till 10. Traveled all day, and arrived at Lichoslav at 9 o'clock.

March 14. Returned from the station at Visher because Liuban and Tossno are occupied by the insurgents. Went to Pskoff, where I spent the night. Saw Russky. He, Daniloff, and Savitsh dined with me. Gatschina and Luga are occupied by the insurgents. It is a shame and a disgrace. It was impossible to proceed to Tsarskoe Selo. All my thoughts and feelings are all the time there. How hard it must be for poor Alex to go through all this alone. May the Lord God help us!

March 15. In the morning Russky read me a long conversation he had by telephone with Rodzianko. His opinion was that the situation at Petrograd was such as to render powerless any Ministry representing the Duma, owing to the opposition of the Social Democrats. My abdication is necessary. Russky communicated this conversation to headquarters, and Alexeieff to the army commanders. Their replies arrived at 1.30 in the afternoon. The main contents were that the decision to take this step was necessary to save Russia and appease the army at the front. I agreed. A draft manifesto was sent to me from headquarters.

In the evening Gutchkoff and Shulgun arrived from Petrograd, with whom I had a conversation and to whom I handed a rewritten manifesto which I

had signed. Left Pskoff at one o'clock in the night, my experiences weighing heavily on me. All around are treachery, cowardice, and deception.

March 16. Slept long and well. Only awakened far from Dvinsk. A sunny and frosty day. Discussed with my people yesterday's events. I read much in Julius Cæsar. At 8.20 I arrived at Mogileff, where the whole staff awaited me at the station. At 9.30 I went to my house. Alexeieff came with the latest news from Rodzianko. So Mischa [the Grand Duke Michael] has resigned! His manifesto closes with a wag of the tail for the Constituent Assembly, which is to be elected in three months. God knows what moved him to put his signature to such nonsense. In Petersburg the unrest has ceased. If only it had lasted longer!

March 22. Began to fast, but the fast did not begin with joy. After midday mass Kerensky was here. He begged that we might restrict our meetings to meal times, and sit apart from the children. This was to a certain degree necessary for him in order to pacify the famous Soldiers' and Laborers' Council. To avoid any violence one must adapt one's self.

March 30. Slept well. At 10 o'clock the good Alex [one of the Grand Dukes] arrived. Hereupon a conference. At 12 o'clock I went to the station to receive dear mamma, who had come from Kieff. I took her with me, and we breakfasted together. She stayed and talked for a long time. I received at last two telegrams from Alice [the Czaritsa]. Went for a walk. Horrible weather, cold and snowstorm. Received after tea Alexeieff and Freederiks. Dined in the evening with mamma, and sat with her until 11 o'clock.

March 31. The day is clear and frosty. At 10 o'clock to midday mass. Mamma came later. She breakfasted, and remained with me until 4 o'clock. At tea received General Ivanoff, who came back from the requisitioning. He had been to Tsarskoe Selo, and had seen Alice. What has become of poor Counts Freederiks and Wojesloff, whose presence excites everybody? They have gone to Freederik's property near Pensa. In the evening with mamma.

April 3. Last day in Mogileff. At a quarter to 11 read a farewell command to the army. Went to the house of the officer of the day, where I took leave of the staff and authorities. At home farewell to the officers and Cossacks of the Guard and the Free Regiment. My heart was breaking. At 12 o'clock with mamma, in her carriage, where we breakfasted. Remained with her and her suite until half-past 4. Took leave of her, Sondro, Sergei, Boris, and Alek. Poor Nilow was not allowed to come to me. At a quarter to 5 left Mogileff. It was touching, the crowd of people who accompanied me. Four members of the Petersburg Soviet in my train. Am heavy, woeful, and full of longing.

April 4. Arrived quickly and safely at 11.30 at Tsarskoe Selo. God, what a difference! On the streets, around the castle, and even in the park sentinels. Before the entrance some ensigns. Went upstairs and saw Alice, my soul, and the poor children. She faced things bravely and healthily. All were in a dark room, on account of the measles; but they felt well, except Marie, who was only then beginning with the measles. Breakfasted and also dined at midday in the playroom of Alexis [the Czarewitch]. Saw good Benckendorff. Went with him for a walk, and worked with him in the gardens,

as I was not allowed to go further. After tea brought my affairs into order.

April 5. Outside the conditions under which we live here, the thought that we are together rejoices and consoles me. Received in the morning Benckendorff, looked through papers, regulated and burned many. Sat with the children until 2.30. Went for a walk with Dolgorouki, accompanied by ensigns. To-day they were more pleasant.

April 6. Received Benckendorff in the morning. Learned from him that we shall remain here for a rather long time. It is pleasant to know this. Again burned letters and papers. Anastasia has the earache — the same as the others. Went in the afternoon with Dolgorouki for a walk, and worked in the garden. At a quarter to 7 went to night mass. Afterward went to Anna [a lady of the Court and a favorite of the Czaritsa] and Lilly. Thereupon to rest.

April 12. At 10 o'clock we went to mass, at which many took communion. Walked for a short time with Tatiana. To-day the burial of the "victims of the revolution" took place in our park opposite the center of the Alexander Palace. Sounds of funeral music and the "Marseillaise" were to be noted. At 6 o'clock we went to a religious service.

April 18. In the morning a short walk. Regulated affairs and books. Began to lay on one side everything which I will take with me when it comes to the journey to England. Work in the garden.

April 21. Passed quietly the twenty-third anniversary of our betrothal. In the morning walked for a long time with Alexis.

May 11. Abroad to-day is the first of May. Our asses have therefore decided to celebrate this day by processions through the streets with music

and red flags. Apparently they came into our park and laid wreaths. Walked for an hour and a half and in the evening began to read aloud to the children "A Millionaire Girl." (This book title appears in English.)

May 14. In the morning went for a walk. At twelve o'clock a geography lesson with Alexis. During the day again worked in our vegetable garden. In the evening learned that Korniloff has retired from the post of upper commander of the Petersburg military district, and also of the resignation of Gutchkoff. Always on the same grounds — irresponsible interference with the orders of the military authorities by the Labor Deputies' Council and by some organization or other standing much further to the left.

June 16. After morning tea Kerensky suddenly appeared in auto from town. He did not remain long with me. He requested that some documents which had relation to internal policy should be sent over for the inquiry committee.

July 2. Before midday came good news about the beginning of the offensive on the southwestern front. In the direction of Sloczow, after two days' artillery preparation, our troops broke through the enemy's positions, taking 170 officers and 10,000 men prisoner, and capturing cannon and machine guns. I thank Thee, O Lord! God has sent us this in a good hour. I feel myself quite different after this joyful message.

July 9. Our good commander, Colonel Komblinski, requested me not to shake hands with the officers in the presence of strangers, and not to call out any words of greeting to the guards. This I have done sometimes, but they, however, do not respond. Studied geography with Alexis. Then we felled a

gigantic tree in the gardens behind the orangery. The guards even wanted to help in this work. Read to the end "The Count of Monte Cristo."

July 18. In Petersburg to-day there were riots and fighting. A number of soldiers and sailors arrived from Kronstadt to oppose the Provisional Government. Complete confusion. Where are the people who could take this movement in their hands and could end the struggle (without) shedding blood? The root of the evil is in Petersburg itself, not in the whole of Russia.

July 19. Happily the tremendous majority of the troops in Petersburg remain faithful to their duty and order has been restored in the streets. Worked the whole of the day in the woods, felled four trees and sawed them up. In the evening began to read "Tartarin of Tarascon."

July 21. Worked in the park. To-day, like yesterday, the guards of the 1st and 4th Regiments of Guards were correct in service, and did not patrol during our walk in the garden. Changes have taken place in the Government. Prince Lvoff has gone; Kerensky becomes Minister-President and at the same time Minister of War and Marine, also has the leadership of the Trade Ministry. This man is decidedly in the right place at the present moment. The greater power he has, the better it will be.

July 22. Three months we have passed here since I left Mogileff and came here, and we are prisoners. It is hard to be without news of dear mamma. All the rest is indifferent to me.

July 24. In the morning walked with Alexei. On my return learned of the arrival of Kerensky. In our conversation he mentioned our probable departure for the south on account of the proximity of Tsarkoe Selo to the disturbed capital. Olga's

name day, therefore went to church. Worked well in the garden. Read the third part of the trilogy of Mereschkowfki's "Peter" (trilogy: Julian the Apostle, Leonardo da Vinci, and Peter). Well written, but leaves a heavy impression behind.

July 27. Since the last few days bad news from the southwest front. After our defensive at Halisch many divisions which were completely soaked with the humiliating defeatist teaching did not carry out the command to attack, but withdrew without any pressure from the enemy at some positions. The Germans and Austrians have made use of this, for them, favorable state of affairs and carried out with great force a break-through in Southern Galicia, which may force the whole of the Galician front to retreat east. Simply weakness and doubt. To-day at least the Provisional Government has declared that in the theater of war capital punishment shall be restored for treachery. If only this measure has not come too late! Worked again, felled three trees, sawed up two. Began quietly to pack books and things.

III

We know that Nicholas II was eventually taken to Ekaterinburg, and we have knowledge of the house in that city where he was last imprisoned. Was he executed while there? How was he executed? What became of the Czarina and her children? These were questions which agitated the whole world for a long time. One of the men who tried to answer these queries was Mr. Carl W. Ackerman, a journalist and author whose writings on the great war have made

him an accepted authority. Mr. Ackerman undertook a long and tedious journey through Russia and Siberia in order to learn the facts in the much-debated case. Through his kindness, and that of the *New York Times,* I am enabled to reproduce his report. Writing to his newspaper, Mr. Ackerman says:

"During both the revolution and the counter-revolution of Russia the Czar and his family were taken from pillar to post by the various revolutionary Governments, sometimes for the purpose of 'safety,' and again as a part of punishment for the imperial régime, which the people as a whole believed was responsible for their suffering and discontent.

"In the spring of 1918, Nicholas, his wife, the former Czarevitch and the four daughters, together with two physicians, one maid and a valet, were in the hands of the Bolsheviki in Tobolsk, a Russian city three hundred miles from the nearest railroad station. They had been taken there, upon orders from Petrograd and Moscow, in droshkies because the Bolsheviki believed, as the Czar did before, that the strongest political prisons were those far removed from the railroad.

"During the latter part of April the former imperial family was removed to Ekaterinburg, which was one of the biggest cities in the Ural Mountains, on the direct line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, so that they could be quickly shifted from city to city by the Bolshevist Government in case the Czechoslovak echelons, which were moving throughout Central Russia, should turn against the Moscow Soviet. About the 25th of

that month one Ural District Soviet of Workmen, Cossacks, Soldiers and Sailors' Union, sent a committee of soldiers to the home of Professor Ipatieff, to demand that he give up his residence immediately. They did not state their reasons, but ordered him out.

" Professor Ipatieff's home is one of the most beautiful in Ekaterinburg. It was built on a hill in one of the main thoroughfares of the city, not far from the palace of the ' Platinum King ' of the world. Mr. Ipatieff, an engineer, was one of the leading citizens, ranking with the great engineers and industrial leaders who were responsible for the production of wealth in that community and in Russia, following the discovery of the rich platinum and gold mines in the Urals. His house was of cement and brick construction, painted white, and two stories high.

" This house, which was destined to be the last known prison for the Romanoffs, is within a stone's throw of both the British and French Consulates. In front there is a wide, open square, in the center of which stands one of the numerous cathedrals of the city. To the left, as neighbors, the Czar had some of the poorest citizens. They lived in uninviting log or frame huts. To the right, across the side street, was a large two-story red brick residence, surrounded by a brick wall. From the upper windows of this house one could see into the small garden in the rear of the Ipatieff residence, even after the Bolsheviki built a twenty-foot board fence around Ipatieff's house. It was in this garden that the imperial family was permitted its only recreation and fresh air during the

eighty days the members were imprisoned there.

"Ekaterinburg does not resemble any American city I know because the streets are at least twice as wide as any of our broadest thoroughfares. The buildings differ in architecture from ours and none of them is more than two or three stories high. Often, in riding about the city, one finds beautiful modern buildings and residences next door to frame huts. Timber is plentiful, because the city is in the center of a vast forest, and, until the Urals gave up their century-old wealth of precious metals and fine stones, such as emeralds, rubies, alexandrites, topaz, etc., all of the buildings were of frame construction. But as the mines were developed the city prospered and magnificent residences were built. Before the revolution ninety per cent. of the platinum of the world came from this city, and at least ninety per cent. of the women of the world who wear platinum jewelry owe their beautiful ornaments to the Ekaterinburg mines. Even the platinum jewels which the Czarina herself possessed were mined originally in the Urals. The alexandrites, one of the rarest stones, which is a greenish blue by day and a ruby red by night light, was discovered here and named after one of the Czar's relatives.

"Following the Bolsheviki orders, Professor Ipatieff moved without delay. He was an intellectual, an aristocrat, and 'user of the tooth brush,' to borrow Paderewski's description of those who were persecuted by the Bolsheviki. He realized that the quicker he left the safer he was. Within a few days the Czar, the

Czarina, and their daughter, Mary, arrived, accompanied by the physician who attended the Empress, who suffered from heart trouble and rheumatism. The Czarevitch and the other daughters were delayed because of the illness of the Czarina, but within a week the family was united inside the white house and board fence, which was guarded by some twenty Bolshevist soldiers, said to have been recruited especially from the mines and factories, because Ekaterinburg was also a large industrial city. A group of the largest factories employed more than twenty-five thousand workmen and women.

"The former royal family entered the house, under heavy guard, of course, by none too kindly soldiers of the Red Army, through the main entrance, on the public square, which led directly into the rooms on the second floor. Professor Ipatieff had been living in these rooms, while on the first floor lived his servants, who used the entrance on the side street.

"The testimony of all witnesses is the same as to the main events which followed the crossing of this threshold by the former rulers of Russia until the night of the fifteenth and sixteenth of July. It is only the evidence which follows the events of those dates which is confusing.

"Entering the house, the Czar and his wife were 'escorted,' if not ordered, through the reception hall and past one of the private rooms, already filled with soldiers, to the large drawing-room which Professor Ipatieff used when receiving guests. All of the furniture and carpets remained as he had left it. Hang-

ing from the ceiling was a big crystal electric chandelier imported from France, and on the walls hung valuable oil paintings. The furniture was modern, expensive and comfortable, of carved oak. To the left, as the Czar entered, he saw another room the other side of an arch. This room was assigned to him as a study. The Czarina's wheel chair, which had been brought from Tobolsk, was placed near the wide plate glass windows looking out upon the inside of the board fence through heavy iron bars which had been fastened in the walls outside of all the windows. Directly in front of the former imperial leaders as they stood at the entrance of the reception room were two large oak doors leading into the dining-room. To their left were the kitchen, pantry, bathroom (one of the very few private bathrooms in the city) and another room which was later used by the Czarina's maid.

"The Bolshevist Commissars of Ekaterinburg led the royal couple through the dining-rooms into two smaller rooms facing the side street. One of these rooms was assigned to the Czar, his wife, and the Czarevitch as a bedroom. The other was designated as the bedroom of the four daughters, although no beds or cots were provided. Alone for a few brief moments in these two rooms the Czarina walked to the window, drew aside the heavy portières, and looked with a fainting heart through iron bars upon the rough interior of the board fence which obstructed entirely what was once a beautiful view of the cathedral and square and the 'Platinum King's' palace not more than two hundred feet away. But these the Em-

press could not see. Above the fence were visible only the vast, free, pale blue heavens. Turning to the Czar and asking for a pencil she again drew the curtains aside and wrote on the frame of the window, 'April 30, 1918,' the day of her arrival, the first day of their eighty days of suffering and anguish in Ekaterinburg, prisoners of their former subjects.

"During my recent sojourn in that city, I had an opportunity on several occasions of going through the house which had been used by General Gaida ever since the Czechoslovaks forced the Bolsheviki to evacuate the city. The Czar's bedroom is now the private office of this twenty-eight-year-old Czech General. The bars still cover one of the windows and the Czarina's handwriting is still to be seen on the window frame.

"I have several sources of information as to what transpired in this house between the 30th of April and the 15th of July, 1918, but I doubt whether even the details which these witnesses give fully describe the terrible torture which the Romanoffs were forced to endure. The names of some of the witnesses I can give, others are confidential, but their statements, unabridged and uncensored, are the greatest possible indictments of so-called 'revolutionary-red justice.'

"Although the Czar, his wife and son were provided with beds and were supposed to have the private use of the room, it frequently happened that the Czarina's physician was forced to sleep in the same room. In the adjoining room the four daughters slept on the floor, with scarcely any bedding. At times the Czar was forbidden to see his wife and they were seldom

permitted to talk except in the presence of a soldier. Although the family ate in the spacious dining-room of the Ipatieff home, food was prepared and served by the Red Army and was very meager. For the family only five knives, forks, spoons and plates were provided, and on more than one occasion the rude soldiers would help themselves by hand from the erstwhile imperial table. When any member of the family bathed it was forbidden to close the bathroom door, and in the frame of the door both at the top and sides are literally hundred of bayonet marks showing that on many occasions soldiers stood on guard at the door with drawn bayonets. In fact, so many bayonet jabs are still visible in the walls and ceilings of some of the rooms that it seems certain beyond a doubt that the guard in the house always had bayonets attached to their loaded rifles.

"After examining the walls of the house I concluded that the soldiers must have tried bayonet practice from time to time in the various rooms, but whether this was done when members of the Czar's family were there one cannot say. Whenever any member of the family walked in the garden soldiers stood on the balcony, leading from the dining-room and looking out over the garden. Professor Ipatieff, who was in Ekaterinburg, living nearby throughout the Czar's imprisonment, stated that the soldiers often aimed their rifles at the Czar while he was walking. With their finger on the trigger of their rifles and eyes on the sight-points they would follow his movements.

"The Czar was not permitted to receive any news-

papers, and many of the letters which he wrote and which were sent to him were never delivered. Nicholas himself wrote scores of letters to his friends, but they were usually simple statements about the health of the family. The day before his trial for participation in an alleged counterplot against the Bolsheviki he was permitted to write letters to his relatives and friends, but as far as known none of these was sent by the Ural District Soviet.

"That the Czar, however, was in communication with the outside world through various secret channels is quite certain. One of the nuns in the monastery of Ekaterinburg, for instance, informed me that one day she received word from Odessa saying that the Czarevitch was ill, and asking her, in behalf of 'friends of the Czar,' to take milk, eggs, and butter to the Czar's house. By this name the Ipatieff residence became known as soon as the Czar arrived, and to-day any one in Ekaterinburg can tell you where the 'Czar's house' is. All of the drosky drivers know, as the taxi drivers in Paris know the location of Napoleon's tomb.

"This nun — a simple, kindly faced, quiet, and patient old woman — related to me one afternoon her experiences in delivering fresh eggs and milk. She would not tell me how she received word from Odessa, nor why any one in Odessa should know quicker than the people of Ekaterinburg that the Czarevitch was ill — that he was so ill that he often spat blood.

"At the beginning of July, however, when she began to take food to the Czarevitch, the Bolshevist Commissar permitted her to take butter, eggs, and milk to

the Czarina personally. Often, she said, she would take a bottle of cream, sugar, and sweets to the house, but it was not long until the Bolsheviki either became suspicious or were revengeful. One day they seized everything she had for their own use, telling her to get out and never return. The following morning she appeared as usual and was permitted to send in the eggs and milk.

"On several occasions during these visits she had very brief 'audiences' with the members of the family. Naturally she would not tell me whether she carried news to the Romanoffs, but from other sources I learned that it was through this monastery that some of the Czar's friends in Crimea were able to 'keep in touch' with the Czar.

"It is known, also, that the former Emperor on a few occasions received letters and news through a member of the Soviet guard, who, despite his position, was still loyal to the 'Little White Father.' Another route by which news traveled to and from the Czar was through signals from the attic of the brick house across the street from the Ipatieff residence, which I have described. A private telephone in this house was connected with the office of a certain prominent business man. The man in the attic and this merchant communicated with each other day and night, and I remember learning from one of them some of the secret phrases they used in talking, so that if any one should by chance overhear them the Bolsheviki could not understand. When the observer under the roof of the house across the street saw the Czar in the gar-

den he would phone, 'The baggage is at the station,' and then messages would be communicated to the Czar.

"Throughout the time the Czar and his family were imprisoned here efforts were being made to release him. On more than one occasion the Czar received a message stating that he would soon be freed. General Denikine, who is now commanding the Cossacks near Kiev, an old and intimate friend of Nicholas, was endeavoring in every possible way to save his former imperial master. General Dutoff, another friend of the Czar, operating in the Urals, was seeking to deliver his friend. The Czecho-slovaks, despite their revolutionary tendencies, were bent upon snatching the Czar from the Bolsheviki. There were independent Russian and foreign business interests in Ekaterinburg which wanted him released. More money was spent trying to free Nicholas Romanoff than the Bolsheviki ever used in guarding and transporting him or maintaining an organization to prevent his escape.

"Thus, in advance of the Czar's trial before the secret night session of the Ural District Soviet, there was being waged in Russia and Siberia a bitter and ceaseless contest between the friends and enemies of the Czar. Ekaterinburg was the center of the intrigue and the Czar himself was playing no unimportant part.

"After the trial, where the Czar was condemned to death, the Moscow wireless station sent out an official communication addressed, as are all messages from wireless towers under control of the Soviet, 'To all, to all, to all,' announcing that the Czar had been exe-

cuted in Ekaterinburg, but that the family had been removed from the city to a place of safety.

"But was Nicholas II killed? If so, how and where? This is where the real mystery of the Czar begins. From this date until to-day the world has speculated. Evidence of all kinds has been published to prove his death and to announce that he is still alive.

"It has been said that 'votes should be weighed and not counted.' So is it with regard to facts. Weighing the evidence regarding the Czar himself I should say that six-tenths of the weight indicates that he is dead; four-tenths that he may be alive.

"The Czar was tried, condemned to death and taken from the courtroom back to the Ipatieff residence. Some witnesses maintain that he was executed immediately in the basement or the first floor of this house. Other citizens declare that he was taken outside the city and shot. Some think he was murdered in the house without trial.

"To show how the testimony differs I shall refer to the published statements of Prince Lvoff. He declared in Vladivostok and Japan that he and the Czar were kept in the same prison and had the same jailers. That cannot be true, as far as Ekaterinburg is concerned, because I could not find a person in Ekaterinburg who had heard that Prince Lvoff was in the Ipatieff residence as a prisoner. He was confined for four months in the prison of Ekaterinburg, but the Czar was never there. Prince Lvoff and many others declare the Czar and his whole family were killed in the Ipatieff house and they point to the bullet holes in the

walls of the room. The nun from the monastery who took eggs and milk to the Czarevitch told me that she is positive none of them was executed in this house, and that the Czarina, the Czarevitch, and the daughters were taken away in a motor truck which she saw standing in the grounds of the Ipatieff residence on July 15. She believes the Czar is dead, but that the family is still alive. On the other hand, one of the priests from the same monastery, who held short services upon a few occasions in the house for the imperial family, assured me that 'the whole family is alive and well.'

"While I was in Tuimen, the chief city between Omsk and Ekaterinburg, one of the members of the Russian nobility, who was an intimate friend of the Czarina, received a message from the 'interior of Russia by courier saying, "Your friends are all well."' When I questioned the American, British and French Consuls, who were in the city throughout the Bolshevist occupation, as to their opinions, they stated frankly that they did not know whether the Czar was dead or alive, and they were still conducting their investigations. Professor Ipatieff, who is now living on the first floor of his house, surrounded by most of the furniture which was used by the former imperial family, showed me through the house on two occasions and described in detail how the whole family was brought from the second floor to the main floor by way of the servants' stairs, lined up against the wall and shot. A member of the Judicial Investigating Commission believes the family was killed in this house, but the only

evidence any of them possess is the bullet holes in the walls and floors and the finding of certain property of the Czar and Czarina in the ashes of one of the stoves. I saw the room in which they were supposed to have been killed en masse, but I was not convinced by the evidence presented there for these reasons:

"1. If the whole family was executed in this room, then seven persons were killed. The bullet holes were in the walls and some 'blood clots.' There were no pools of blood, and it seemed doubtful to me that seven persons should die a horrible death and leave only small 'blood clots' in the bullet holes and small blood-stains on the floor.

"2. If they were executed in this room, then the soldiers' rifles could not have been more than five feet from the victims, because the room is very small. If killed here the bodies must have been removed, because they were not found in this room nor in the house. By removing seven bodies from such a room, in midsummer, when it was very hot and sultry, the members of the family surely did not wear very heavy clothing, and it seems that bloodstains should have been found in other parts of the house, but none was found.

"3. It is stated that the bodies were burned after execution in this house. This I believe is impossible, because none of the stoves in the house is large enough. The house was heated, as are most Russian houses, by Russian stoves built in the walls, and the opening to each stove is not more than a foot wide or deep. Still, in one of these stoves the investigating commission

found a military cross which the Czar once wore, corset staves and a large diamond belonging to the Czarina. The stove in which these things were found was in the bedroom of the Czar's daughters. This stove was never used by the Bolshevist guard, and it is plausible that the Czar or Czarina burned these things themselves at the last hour so that the Soviet would not find them. This might be substantiated by the fact that the investigating commission, after having the ashes examined, failed to find traces of any human bodies.

"I do not believe the evidence that the whole family was executed here is convincing. I think the Czar may have been shot in this room, but, on the other hand, there is the testimony of the Czar's personal valet, Parfin Dominin, that the Czar was taken away from the house early in the morning of July 16 by a small Soviet guard. Dominin himself remained in the house until the morning of the seventeenth. If any one was shot in that house that night; if twenty shots were fired on the first floor, the valet would have heard them, because he was in the living-room of the Ipatieff residence, which was almost directly above the room where the bullet-holed wall stands to-day, and no Russian house is sound-proof.

"After examining carefully all of the evidence presented by Professor Ipatieff I made an investigation of the testimony that the Czar was taken away and executed. The Bolsheviki claim that this is what happened. They maintained he was executed outside the city, before a firing squad. But was he? Is it not

possible that the Czar was kidnaped after he left the house, surrounded by only three Red Army soldiers? Considering all of the efforts which were being made in and about Ekaterinburg to save the Czar, does it seem possible that his friends, who were numerous in the city and watchful, should permit three soldiers to take him away? Is it not possible that some of the disloyal Bolshevist soldiers, who were accepting bribes and transmitting secret messages to and from the Czar, were among that guard?

"I asked these questions because they came into my mind while I was in Ekaterinburg, and because I asked many Ekaterinburg citizens the same. In reply I received all varieties of answers and various degrees of speculations. The fact is that no one knows, but all have their opinions. Professor Ipatieff maintains that the questions are without justification. The priest thinks that the Czar was 'saved.' The nun thinks he was killed afterward. The valet states the same. The investigation commission is divided. The allied Consuls don't know. And still there is the testimony of a prominent Russian merchant of Ekaterinburg that he saw the Czar and his family in the private office of the railroad depot master on July 20!

"Ekaterinburg is divided. Since the latter part of July, for seven months the city and surrounding country has been searched, and no remains of the bodies, no traces of the family have been found.

"Some day, when it is possible for investigators to go into European Russia and question other witnesses, the puzzle may be solved.

"Nicholas II, former Czar of all the Russias, and his family may be dead. They may still live. Who knows?"

THOMAS JEFFERSON ROOM

There is confusion in the multiplicity of accounts which purport to tell the story of the last hours of Nicholas Romanoff, and it would serve no purpose to introduce them in this account. But this is one narrative which may be taken as representative of those which hold that the Czar was executed, although intimating that his family was spared. It is given by an Austrian who was a prisoner of war, and was printed in the Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and reprinted in the *Münchner Post* of February 5, 1919:

In the course of his story the Austrian asserts that the ex-Czar, in addition to his regular body servant, was attended by an Austrian prisoner of war who had been recommended for the post by the Social Democrat organization of the prisoners of war in the Urals and who remained close to Nicholas until the day of the latter's execution. The implication is that this Austrian was detailed to see to it that the ex-Czar did not succeed in establishing uninterrupted communication with the counter-revolutionary forces planning to rescue him. The relator of this latest version of the ex-Czar's execution is a Socialist, and presumably obtained his information from the delegate of the Social Democratic organization referred to.

Contrary to the generally accepted versions of the removal of the ex-Czar from Tobolsk in April, 1918,

the Austrian asserts that the ex-Czarina and the rest of the family were left behind and did not accompany Nicholas to Ekaterinburg, where he was confined in the house of Professor Ipatieff. After giving some details as to how the ex-ruler was guarded, the Austrian continues:

"In the middle of June his family came from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg because the Czarina had appealed to the Soviet to be allowed to see her husband. Already at that time the military situation was full of danger for the town, and for that reason the Czarina and the children were taken away from Ekaterinburg after a sojourn of eight days. They were taken at night in an automobile to a distant railroad station. But the Czar remained in the city.

"In the first week of July there was no longer any doubt that the town could not continue to be held by the Soviet troops. As the result of a mistake by the army administration the Czechoslovaks had succeeded in pushing troops forward over the West Ural Railroad, which now were placed like a ring around the city and threatened to cut it off not only from Siberia and the whole Ural district, but also from Petrograd and Moscow. A regular cutting off of the Ural Republic was being prepared, and the Soviet troops were too weak to prevent it. The Soviet wanted to remove the ex-Czar from the city at the last moment and put him in a safe place, so as to hold a good hostage in case of emergency. It was a big risk, however, for there was the greatest danger of the friends of the Czar obtaining possession of him. For this reason the

Social Revolutionaries, the Mensheviki, and the anarchist wing of the Central Soviet demanded that the ex-Czar be called before the tribunal at once, as the indictment had been pending long enough indeed.

"On Saturday, July 13, 1918, this question was discussed at a meeting of the Soviets, and it was decided by a more than two-thirds vote to call the Czar before the tribunal, to procure the sentence and to execute it at once. On the same day the tribunal assembled and unanimously found him guilty of treason to the country and the people, and of the criminal murder of Russian citizens, as charged in the indictment, and condemned him to be shot to death. At eight o'clock in the evening the verdict was announced to him in the drawing-room of the villa where he was being held a prisoner. The members of the tribunal were all present at this ceremony. He received the news rather calmly, and said: 'If God so wills it, then may my blood at least bring about the happiness of Russia.' After a pause, he added: 'I entreat you to spare my wife and children this fate, as they are surely innocent.'

"The sentence was executed at four o'clock Sunday morning in the cellar of the villa, so that the shots would not be heard outside. (Other versions say that the execution occurred on July 16 or 17.) The corpse was carried away in an auto, whither is probably only known by the members of the revolutionary tribunal.

"This is what occurred. I can assure you that all the other reports now making the rounds of the press are untrue. The alleged diplomat who has given news

to the Vienna press has only recounted what has been shown to be only a matter of sensational gossip in the town long before the Czar was condemned. The gentleman certainly was not in touch with any member of the Soviets, and, furthermore, it was so very difficult to find out anything about the condition of the precious prisoner that, for reasons easily understood, nothing was said about it even in Russian (Socialist) party circles. What some papers print about bad treatment, and even about the outraging of the Czarina and her daughters, belongs to the realm of phantasy."

V

On April 1, 1919, it was announced by Mr. Wilfred Fleisher, Jr., an American newspaper correspondent, that the Czar and all of the members of the family had been assassinated. He quoted as his authority General Dietrichs, who had been delegated by Admiral Kolchak, the dictator of Siberia, to assemble the evidence gathered by the Ural Government. According to this authority, Nicholas II and the members of his family were murdered on the night of July 16–17 at two o'clock in the morning in the Ipatieff house in Ekaterinburg. The event, it was averred, followed weeks of mental and physical suffering during which the Czarina and her daughter were subjected to Bolsheviki indignities. The story had it that their bodies were loaded into a conveyance and taken into the country, and their bodies stripped of their clothing and the remains "probably flung down a mine shaft." The

clothing, after being searched for valuables, was burned in an effort to cover up all evidence of the crime.

On the same date the former Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, in Paris, to an Associated Press representative gave expression to his views concerning the probable fate of Nicholas II. He said, "I have given up all hope of ever seeing my nephew, the Emperor. When I left Crimea I still entertained some hope he might be alive. Now even that hope is dead.

"There is only one member of the family who persists in clinging to the hope that he is alive — the Dowager Empress. She has made a vow not to leave Russia unless the demise of her son is established beyond the shadow of a doubt and I do not dare to shatter her last allusions."

The former Grand Duke spoke feelingly, with apparent effort to repress his emotion, of the execution of his two brothers in Petrograd when they were led out from Peter and Paul fortress and shot down without semblance of a trial on January 29, 1919.

Late in August, 1919, the full text of the Omsk government's report, giving details of the alleged murder of the Czar and the members of his family, arrived in the United States. It was signed by Starynkevitch, Minister of Justice of the Kolchak Government at Omsk, and was addressed to the Director of Foreign Affairs. There is a repetition of many of the things already outlined in this narrative, and some new facts. For instance it says that on the walls of the room in which the Czar was confined in Ekaterinburg was the

following inscription, made in German by an almost illiterate hand:

" This is the night on which the Czar has been shot."

It is well known that the jewels of the Imperial family were carried away by the Empress, and in order that they might not be stolen had been sewn into the hats and clothing belonging to the Grand Duchesses and the ladies of the Court. That fact gives special interest to one phase of the report, which says:

> On July 17 peasants of the village of Koptiaky and of the volosty (bailiwick) of Verknie-Isset, named Andrew Chemetiewsky and Michael Alferof, and others noticed certain camps of troops belonging to the Red army at a distance of eighteen versts (about twelve miles) from the city of Ekaterinburg; these camps had been made in the forests not far from the village. After the departure of the troops the same peasants, returning by the same road which the detachment of the Red army had followed, reached a place where the Red Guards had made a halt, and there discovered, near several caved-in and abandoned wells, a small camp where they had made a fire. In scraping over the ashes they found a cross of emeralds, four corset whalebones, some suspender buckles, several slippers, and buttons of false pearls. Moreover, they noticed several other objects on the top of the wells — a cane, treebark, planks, firtree branches, and an iron shovel.
>
> The examining magistrate, after having looked over the approaches to the wells, called the Isset Mine, found an old " vanity bag," some rags of fine linen, lace, and some débris which was black and shining. He also discovered there two tarnished fragments of an emerald and of a pearl, a heap of

cloth which smelled of oil, a stone mounted on platinum, very much tarnished, sea-green in color, and quite large; it was a diamond worth 100,000 rubles, ($50,000,) according to the estimate of an expert who subjected the stone to a most careful examination.

According to the conclusions reached by this expert, this stone must have belonged to a necklace, a magnificent work of art. On the loam all around the wells they found signs of the explosions of star shells, and on the walls of the wells there were still traces where grenades had been exploded within. After having pumped the water from the wells and removed the sand which had fallen in, they found a finger which had belonged to a human hand, a set of false teeth, some pieces of bomb, a man's scarf pin, and other objects of little importance.

M. Pierre Gillard, to whom we showed the diamond and the other objects, certified that the necklace of which it had formed a part had been sewn into one of the dresses worn by one of the Grand Duchesses, either Olga or Titiana Nicholaëvna. As to a pearl-set earring, that was identified by the same witness as similar to those carried by the ex-Empress. Derevenko believed that he recognized in the false teeth the set used by Dr. Botkine.

In comparing the earring found on the edge of the well with those shown in a photograph of the ex-Empress, which was furnished the investigating commission, there can be no possible doubt as to its origin. The other earring could not be found on the place examined. However, we discovered several pieces of pearl, and the expert, after having established their quality by analysis, deducted that they belong to another earring identical to the one found.

Those who are still inclined to be skeptical may ob-

tain some encouragement from the concluding part of the report. After stating that the objects brought together during the investigation have a historic as well as a legal value the report adds:

> In spite of all evidence establishing beyond reasonable doubt the murder of the imperial family, there are a number of persons who testified that its members had not been shot, but that they had been transported from Ekaterinburg to Perm, or to Verkoturief. Hence the investigation was expanded along these lines, but has not been able to confirm the truth of the rumors of the transfer nor has it been able to find a single witness who would certify to having personally seen the departure of the imperial family.
>
> The foregoing constitute all the evidential matter gathered by the preliminary inquiry made with a view to establish the fact of the crime having been committed.

The present writer makes no attempt to reconcile these conflicting statements concerning the fate of the unfortunate Czar. The preponderance of evidence would indicate that he is dead, but it must be admitted that it is circumstantial evidence, and there will always be those who will decline to accept that sort of testimony, but all will agree that Nicholas Romanoff, in his birth and troubled life, was a victim of circumstances. Fated for a post of great power and responsibility, he was incapable of guiding the swift running current of events. He might have been, as a writer has said in another connection, "splendidly commonplace," but his life could scarcely be called "brilliantly

unromantic." In spite of his good intentions and his shortcomings — in spite of himself, he became one of the momentous figures of modern history, and even in the end he was to have the distinction of furnishing one of the greatest mysteries of the world's greatest war.

# IV

# CONSUL-GENERAL GOTTSCHALK AND THE MYSTERY OF THE *CYCLOPS*

## IV

## CONSUL-GENERAL GOTTSCHALK AND THE MYSTERY OF THE *CYCLOPS*

THE saddest word in the maritime vocabulary is "missing," and yet it is the only term that can be applied to the strange case of Alfred Louis Moreau Gottschalk, American Consul-General to Rio Janeiro, Brazil, who so mysteriously disappeared with the captain, the crew and the United States naval collier, the *Cyclops*.

In the official records reference is made to the vessel alone, but it is impossible to tell the story without featuring the personality of the distinguished consular officer, who has been swallowed up in oblivion just as effectually as the ship on which he was the most conspicuous civilian.

On April 15, 1918, it was first officially announced that the *Cyclops* had been overdue at an Atlantic port since March 13th of that year. The vessel had on board fifteen officers, two hundred and twenty-one of a crew, and fifteen passengers. She was last reported at one of the West Indian Islands on March 4. The *Cyclops* was in charge of Lieutenant-Commander G. W. Worley, of the United States Naval Reserve, and was bringing a cargo of manganese from Brazil.

This grayish-white metallic element is largely used

in the manufacture of glass and paint, and would have been particularly useful to the United States and the Allied Nations at that time. It is this fact that caused most of the officials of the Government to conclude that the *Cyclops* had been the victim of one of the German submarines, those assassins of the sea which worked so remorselessly during the great world war. That might easily account for the disappearance of the great collier. The fact that a distinguished consular officer of the United States Government was aboard the *Cyclops* might have made the vessel a tempting target for the war-maddened Germans. They loved a shining mark, and the blood-thirsty subordinates who carried out the orders of Von Tirpitz were sure of special commendation when the victims included men high in the confidence of the United States, and those with whom it was associated in the conduct of the war.

Another suggestion was that the *Cyclops* might have been sunk by a bomb placed in its cargo before leaving Brazil. In the course of some remarks before a Congressional Committee concerned with the placing of a duty upon manganese, Senator Phelan, of California, said he had been told by a naval officer that the port of departure of the vessel was filled with Germans who had been interned for the period of the war. There were other Germans living there also, and it is quite likely that some of them were employed in loading the *Cyclops*. Everybody knows the fanatical devotion of some Germans to the " Fatherland," no matter under what flag they might be living, and it is con-

ceivable that they might regard it as a patriotic duty to conceal explosives amid the cargo of the ship. In this instance it would be easy to do so without detection.

So easy and so self-complacent were we during certain stages of the great world war!

Another theory was that an internal explosion might have wrecked the vessel, and at the same time have destroyed its wireless apparatus and motive power. Instances were cited at the time to prove that such a thing could have been within the realm of possibility.

But the difficulty with all three of these theories is that no allowance is made for the surface wreckage that would have marked the grave of the stricken *Cyclops*. In even the worst of wrecks there have been bits of deck and masts found floating in the ocean weeks after the event. No such evidence has ever been found in the case of the mysterious disappearance of the naval collier.

A list of the crew reveals the fact that there were fifty or sixty men with German names, and one of the investigators has hazarded the guess that there was a midnight meeting during which the commander and the officers were overpowered and the ship taken into some German port. But this supposition must be regarded as fantastic, because, out of two hundred and fifty-one men, some would surely have come forward to tell the tale even at this late day.

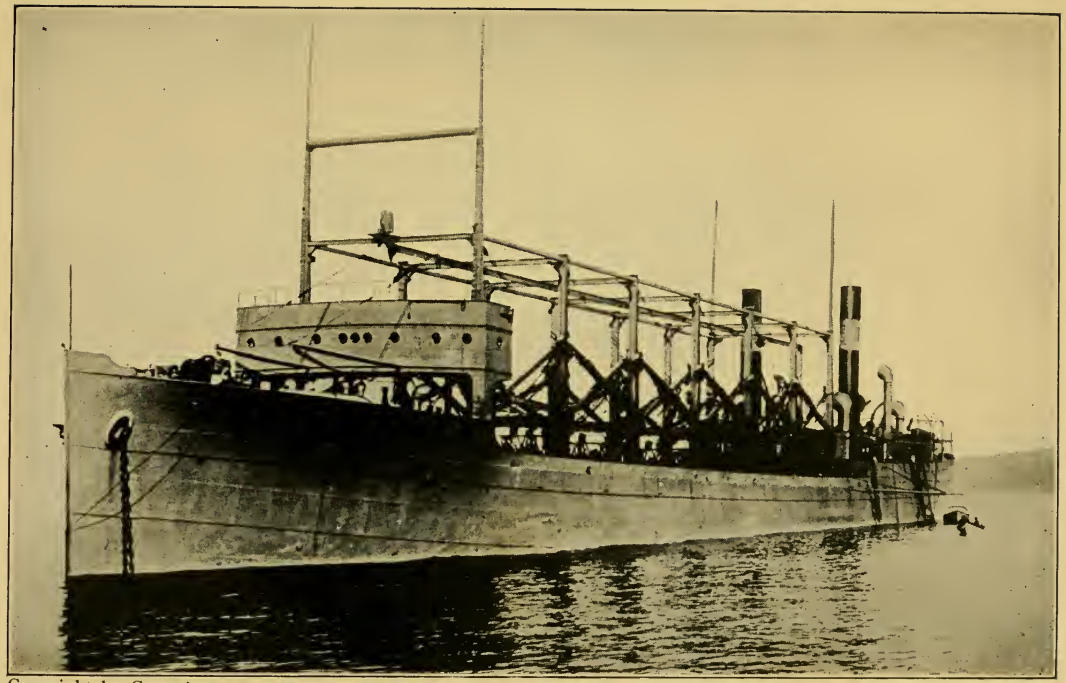
Along the same line of thought is the suggestion that the ship was captured by U-boats, a prize crew placed aboard and the ship conveyed to Germany. The

*Cyclops* visited Kiel a year after she was built, and while she was there was greatly admired and envied by German experts. Might they not be obsessed with the idea of capturing such a valuable prize? Yes, but common sense must dismiss this theory as one that will not hold water.

Some of the best authorities among the naval men in the United States are content to believe that the collier went down in one of those tropical storms which are so disastrous to shipping. Yet this is difficult to believe in the case of a vessel of nineteen thousand tons displacement, built especially to weather the severest storms.

Perhaps the most plausible theory of all is that the *Cyclops* was caught in one of those awful West Indian typhoons which come so suddenly in the tropical seas. Could it be that the vessel was caught in one of those overpowering whirlpools and sucked to the bottom of the ocean? Who knows? The attempt to explain away the unexplainable makes the brain reel, and only emphasizes the finite quality of the human mind.

The loss of the *Cyclops* will go down into history not only as one of the great mysteries of the sea, but it also will be noted for the fact that its most distinguished passenger was Alfred Louis Moreau Gottschalk, American Consul-General at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. Like Lord Kitchener, the circumstances of his last end were to be shrouded in impenetrable darkness. He did not enjoy the fame of the great British soldier, but there are many persons in this country who feel that his disappearance, under such strange auspices,



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THE *CYCLOPS*

was a real and irreparable loss to the Government of the United States.

In view of this fact it may not be inappropriate, in this place, to throw some light upon the personality and the service of this official who was not as well known as he should have been, but whose work was valued at its true worth by those who were charged with the consular and diplomatic affairs of this country. He came from a noted New Orleans family, and was a descendant of one of the most famous of the marshals of Napoleon. He was richly endowed with musical and artistic talent and had a most agreeable personality. He was well known as a traveler and explorer, and if he had been spared, would undoubtedly have won greater honors in the world of business and politics.

The manner in which Mr. Gottschalk came to enter the consular service of the Government is not only interesting in itself, but throws an illuminating sidelight upon the character of his unusual man. He had family connections in New York and Philadelphia, and one of his maternal aunts married a Peterson, member of the famous publishing firm in the Quaker City which printed one of the pioneer magazines of America, a publication which gave some of the earliest efforts of Edgar Allan Poe to the world. The young man had talent and facility of expression, and in the natural course of events entered the newspaper profession. He became acquainted with Joseph M. Rogers, at that time managing editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* and the friendship thus formed led to

his assignment as one of the correspondents to report the Spanish-American War for the *Inquirer,* the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph.*

He did his work well, but after the conclusion of the war, instead of returning to Philadelphia, decided to embark in business in San Domingo. The venture was undertaken as much for experience as anything else, and in the course of time he returned to the United States with more experience than when he had left, but with less money. He had engaged in sugar growing in both San Domingo and Hayti, but while he showed enterprise and industry it was evident that he was not cut out for a business man. So, after this excursion into agriculture, and a brief term as Collector of Customs at Monte Cristo, he was once more in New York. One of the first things he did was to call on his old newspaper friend, Mr. Rogers, with the request that he sign his application for a position in the United States Consular Service. The editor did so very cheerfully, and suggested that, of course, Mr. Gottschalk knew Senator Platt, or had some other political support which he intended using to back up his application for a post under the Government.

"No," he smilingly replied, "I do not know Senator Platt, and have no political support of any kind, but I expect to be appointed just the same."

He was appointed, too, and thereby hangs one of the most interesting unpublished tales of the American State Department.

Mr. Alfred Gottschalk walked into the office of one of the Assistant Secretaries of State and asked if there

were any consulships vacant at that time. That was something new in Washington because applications for such posts not only required Senatorial endorsements, but were usually made with great ceremony. The official had to take a second look at the young man, and then seeing that he was in deadly earnest, replied, in effect:

"Yes, there are four consulates always vacant. Two are in Africa, one is in the far East, and the other is in Nicaragua. They are vacant because the occupant is in danger of starving to death from the inadequate pay, or of perishing from disease in the unhealthful climate. One of them has had something like fifty consuls in as many years, for the simple reason that as soon as the appointee gets a view of his post he wants to take the next steamer back to the United States. Indeed, there have been cases where the newly appointed consul has refused to get off the ship, after getting a glimpse of the place to which he had been appointed."

After listening to this statement the young man calmly announced that he was a candidate for one of these places, and after the usual preliminaries he was appointed United States Consul to San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua. Even after the papers had been made out, the kind-hearted officials of the State Department tried to discourage him from accepting the place.

"We are glad to have some one who is willing to go down there," said one of them, "but, really, I do not believe that you will be satisfied after you get there. Why, I do not believe that we have had a report from

this consulate for nearly fifty years. It is in the midst of swamps, of pestilence and of fever, and the best man that ever went there did not have sufficient ambition to send us the usual reports that are expected from consuls. Really, you are too good a man to waste your time in such a place."

Mr. Gottschalk smiled in his engaging way, and remarked in a quiet but determined voice:

"I thank you for your consideration, but I am going to go. After what you have told me, nothing could prevent me from accepting this post."

And so, in 1902, he went as United States Consul to San Juan del Norte, in Nicaragua. It was pretty bad, even if it did not quite live up to the terrible reputation which it had in the United States. At all events, the friends of Mr. Gottschalk in this country did not hear from him for a long time. Some of them were filled with misgivings. They feared that he might have perished from some of the tropical fevers which flourish so well in such swampy climates. However, they had great faith in the young man, and they watched and waited.

In the meanwhile an episode occurred in the city of Washington, just one year after the departure of Mr. Gottschalk, which was to have a great effect upon his future. There arose a vacancy in the consulate at Callao, in Peru. As consulates go, it was a desirable berth. One of the New England Senators wanted it for a constituent who was very valuable to him from a political standpoint. Under ordinary conditions he could have had the place for the asking, but, unfor-

tunately, one of the Western Senators heard of the vacancy and demanded it for one of his lieutenants.

John Hay, the author of the "Open Door" policy in American diplomacy, and one of the most efficient men of his time, was then Secretary of State, under President Roosevelt. He was very much annoyed over the controversy that was raging about the Peruvian consulship, and heartily wished that it was off his mind. He had bigger and more important questions in statecraft to solve than this petty dispute over a consulate, and did not hesitate to so inform the Senatorial gladiators. One afternoon the New England Senator, who was also a personal friend and a strong supporter of the President, called and said that he was tired of waiting and wanted his man named for the post in Peru. He intimated that if he did not get it, the fur was likely to fly in the immediate future. Almost at the same time the Western Senator called and insisted upon having the post as his right and due. The scholarly Secretary of State metaphorically threw up his hands:

"It is utterly impossible for me to appoint two men to one position," he said, "and if you two men cannot come to an agreement you are likely to make me insane."

They talked and wrangled for some time after that, and finally declared that it was impossible for them to come to an agreement. Mr. Hay, they said, would have to settle the contest in one way or the other.

"All right," he said, "I'll put the matter up to the

President, and see what he has to say about the dispute."

Late in the afternoon, long after the usual closing time of the Department, while Secretary Hay was musing over the difficulties of American politics, one of his assistants entered the room, and laid a neat package of manuscript upon his desk.

"Mr. Secretary," he remarked, "there is a remarkable bit of work which I want you to glance over. It is so unusual that it is deserving of your personal attention."

The Secretary looked at the sheet of paper before him, and discovered that it was a report of the history of the United States Consulate at San Juan del Norte from the time of the Walker expedition before the Civil War to the present. It was carefully prepared in the almost copper-plate handwriting of Consul Gottschalk, and must have taken many weary months in the preparation. It was the very thing that was needed in the archives of the State Department, and was the one thing that they had despaired of getting. At that time the question of a canal was raging, and the young Consul, alive to the importance of the occasion, had also prepared and mailed a set of maps showing how the canal could be built through Nicaragua. Mr. Hay studied the report and the maps for a few minutes, and then he brought his fist down on his desk with a bang.

"I wonder," he said, looking at his assistant thoughtfully, "if I have any influence with this administration. I wonder if I have influence enough to have a consul appointed."

The other man grinned at the suggestion, and even before he had time to reply, the Secretary of State instructed him to have a commission made out appointing Alfred Louis Moreau Gottschalk to be United States Consul at Callao, in Peru.

" I'm going to take this over to Colonel Roosevelt," said John Hay, grimly tucking the commission under his arm, " and see what he has to say about it."

He found the President in his office at the White House, and in a few words explained the situation to him. Also he displayed the report and the maps that had been sent him from Nicaragua. The Secretary of State was a strong advocate of efficiency in office. Already he had made great efforts to improve the character of the consular service, and in this he had the sympathy of President Roosevelt. Now he had a concrete case, and he presented it with force and eloquence. The man who preached the " square deal " was impressed, not only with the facts but with the enthusiasm of his Secretary of State. He grinned, too, as he thought of what a good joke it would be upon his two Senatorial friends who were pressing their rival candidates for the place.

It only took him a few moments to decide. He reached for his pen, and signed the commission, and thus young Mr. Gottschalk, without his knowledge, and without any outside influence, became United States Consul at Callao, in Peru.

He made good there, after a bitter fight with the authorities, as he had made good in his other post, and not long after was sent to the City of Mexico,

On the reorganization of the service two years later, he was made Consul-General-at-Large, and was detailed to inspect the other consulates in Africa, Eastern Europe and Western Asia. He was an expert accountant and was regarded as an invaluable man by the State Department. Later he was sent to ascertain conditions in many out-of-the-way places. The reports he sent to Washington were complete and conclusive. He never depended upon hearsay evidence, but always made first-hand investigations. In doing this he underwent many personal privations. He went to sections of the country where a man was often compelled to take his life in his hands, and he braved disease and pestilence in his effort to get at the truth. He was specially detailed by President Roosevelt to get the facts concerning the Liberian situation, and his special reports on that subject which were filed in the State Department are regarded as the last word upon a controversy that had waged for years.

When the European war began Mr. Gottschalk was sent to assist at the American Consulate in London. Only those who were charged with the difficult work in those trying days know how valuable his services were to the United States and to the Allied Governments. In November, 1914, he was appointed Consul-General at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, where he was instrumental in creating sentiment in favor of the Allied cause. At the same time he won the good will of the business world here and in Brazil by the industry and the efficiency with which he promoted trade between the two countries. Had he been spared there is no

doubt but that he could have had anything within the gift of the State Department. He worked hard, so very hard that the time came when he needed a rest. When he sailed for America, in the early part of 1918, it was given out that he was coming home for a vacation, but a few of his personal friends were aware of the fact that he intended to resign his position with the Government in order to enter the army. He had served in the famous Fifth Regiment of New York, and was certain of getting a commission.

But, alas, for human plans, he was never to reach the land he loved so well, and never again to meet his relatives and friends on this side of the ocean. After the *Cyclops* had been overdue for weeks, the Navy Department began a systematic search for the missing vessel. The sea was literally combed in the effort to obtain some trace of the collier. In this search the United States Navy was assisted by the navies of England, France and Italy. Never was there such a thorough investigation into a mystery of the sea. But it was all in vain. Not a trace could be found anywhere.

While this combing of the sea was going on, a story was published in one of the American newspapers — a most amazing story — which still further deepened the mystery of the disappearance of Consul Gottschalk. It stated that two weeks after the *Cyclops* left its port, and long before the collier was reported missing, an advertisement appeared in a Portuguese newspaper announcing that a requiem mass would be celebrated for Alfred Louis Moreau Gottschalk, "lost when the *Cyclops* was sunk at sea." It was claimed that the

announcement was signed by a number of prominent men in Rio Janeiro, but they all disclaimed responsibility for its appearance. It was suspected at the time that it was inserted by German agents as a means of transmitting a report of their operations. The writer has no means of verifying this strange tale, but it was one of the many rumors and wild fancies that filled the air at the time, and it is simply repeated as a part of the whole astonishing business.

The mother and the relatives of Mr. Gottschalk hoped against hope until the very last, but after the Secretary of the Navy published his official report in which he directed that the *Cyclops* be stricken from the registry of the Navy, they, too, abandoned further search and mourned their loved one as dead. As a consequence of this, the will of Mr. Gottschalk was formally filed in the Surrogate Court in New York. An affidavit accompanied the will, recounting the last known movements of the *Cyclops,* and calling attention to the fact that the United States Navy had abandoned its search for the vessel. In his will, the Consul-General left his books and literary productions to the National Library at Washington. A valuable collection of Inca pottery, Aztec idols, Trojan lamps, Eastern brasses, and arms and porcelain from South America was bequeathed to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The residue of his small estate went to his mother.

It was in his annual report for 1918 that Secretary of the Navy Daniels finally abandoned the vanished collier to the mysteries of the sea. He intimated then

that probably not until the sea gives up its secrets, would the fate of the *Cyclops* be known. That a modern ship of over nineteen thousand tons, equipped with wireless and all modern devices to afford protection against sudden attack or disaster at sea, should disappear without a vestige of evidence to tell the tale of how it had been lost was truly one of the strangest cases in the annals of the sea. The report of Secretary Daniels, among other things, said:

> "It was March 4 when the *Cyclops* put into the British West Indies for coal. She was due in her home port March 13.
>
> "'Since her departure from that port there has not been a trace of the vessel, and long-continued and vigilant search of the entire region proved utterly futile, not a vestige of wreckage having been discovered.
>
> "'No reasonable explanation of her strange disappearance can be given. It is known that one of her two engines was damaged, and that she was proceeding at reduced speed, but if the engine had become disabled it would not have had any effect on her ability to communicate by radio.
>
> "'Many theories have been advanced, but none that seems to account satisfactorily for the ship's complete vanishment. After months of search and waiting, the *Cyclops* was finally given up as lost, and her name stricken from the registry.'"

The strange disappearance of the *Cyclops* naturally directed attention to other ships that had dropped out of existence completely. The most remarkable mystery of the sea probably was that of the *Marie Celeste*,

A clever writer on the New York *Sun* attempted to solve this curious case, or, rather to give a plausible explanation of how it had disappeared. It can scarcely be compared with the case of the *Cyclops*, because the *Marie Celeste* was actually discovered with two sails set headed towards Gibraltar. There was no sign of life aboard the vessel, nor, most unusual of all, was there any sign of her having been abandoned. Everything was in order; boats were all in place and ropes were neatly coiled. The only thing missing, as nearly as could be found, was the ship's chronometer. However, the captain's watch was found in the cabin. There was nothing in the log to tell a story of storm, disease, fire or other disaster.

"Many surmises," says the *Sun* writer, "have been made regarding the mystery, and books have even been written suggesting a solution. One of these insists that the passengers must have all gone in swimming except the captain. He, it says, must have been timing a race with the chronometer, his watch being broken, when the vessel gave a lurch, threw him overboard and sailed away before any of the swimmers could reach her. Another surmise, made seriously by its author, is that all hands were standing by the rail when a tidal wave spilled them off. This theory has generally been laughed at, it being pointed out that such a thing would not have been possible without deranging the equipment on the decks. All this was years ago, and it is almost certain that her mystery will never be solved."

But the universal query is, "Shall the *Cyclops* be

added to the list of vessels that have arrived at the 'port of missing ships'?" The fact that she was modern, staunch, well-manned and equipped, makes the disappearance of the collier inexplicable. The writer in the *Sun* mentions many instances that point to the probability that the misfortune of the *Cyclops* may never be known.

One such vessel was the *Naronic,* a large freight vessel, the first of the twin screw type to be built for the cargo trade. The writer, speaking of this and other curious mysteries of the sea, says:

"Just what happened to the *Naronic* has never been discovered. She steamed from Liverpool; days passed, and then cables began to hum as both sides of the ocean queried about her delay. Finally, some weeks later, a capsized life-boat was found with the word *Naronic* on her stern. That was all. How, when, or where she entered the 'port of missing ships' is not known, but it is there she rests. She was equipped to resist storms and had been called the biggest, safest, swiftest sea carrier of her time, but the sea included her in its toils."

In recent years few passenger vessels have disappeared. In the days of sails and side-wheelers, however, a number of large vessels loaded with passengers were swallowed up, perhaps the victims of an uncharted rock, a heavy gale, a tidal wave, or a fire. One of these was the *City of Glasgow.* In 1854 she sailed from England with four hundred and eighty passengers, most of them emigrants bound for Castle Garden. No trace of her was ever found. Two years

later, the *Pacific,* of the Collins Line, sailed for New York from Europe with one hundred and eighty-six passengers. For months following her disappearance other vessels sought for her in vain. In those days the ocean lanes had not been adopted, and there were no means of knowing where best to search.

Other vessels have disappeared, but few left very definite impressions of what happened to them. One such was the *President,* which is generally believed to have foundered in a gale off the New England coast. Another vessel, the *Coventry,* saw her in the midst of the storm, making heavy weather of it. The *President* left New York March 11, 1841. Among her passengers was Tyrone Powers, the Irish actor. She was in command of Captain Roberts. Two months later, a bottle was washed up on the shores of Cape Cod, with a cryptic message:

"*President* sunk in storm."

In 1870 the *City of Boston,* with two hundred passengers, left Liverpool, never to return. It was believed that she was the victim of a severe storm which came up a few days after she left port. Bits of wreckage were seen at sea some months later with her name on them. Such an impression also prevailed regarding the sinking of the *Portland,* which left Boston Harbor for Portland in the fall of 1898. There was a severe blizzard set in, and it is generally thought an extra heavy sea caught her under the paddle wheel and overturned her.

On August 28, 1883, the *Inchcluta* left Calcutta for Hull with a cargo of wheat. The following day the

*Cherubini* left Sunderland for Genoa with a cargo of coal. Neither of these vessels was ever reported again. On March 9, 1885, the *Magneta* was seen passing out of the English Channel, bound for Singapore, with a load of cable. She also carried nine passengers. She was never sighted again.

Had it not been for the wireless, it is doubtful whether the world would ever have known the circumstances of the *Titanic* sinking. Undoubtedly many other vessels, before the days of wireless and ocean lanes, entered the "port of missing ships" through the ice.

The U. S. collier *Cyclops* was the first of three vessels of its type to be built for the Government, and was launched on May 8, 1910, from Cramps' shipyard in Philadelphia. Mrs. Walter H. Grove, the daughter-in-law of the president of the shipbuilding company, christened the vessel which behaved in an unaccountable manner on its natal day. Seafaring men have their superstitions, and they dislike anything to mar the harmony or the smoothness at the launching of a vessel. The ways had been carefully and plentifully greased on that bright day in May when the *Cyclops* was to take its first dip in the water. A great crowd was in attendance, but when the blocks were knocked from under the collier she stood stock still. There was an anxious wait of ten minutes while the bow was raised by jacks. After that the *Cyclops* slid down without any difficulty. It was said at the time that the hitch was caused by the great weight of the collier.

But the imaginative seafaring men shook their heads, as much as to say that it was a sure indication of coming disaster.

But neither the enthusiastic builders or the officials of the United States Government shared any of these forebodings. They felt, and with justice, that they had produced a vessel that was to mark an advance in craft of that character.

The *Cyclops* was a twin-screw steamship of the single deck type, with a long poop, bridge and forecastle, and constructed with cargo holds of the self-trimming style. This was brought about by sloping the hatchways from the coamings to the sides of the ship, the space between the slopes and the deck proper being utilized as topside water ballast tanks. The vessel was fitted with double bottom extending from forward to after peak bulkhead, so that when the ship was light, ballast might be carried either in these tanks or in the topside ballast tanks, as might be found preferable for easy behavior at sea.

The vessel was rigged with fourteen masts, located in pairs opposite each other at the corners of the hatches. Masts were connected by athwartship and fore and aft truss ties. Shrouds were thus eliminated and a clear deck space outside of the masts provided.

She was the first vessel of this type with such extremely large dimensions to be constructed upon the Atlantic coast. Coal could be placed in the vessel's coal bunkers or landed aft on deck in a position suitable for handling in coaling ship at sea.

# V

# THE JUDICIAL MURDER OF CAPTAIN CHARLES A. FRYATT

## V

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CAPTAIN CHARLES ALGERNON FRYATT, master of the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamship *Brussels,* was at once a hero and a martyr of the Great War, and the story of his life and death furnishes one of the most illuminating, as it is one of the most thrilling, sidelights on the international conflict.

Captain Fryatt was a typical English sailor — blunt, rugged, conscientious and transparently honest. He lived at Dovercourt, near Harwich, the port of the Great Eastern Railway Company, where he was generally known and respected. He had a devoted wife and seven children — six girls and one boy. They lived in a cozy villa, combining comfort and beauty. The tidy appearance of the house, its well-kept patch of green, and its general appearance of solidity and neatness reflected the well-ordered life of its owner. The family life at Dovercourt was ideal, although the necessities of his profession kept Captain Fryatt away from his inviting home many months in the year.

With the advent of the war a condition, and not a theory, confronted this British sailor. In the early part of 1915 — to be exact, on February 18 — the

German Government announced its blockade. That is to say, it proclaimed the waters around Great Britain and Ireland, including all of the English Channel, to be a "war region." It declared that every enemy merchant vessel found in the region would be destroyed *"without its always being possible to warn the crew or passengers of the dangers threatening."*

In a word, Germany adopted the code of the pirate or the highwayman, but with a difference. This difference was that the pirate and the highwayman give their victims a chance for their lives, while Germany denied them that right. Thus, the sailors who followed the forbidden lines of travel took their lives in their hands. In spite of this fact, many brave Englishmen voluntarily accepted the risk in order to continue uninterrupted communication with neutral countries.

Captain Charles A. Fryatt was one of these men. He knew very well that by the edict of February, 1915, the German Government "officially repudiated the responsibility of civilization, and served notice on all merchantmen that they were liable to be sunk by a hidden weapon from an unseen ship without warning." As has been well said, British vessels of commerce were clearly entitled to consider themselves attacked by any submarine which they sighted. That was the view taken by Captain Fryatt, and thereby hangs this plain, unvarnished tale.

Now, with these preliminary facts before us, let us see just what happened.

On March 2, 1915, Captain Fryatt was on a voyage

from Parkeston Quay to Rotterdam. The lookout caught sight of a strange ship in the distance. He called the attention of the captain to this queer-looking object, and Fryatt immediately recognized an undersea vessel with two masts. It was evident that it was one of the German assassins of the sea. The submarine, beyond the question of a doubt, looked upon the British vessel as legitimate prey. The best proof of this was furnished by the fact that it aimed directly for Captain Fryatt's ship. He realized that he would have to do one of two things: make a dash for life and liberty, or stop and give battle with the enemy. He either had to do that or permit the ship to be sunk without warning and without resistance. It did not take him long to decide.

"All men on deck!" he shouted, and in less time than it takes to relate the incident, the men were streaming up the companion way and taking their appointed places on the ship. The captain explained the situation to the crew, and let them understand that it was to be a race for life. He did not propose to surrender if he could help it. In other words, he hoped to escape by the exercise of superior seamanship. The men heartily entered into the spirit of the contest. They agreed to show the enemy a clean pair of sea heels.

In the distance the submarine could be seen in full pursuit. The commander of the undersea vessel must have been mad with anger. It was something new for a merchant vessel to attempt to run away. For a time it looked like an even race. At one point the

submarine seemed to be gaining. It was then that Captain Fryatt went down into the engine room and urged his firemen and coalers to renewed effort. The grimy-faced stokers responded with a cheer and greater activity. Up again to the deck hurried the captain and took his post near the steering wheel. The sea was rough and the waters dashed over the deck. Once a sailor was hurled from his place and nearly swept overboard. But a brave comrade rescued him from a watery grave and the race for life continued.

By this time Captain Fryatt's ship was making sixteen knots an hour and was creaking and straining from the effort. But there was no let-up. They were still in the danger zone, and to hesitate meant that they would be lost. Mile after mile they went along the difficult course, and with every succeeding moment the earnestness and the enthusiasm of the crew increased. Engineers, firemen and sailors all vied with one another, not only in trying to escape a dreadful fate, but also in serving a captain they loved. Presently they reached the safety of Dutch waters, and with one accord they surrounded their gallant commander and joined in a shout of relief.

"Three cheers for Captain Fryatt!" yelled out a sailor, who hailed from Portsmouth, and all united in that exultant yell.

The news of this exploit reached England, and when Captain Fryatt returned to his home he was the hero of the hour. A hero, mind you, not because he had destroyed life and property, but because he had

saved the lives of his crew and his cargo. He was presented with a gold watch by the Chairman and Directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company. He bore his honors modestly and insisted that the credit really belonged to his men. But they were delighted that he had received recognition for his gallantry, and were united in declaring that in honoring the captain they, too, were being honored.

We now come to another important incident of the war which has an intimate bearing upon the case of Captain Fryatt. On March 28, 1915, a German submarine sank the *Falaba.* This vessel stopped when commanded to do so by the German commander. But in spite of this fact, the devilish assassins did not give the passengers time to be put into the boats. The great liner was torpedoed while non-combatants were still on board. These were the men who had the effrontery to criticize Captain Fryatt for not stopping when he was hailed by a submarine. He knew what would happen under such circumstances. But listen to the testimony of one of the survivors of the *Falaba:*

"The commander of the submarine ordered our Captain to get every passenger into the boats at once, saying in good English: 'I am going to sink your ship.' Then followed a terrible scene. Some of the boats were swamped and their occupants thrown into the sea, several being drowned almost immediately. Barely ten minutes after we received the order to leave the ship, and before the last boat had been lowered, I heard a report and saw our vessel keel over. The

pirates had actually fired a torpedo at her at a range of one hundred yards, when they could distinctly see a large number of passengers and crew on deck. It was a dastardly thing to do — nothing but murder in cold blood!"

It was a dastardly thing to do, because on that morning in March one hundred and four men and women lost their lives.

Now we are coming to a dramatic moment in the life of Captain Fryatt. On that same peaceful Sunday morning, when the German murderers sank the *Falaba*, the British commander met the U-33 in the North Sea. The *Brussels* was on its usual voyage from Parkeston to Rotterdam. Captain Fryatt was the first to sight the submarine. He could see that she was at least three hundred feet long, with a high bow, a very large circular conning tower, and without distinguishing marks on her starboard bow. He quickly realized that it would be impossible for him to escape. The submarine was coming toward the *Brussels* at a terrific rate of speed. If he turned and tried to run away he would be torpedoed.

What was he to do under the circumstances? Should he allow himself to be sunk without resistance? The thought was intolerable. He did what every red-blooded man would do under the same set of conditions. He made a fight for his life and that of his crew. What followed is told in these plain but eloquent words:

"The submarine signaled him to stop, but his British courage revolted at the thought of surrender, and

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CAPTAIN CHARLES A. FRYATT

the experience of German methods of warfare warned that surrender would be no guarantee that the lives of his crew would be spared. He determined, therefore, to take the best chance of saving his ship and to steer for the submarine in order to force her to dive, and if she were not quick enough in diving, to ram her. This was his undoubted right under international law — to disregard her summons and resist her attack to the best of his power. It was a test of skill and courage in which each side took their chance.

"Captain Fryatt, therefore, stood by his helm and gave orders to his engineers to make all possible speed. He sent all the crew to a place of safety in case the submarine should fire upon him, and steered straight for the conning tower. The submarine, when she saw that the *Brussels* would not surrender, but was bent upon exercising her undoubted right of resistance, immediately submerged. The *Brussels* saw her disappear about twenty yards ahead and steered for the place where she had been. Almost immediately her periscope came up abreast of the *Brussels,* two feet out of the water. Captain Fryatt did not feel his ship strike the submarine, but one of his firemen felt a bumping sensation. The submarine reappeared with a decided list and afterwards vanished from view. Captain Fryatt held his course at top speed until he was safely within the territorial rights of Holland."

As a result of this encounter, the British Admiralty presented Captain Fryatt with a gold watch suitably inscribed in recognition of his services. On the inside case was this inscription:

"Presented by the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty to Charles Algernon Fryatt, master of the steamship *Brussels,* in recognition of the example set by that vessel when attacked by a German submarine, 28th March, 1915."

King George, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Fryatt from Buckingham Palace, expressed what will be the feelings of the whole world, when he said:

"The action of Captain Fryatt in defending his ship against the attack of an enemy submarine was a noble instance of the resource and self-reliance so characteristic of his profession."

Until this time no one imagined that Captain Fryatt could possibly be charged with a violation of international law in protecting himself and his ship from attack. The first suggestion of anything of the kind came in a news dispatch from Germany that the captain had allowed the submarine to approach for examination. This was utterly false, and the pretense of some German papers that he had surrendered and afterwards attacked the U-33, or that he was guilty of any deception, or any underhanded dealing is equally untrue. As was well said at the time, these false pleas can only be attributed "to the German desire to conceal a foul crime under a cloak of lies."

We now come to what has been eloquently described as "the last and longest voyage of Captain Fryatt." He left his beautiful home at Dovercourt one evening in June, 1916, more than a year after his last recorded encounter with a submarine. He

kissed his wife and children good-by in the best of spirits. He made the voyage to the Hook of Holland safely, and on the twenty-second of that month started for the return voyage. The *Brussels* had a cargo of foodstuff and some Belgian refugees on board. When the vessel reached the danger zone it was found that she was practically in the midst of the enemy. It was impossible to escape, and out of the question to fight. The ship was captured by a flotilla of German torpedo boats and taken as a prize to Zeebrugge. Captain Fryatt and the members of his crew conducted themselves in a quiet and dignified manner. He stood in the midst of his officers as unruffled as though he were on the bridge of his ship, and his chief thought was to comfort the weeping Belgian women, who were panic-stricken at the thought of being taken by the Germans. So far as it can be ascertained, Captain Fryatt and his crew were taken to Bruges in motor cars, and removed to Germany on the following day. Later, they were interned at Ruhleben. At all events, Mrs. Fryatt received a letter from her husband, sent from the camp at that place, and dated the first of July, in which he told her that he was leaving on a journey.

It was the middle of the month when the Government and the public of Great Britain first learned that Captain Fryatt was to be tried by court-martial on the charge of ramming a German submarine. According to the German official pronouncement, Captain Fryatt was condemned because:

"Although he was not a member of a combatant

force, he made an attempt, on the afternoon of March 28, 1915, to ram the German submarine U-33 near the Maas Light Ship."

It was then that Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to Mr. Gerard, United States Ambassador at Berlin, to inquire whether the report was correct. He followed this with a second dispatch, urging the American Ambassador to take all possible steps to secure the proper defense of Captain Fryatt in the event of the court-martial being held, and adding that the British Government was satisfied that in committing the act impugned, Captain Fryatt acted legitimately in self-defense for the purpose of evading capture or destruction.

In a third dispatch, sent on July 25, Sir Edward Grey announced that His Majesty's Government considered "that the act of a merchant ship, in steering for an enemy submarine and forcing her to dive, is essentially defensive, and precisely on the same footing as used by a defensively armed vessel of her defensive armament in order to resist capture."

On the following day, the British Foreign Office addressed the American Ambassador, at London, as follows:

"His Majesty's Government find it difficult to believe that a master of a merchant vessel who, after German submarines adopted the practice of sinking merchant vessels without warning, and without regard for the lives of passengers or crew, took a step which appeared to afford the only chance of saving not only the vessel, but the lives of all on board, can

have been deliberately shot in cold blood for this action. If the German Government have perpetrated such a crime in the case of a British subject held prisoner by them, it is evident that a most serious condition of affairs has arisen.

"The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is therefore obliged, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, to request that urgent inquiry be made by the United States Embassy at Berlin, whether the report in the press of the shooting of Captain Fryatt is true, in order that His Majesty's Government may have, without delay, a full and undoubted account of the facts before them."

But the story of the judicial murder of Captain Fryatt was only too true. A postponement of the trial had been asked for, but this was refused on the ground that "German submarine witnesses could not be further detained." It was announced that on the 30th of July, Captain Fryatt had been shot on the previous Thursday, in an enclosed part of the harbor ground at Bruges, and that an alderman of the town had attended as a witness. The news of his death was officially confirmed by a telegram from the American Ambassador. The announcement of Captain Fryatt's death, under such circumstances, aroused a feeling of public indignation throughout the world. It was bitterly denounced everywhere, and on July 31, Mr. Asquith, the Premier, made the following statement in the House of Commons:

"I deeply regret to say that it appears to be true that Captain Fryatt has been murdered by the Ger-

mans. His Majesty's Government have heard, with the utmost indignation, of this atrocious crime against the law of nations and the usages of war. Coming as it does contemporaneously with the lawless cruelties on the population of Lille and other occupied districts of France, it shows that the German High Command have, under the stress of military defeat, renewed their policy of terrorism. It is impossible to guess to what further atrocities they may proceed. His Majesty's Government, therefore, desires to repeat emphatically that they are resolved that such crimes shall not, if they can help it, go unpunished. When the time comes these criminals shall be dealt with, whoever they may be, and whatever their station. In such cases as this, the men who authorize the system under which such crimes are committed may well be the most guilty of all."

Again, on August 15, in reply to a question, the Premier said:

"This country will not tolerate the resumption of diplomatic relations with Germany after the war if no reparation is made for the murder of Captain Fryatt. Some of our allies have suffered by brutalities even more gross, and on a more extended scale than ours by the actions of the German authorities. We are in consultation with them as to the best, most effective steps to be taken, and as to what conditions should be injected in the terms of peace to secure reparation that will satisfy justice."

But while England and the civilized world were expressing their indignation over this crime, the German

authorities were gloating over what they considered a master stroke in the war. Indeed, they justified the action in an official telegram which said:

"One of the many nefarious and franc-tireur proceedings of the British merchant marine against our war vessels has found a belated but merited expiation."

One of the German newspapers published an article calling upon the German Government to treat American volunteers fighting with Allied troops against Germany as franc-tireurs, and when captured to shoot, or preferably, to hang them. On August 10, the German Government issued the following statement in reply to the utterances of English officials on the subject:

"It is only too intelligible that the English Government attempts to justify Captain Fryatt's action, for it is itself, in a high degree, a fellow culprit. Captain Fryatt acting as he did, acted only on the advice of his Government.

"The British Government's statement not unintentionally misleads the public. Captain Fryatt's boat was not attacked without warning. The U-boat was above water and signaled to him, when above water, to stop, according to the international code of naval warfare. Therefore, he did not merely attempt to save the lives of his crew, because they were not in danger. Moreover, on March 28, 1915, Captain Fryatt allowed a submarine, which was approaching his ship for the purpose of examination, to draw up close so as to ram her suddenly and unexpectedly.

His object being to destroy her and so gain the reward offered by the British Government, this act was not an act of self-defense but rather an action planned by higher assassins. Captain Fryatt boasted of his action, though happily he failed to attain his object. This was brought home to him during the trial by witnesses from the crew of the submarine in question, whose evidence was against him. The British Parliament believed he had succeeded and praised his conduct, and the British Government rewarded him.

"The German War Tribunal sentenced him to death because he had performed an act of war against the German sea forces, although he did not belong to the armed forces of his country. He was not deliberately shot in cold blood without due consideration, as the British Government asserts, but only after calm consideration and a thorough investigation. As the martial law on land protects soldiers against assassins by threatening the offender with the penalty of death, so it protects the members of the sea forces against the assassin at sea. Germany will continue to use this law of warfare in order to save her submarine crews from becoming the victims of francs-tireurs at sea."

The insolence and audacity of the Germans in defending their "assassins of the sea" was never better illustrated than this official defense on the part of their Government. Naval experts of the United States hold that Captain Fryatt was regarded to be a prisoner of war, and that decisions in American

courts upheld his act as an act of a belligerent. It was charged that he attempted to ram the German submarine. An English authority, in reply to this, says:

"And if he did, what crime did he do? Already the Germans had destroyed without warning more than a score of unarmed British vessels of commerce and were now regretting that their pirates had missed so many others."

Only a few weeks afterwards the great, unarmed ocean liner, the *Lusitania,* was sunk without warning and with a loss of upwards of one thousand lives, including many American citizens. The decree of February had served notice on all seafarers that whenever they met a German submarine, they were to consider themselves attacked, since it was no longer possible to go through the formality of giving notice of an attack. What other meaning can be put upon the words:

"Every enemy merchant vessel found in this war region will be destroyed without notice, as it is not always possible to warn a crew or passengers of the dangers threatening."

"That resistance to such an attack is legitimate is clear from the prize law of the great States; of the British Empire, the United States, Italy, Spain, and others. It is even admitted by the German Prize Regulations. It is true that the German Regulations speak of armed merchant vessels; but that can make no difference. A merchant vessel is none the less a

merchant vessel because she is armed; her officers and crew do not become members of a combatant force because the vessel carries guns for defense; a merchantman is permitted to resist an enemy warship, not because she has any combatant quality, but because she will be captured at the best, or, if she meets a German submarine, probably sunk without warning; and even capture is an act of hostility to which merchantmen need not submit."

The justice of these contentions has been admitted by an eminent German international lawyer, Dr. Hans Wehberg, in his book "Das Seekriegsrecht," published since the outbreak of the war. He writes:

"In truth, no single example can be produced from international precedents in which the States have held that resistance is not permissible. On the contrary, in the celebrated decision in the case of the *Catharina-Elizabeth,* resistance was declared permissible," and Article X, of the American Naval Code, takes the same standpoint. By far the greatest number of authors and the niceties of international law share this view. An enemy merchant ship has then the right of defense against an enemy attacks, and this right was meant to be exercised against visit, for this, indeed, is the first act of capture."

The feeling in Great Britain may be understood when it is stated that up to the time of the judicial murder of Captain Fryatt, the lives of over four hundred men connected with British merchantmen and fishing boats had been lost through attacks made upon them by German submarines. They were sunk

and their crews murdered because they were not large enough to defend themselves. As Mr. Balfour tersely put it at the time: "Neither enemy civilians nor neutrals are to possess rights against militant Germany; those who do resist will be drowned, and those who do not, will be shot." That, in a sentence, was the German theory of Freedom of the Seas.

There was a story in circulation at the time of the capture of Captain Fryatt that his identity, and the proof of his guilt, were established by the inscription on the inside case of the gold watch which had been presented to him by the British Government, but this has since been officially denied by the British Admiralty. This watch and the watch awarded him by the Great Eastern Railway Company for his previous exploit, did not fall into the hands of a pirate submarine, but are in the safe-keeping of his widow and will be treasured as an heirloom in the family.

It may be well, at this time, to give an official narrative of the circumstances concerning the capture, the condemnation and the shooting of Captain Fryatt. It was written by William Hartwell, who was the first officer of the British steamship *Brussels* at the time of its capture in 1916. He wrote this account while he was interned in Holland, addressing it to the chief official of the Great Eastern Railway Co.:

"Sir: This being the first opportunity since the capture of the *Brussels* in 1916, I will endeavor to give you details of the capture and happenings up to July 27, this being the date of Captain Fryatt's death. I beg to report that on June 22 the steamship *Brussels*

left Rotterdam with cargo and passengers for Tilbury, stopping at the Hook of Holland. She left the Hook Quay at 11 P. M. on that day, the weather being very fine and clear. All saloon and cabin lights were extinguished before passing the North Pier Light. Directly after passing it, a very bright light was shown from the beach, about four miles north of the Hook, followed by a bright star, such as a rocket would throw. After a lapse of ten minutes this was repeated. On both occasions Captain Fryatt and myself remarked upon it, as we had never seen similar lights on any previous occasions. After passing the Maas Light Vessel, all Board of Trade Regulation Lights were darkened. Five miles west of the light vessel a very small craft, probably a submarine not submerged, commenced Morseing the letter 'S' at intervals. No other lights were visible.

"After running for one hour and thirty minutes, an extra sharp look-out was kept for a steamer that was going in the same direction and without lights, the port and starboard lights of the *Brussels* being put on for the time being. At 12.46 craft without lights were seen at a point on the starboard bow, traveling at a great speed in the opposite direction. These proved to be German destroyers of the latest type, five in all. Two came alongside on the starboard side, and one on the port side, the other two following close behind. During the time the destroyers were approaching, their commanders were shouting orders to stop, asking the name of the ship, and threatening to fire on us. No firing occurred, how-

ever. As soon as Captain Fryatt was assured that the destroyers were German, he gave orders for all passengers to be ready to take to the boats if necessary, and quietly instructed me to destroy all dispatches and official papers. His instructions were carried out, and as the last bag was destroyed German seamen, armed with pistols and bombs, appeared on the starboard alley-way. I passed through the saloon to the deck and met more German seamen, who were driving all the crew they could find over the rail on to the destroyers. I was ordered over the rail, but refused to go, and then met the officer who came on board to take charge. He requested me to show him to the bridge, which I did. He greeted Captain Fryatt, and congratulated himself over the great prize.

" Satisfied that all was well, the destroyers left and made for Zeebrugge. The course was given for the Schouwenbank light vessel, and the order was given for full speed ahead, but no reply came from the engine room, as the engineers had been driven over the side with the majority of the crew. This greatly excited the German officer, who drew his revolver and threatened to shoot Captain Fryatt and myself if we failed to assist him, and to blow up the ship if the orders to the engine room were not complied with at once. It was some minutes before the German officer could be convinced that the engineers and most of the crew were on the destroyers. He then ordered his own men to the engine room, and instead of going full speed ahead, the engines were on full speed astern. This also angered the officer, and matters be-

came very unpleasant on the bridge. I was ordered to go to the engine room to inform the Germans of their mistake. By this time the steam was greatly falling back, owing to the stokers being away, and the order was given that all on board, except Captain Fryatt and myself, should maintain steam till the ship arrived at Zeebrugge. On reaching the Schouwenbank light vessel, the German flag was hoisted, and directly after the Flushing mail boat for Tilbury passed quite close.

"Captain Fryatt was assured that soon after her arrival at Tilbury the capture of the *Brussels* would be reported. The *Brussels* was met and escorted by several airplanes to Zeebrugge, where the destroyers were already moored. On arrival at Zeebrugge the *Brussels* was moored alongside the Mole. The engineers and crew all returned. The crew were sent to their quarters and kept under armed guard. The officers and engineers were placed under a guard in the smokeroom, and Captain Fryatt held in his room. The Belgian refugees were closely searched, and landed at Zeebrugge. After a stay of about five hours the *Brussels* left and proceeded to Bruges under her own steam.

"For some reason Captain Fryatt was kept in his cabin, and I was sent to the bridge, not to assist or officiate in any way, but simply to stand under guard and to be questioned at intervals by the Germans if they could get the right answers. During the passage from Zeebrugge to Bruges both sides of the canal were thronged in places, and both the soldiers and the

marine Landsturm were greatly excited. On reaching Bruges the crew were taken off and sent to a waiting shed. Only Captain Fryatt and myself, with many German officers, remained on board. After we had been questioned at lunch Captain Fryatt and I were photographed, and we then joined the crew in the shed, being afterward taken to a building in the town. All of us, including stewardesses and twenty-five Russians, were packed in, and there was scarcely standing room.

"After some hours, following a request to the prison commandant, the stewardesses were allowed separate quarters in the top of the building. Otherwise they were treated in the same way as male prisoners until they were separated to go to a different camp. At 3 A. M. on June 25, orders came for all to be ready for the train to Germany, the stewardesses joining us at the station. At 5 A. M. we all left, closely packed, in cattle trucks, and on arrival at Ghent we were escorted to very dirty and unhealthful quarters underground. At 5 A. M. on the following day we left Ghent for Germany, via Cologne, where the stewardesses and Russians were separated to go to other camps. After being exhibited at Berlin, as at Hanover and other stations, the rest went to Ruhleben, where they arrived at 5 P. M., June 28. Two days later Captain Fryatt and I received orders to the effect that we were to be prepared to leave the camp at 8 P. M. for Bruges on ship's business.

"We arrived at Bruges at 7 A. M. on July 2, after visiting Ostend by mistake on the part of the escort,

We reported to the port commandant at 9 A. M., and were taken from him to the town prison and put in cells. From then onward we were treated as criminals. We were occasionally visited by German officials and questioned as to the submarine and other subjects, on which Captain Fryatt made a clear and open statement to the Germans, with nothing condemning to himself. From the time of being placed in the prison at Bruges to July 15, I saw Captain Fryatt and spoke to him on several occasions, after which I never spoke to him until one hour before he was shot.

"I will endeavor to make you understand the so-called tribunal or trial. On July 24 Captain Fryatt and myself were questioned and cross-questioned in the prison, and, so far as I could learn, Captain Fryatt never added to or departed from his opening statement. It was then that we were first informed of the tribunal that was to follow. On July 26th we were told to be ready for the tribunal, which was to take place at Bruges Town Hall on the 27th at 11 A. M. On July 27 at 9 A. M. the door of the cell was opened, and an escort was waiting. To my surprise, four of the crew were in the waiting cell. Each man was escorted to the Town Hall, Captain Fryatt and I being the last to go, and placed under a strong guard until the trial began.

"At 12 noon Captain Fryatt was called into his place before the so-called bench, and repeated his previous statement. I followed and answered questions that appeared to be ridiculous, not appearing either to de-

fend or condemn Captain Fryatt. At the same time an officer in uniform appeared, and, approaching Captain Fryatt and myself, informed us in broken English that he was for the defense. The Naval Commandant of the port conducted the trial, and also acted as interpreter. At 4 P. M. the Naval Commandant informed us that all was over so far, and that the decision rested with the naval officers, who had retired to another room, and the verdict would be made known after we had returned to our cells. The officer for the defense then spoke again, and said he would do his utmost to save Captain Fryatt.

After being again placed in the cells, the chief warder of the prison came to me at 5.30 P. M., and told me I was to go and stop with Captain Fryatt, as that was his last night. I then met Captain Fryatt, who was very much distressed, not so much because of the verdict, but of the unfair and cowardly manner in which everything was done. He told me himself that he was to be shot on the next morning, and after having a talk for about an hour — it was then 6.30 P. M.— the prison official took his watch from his pocket and said that in a short time the escort would be there, and Captain Fryatt would be shot at 7 P. M. The last twenty-five minutes I spent with him were appalling. At 6.55 P. M. I wished him " good-by," and promised I would deliver his last messages, which were many, and returned to my cell.

" Punctually at 7 P. M., a very short distance from the prison walls, a band commenced to play, and poor Fryatt was no more. Late the same evening an offi-

cial came to my cell and described to me, in the best way he could, how Fryatt died. He was shot by sixteen rifles, the bullets of which penetrated through his heart, carrying with them the clothes he was wearing through the body and out at the back.

"Sir, I was and am still proud of Captain Fryatt's manly conduct right up to the last, and I may add that there was not a German present at the trial who could face him."

At the time of the murder of Captain Fryatt, one of the leading German newspapers declared: "Doubtless there will be among England's sympathizers, all the world over, a storm of indignation against barbarism similar to that aroused by the case of Miss Cavell. That must not disurb us."

The newspaper and the Germans were not disappointed. There was a wave of horror and detestation throughout the civilized world. In Holland, the *Nieuwe Rotterdamische Courant,* on July 29, condemned the outrage and said:

"At the time the captain of the *Brussels* made his unsuccessful attempt, the submarine war was being carried on in the most brutal manner in contempt of all rules of humanity. The mere sighting of a German submarine meant death for soldiers who are now called 'franc-tireur' in the German communiqué. To claim for one's self the right to kill soldiers and civilians out of hand, but to brand as 'franc-tireur' the civilian who does not willingly submit to execution amounts, in our opinion, to measuring justice with a different

scale according to whether it is to be applied to one's self or to another. That is, in our view, arbitrariness and injustice, and that touches us, even in the midst of all the horrors of the war; it shakes the neutrals and arouses fresh bitterness and hatred in the enemy."

The First Lord of the British Admiralty, Mr. Balfour, voiced his country's condemnation of German barbarity when he said:

"Doubtless it is their wrath, by the skill and energy with which British merchant captains and British crews have defended the lives and property under their charge, that has driven the German Admiralty into their latest and stupidest acts of calculated ferocity — the judicial murder of Captain Fryatt.

"I do not propose to argue this case. It is not worth arguing. Why should we do the German military authorities the injustice of supposing that they were haunted by any solicitude for the principles of international law, and blundered into illegality by some unhappy accident? Their folly was of a different kind and flowed from a different source. They knew quite well that when Captain Fryatt's gallantry saved his ship, the Germans had sunk, without warning, twenty-two British merchant ships and had attempted to sink many others. They knew that in refusing tamely to submit himself to such a fate, he was doing his duty as a man of courage and of honor. They were resolved, at all costs, to discourage imitation."

But the German mind is very hard to understand, and in spite of the opinion of the civilized world, they persist in justifying the murder of Captain Fryatt

the same as they justify the murder of Edith Cavell and the sinking of the *Lusitania.*

A commission that was appointed to go into the case, made a hair-splitting report in the course of which they held the German authorities to be perfectly within their rights in condemning this gallant Englishman to death. The only ray of light in this gloomy business is the fact that there are individual Germans who disagree with the official Germans, and condemn the outrage. Two of these, Edward Bernstein and Dr. Bohenleden, of the Committee of Inquiry into accusations on the viewpoint of international law relating to the treatment of prisoners of war in Germany, made a formal declaration in which they differed from the judgments of the committee in regard to the sentence and execution of Captain Fryatt. They said:

"We declare a disagreement from the judgment of the committee, and declare further that the action against Captain Fryatt, and his condemnation, is an act of serious violation of international law. We wish to expressly state that the committee has examined this case very carefully and conscientiously, and that we have arrived at the conclusion that the doing of Captain Fryatt to death was judicial murder."

# VI

# EUGENE VAN DOREN AND THE SECRET PRESS OF BELGIUM

## VI

## EUGENE VAN DOREN AND THE SECRET PRESS OF BELGIUM

THIS is a story of how a Belgian patriot and journalist, aided by a coterie of his faithful countrymen, published an anti-German newspaper during the German occupation of Belgium and made life miserable for von Bissing and the supposed conquerors of the courageous little country.

It was one of the great mysteries of the war, was this strange publication which, coming out at irregular intervals, excoriated the invaders and defied them to do their worst. *La Libre Belgique,* or *Free Belgium,* as it was called, was printed under the very nose of von Bissing, and invariably a complimentary copy was left at his doorstep. The daring deeds of this clandestine press were heralded in all parts of the world and did much to keep alive the cause of liberty. It may be said to have been the one newspaper which scorned the censor and said what it pleased, when it pleased, and in the manner in which it pleased.

The German Governor-General of Belgium let it be known that choice rewards would be given to the man who would run down this pestiferous little newspaper. A price was on the head of its publisher and editor, but the great problem was to first ascertain

where it was printed, and then to arrest the culprits. Scores of spies and secret agents were put on the scent, but they had their labor for their pains. Time and time again they thought they had the culprits, only to find that they had eluded them. *Free Belgium* was as slippery as an eel, as shrewd as a fox, as wise as an owl, and as untamed as a wild western broncho.

The moment the Germans took possession of Belgium the newspapers of that country automatically suspended publication. The newspapers knew that they would be German-controlled, and they did not propose to work for the enemy. As a consequence of this, the Germans were compelled to publish their own organs of information, but these publications had no readers among the Belgians. Instead, almost magically, they had their own newspaper in *Free Belgium.* Never in the history of journalism was there a more audacious enterprise. Editors, proof-readers, pressmen, compositors and circulators knew that if detected they were liable to death. It was this that made their courage so sublime, and it was this that prompted them to give their services free of cost to their afflicted country. There was a sense of humor in the announcement in the initial number which stated that it was a "bulletin of patriotic propaganda, regularly irregular, submitting to absolutely no censorship."

When the powerful von Bissing received a copy of the first number he immediately issued an order that the editors and publishers should be arrested and brought to his presence. An army of police set out to execute the order, but like the famous king of

history, they marched up the hill only to march down again. They could not locate the offenders. It was very humiliating to them. It was more so to the peevish Governor-General. What was the use of having all of his power if he could not have his orders obeyed? He sat in state in the Palace only to have the most humble of the Belgians laughing at his impotence. The paper was distributed free throughout Belgium, and during the war it was read by hundreds of thousands of people. With fine irony the office of the publication was said to be at the "Kommandantur-Brussels." The editorial rooms were shrouded in impenetrable secrecy. Not being always in a place of complete rest, the editors gleefully declared that they did their work "in a cave moved about by automobile." The Germans, being entirely without a sense of humor, raged when they read this bit of foolery.

Naturally the readers of the brave newspaper were as much in the dark concerning its origin and place of publication as were the Germans. They were content to read it from time to time, and when a long period intervened between numbers they were filled with fear lest its authors had been apprehended. But now that the war has ended the curtain has been lifted, and the mystery of the remarkable publication is no longer a mystery. We know how their brave project was conceived, how it was put into execution, and the manner in which they eluded the clutches of their barbarous enemies.

The head and front of the adventure was M. Eugène van Doren, a modest, unassuming Belgian journalist

who made up in moral courage what he lacked in physical proportions. He was the principal author of *Free Belgium,* and he was aided by a staff of clever writers and workers, of whom M. Victor Jourdain was a shining light. M. van de Kercheve was another of the staff who, under the signature of "Fidelis," told what he thought of the invaders in a style which literally skinned them alive. During most of the time *Free Belgium* was published in the city of Brussels and in one of the neighboring suburbs. The first number contained what has been truly described as the "magnificent pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier on Patriotism and Endurance." The German officials would have given anything to have suppressed that utterance, but, instead, it found its way into every nook and corner of Belgium.

The expedients which these patriotic men were compelled to employ were wonderful in their simplicity. M. van Doren's wife assisted him in placing copies in envelopes, and he personally delivered them where they were calculated to do the most good. Each member of the Senate and of the House of Representatives was furnished with a copy, and bundles were turned over to the Dominicans, the Jesuits and the Redemptorists and others upon whose discretion they could surely depend. On one occasion M. van Doren was compelled to place copies into the hollow of a cane, a performance that was all the more easy because that issue was printed on silk paper. He used every precaution to protect the authors of the articles. Thus, all of the manuscripts, after being put into type, were

CARTOON DEPICTING THE KAISER IN HELL

destroyed. If he were discovered, this brave man determined to save the lives of his associates.

Artists as well as writers contributed to *Free Belgium,* and one of the most notable productions in that publication was a cartoon depicting the Kaiser in Hell. It was an adaptation of a famous illustration on Napoleon, and was merely altered so that the face of the Corsican became that of the Emperor William. The Governor-General was almost frenzied at this number of the clandestine newspaper, and he doubled the rewards for the detection of the authors, but without avail. Then, while he was still laboring under the excitement caused by this cartoon, another came out, holding him up to the ridicule and contempt of the populace. That was the worst of all, because nothing cuts so deep as satire and ridicule.

During all of this time it may be remembered that Cardinal Mercier was supposed to be a prisoner in his episcopal residence. But in spite of that fact the eminent churchman managed to address his countrymen, and always it was to give them words of encouragement and hope. He bade them obey their conquerors in things that were lawful, but never to concede that they were anything but Belgians, and always to stand loyally by their King. Many of these addressess were given wide publicity by means of *Free Belgium.* One of them which had been delivered before a comparatively small audience was circulated throughout the kingdom by means of this newspaper. It said, among other things:

"My brothers, I do not need to exhort you to per-

severe in your resistance of the invaders. I come rather to tell you how proud we are of you. A day does not go by without my receiving from friends of all nationalities letters of condolence which invariably terminate with the words: 'Poor Belgium!' and I answer, 'No, no, not poor Belgium, but great Belgium, incomparable Belgium, heroic Belgium!' On the map of the world it is only a tiny spot which many foreigners would not notice without the aid of a magnifying glass; but to-day there is not a nation in the world which does not render homage to this Belgium.

"How grand and beautiful she is! If they could see her as we see her, they would know there is not a single Belgian who weeps or complains. I have not yet met on my way a single workman without work; a woman without resources, a mother in tears, a wife in mourning who was sorrowing.

"This is what disconcerts the men who have been among us for a year. It is now just one year that they have been living among us, and they do not know us yet. They are stupefied. On one hand no one complains. We shall obey and shall continue to obey the regulations which they have imposed upon us by force, but on the other hand not one heart gives itself to them, and by the grace of God, none will give itself to them. We have a King, one King, and we will continue to have one King until that great and glorious day when afflicted Belgium comes into its own once again!"

Much of the mystery surrounding the publication of *Free Belgium* was cleared up by an article which

was published in the French newspaper *Le Petit Parisien,* of January 7, 1919. The translation of that story, in part, is substantially as follows: ·

"After the third number of *Free Belgium,* immediately following a visit of the police to the home of Madame Massardo, wife of a bookseller of the Galeres Saint-Hubert, who served as the intermediary for the copy, the printer refused his help. Further, the copy for this number had to be thrown into the fire. M. the Abbé Demeer, to whom M. van Doren intrusted the secret, obtained the consent of another printer, M. Allaer, on the condition that when the printing was done, the issues of *Free Belgium* be delivered to M. van Doren in a public street. All went well this way. Friends and collaborators increased and the paper produced, at each issue, a new sensation — and redoubled the searches of the German police.

"It was urgent, however, to take new precautions. M. van Doren, anxious about the life of his printer, decided to compose the paper at his own house. In consequence, he bought the necessary material — in order to prevent the spies from following the trail by the easy identification of characters. And he installed the plant on the Avenue Verte, at Woluwe, in an abandoned house, where he could work in all security with the aid of two professional printers, the Allaer brothers. Again, *Free Belgium* appeared without interruption.

"As its success became greater and greater, it was necessary to insure delivery of the paper to the houses of its subscribers. The coöperation of an ardent pa-

triot was secured. He was Phillipe Baucq, whom the Germans shot at the same time as Miss Cavell. The work was divided up thus: M. van Doren kept for himself the delivery of the big packages, and Phillipe Baucq effected the distribution of single papers.

"The devotion of this man was so splendid that he alone distributed four or five thousand copies. He made trips at night on a bicycle. Later, when the bicycling was forbidden, he went on foot. At one time he walked for two days without rest.

"Each new day made necessary the most minute precautions. M. van Doren decided to print *Free Belgium,* which, until then, was only set up in his shop at Woluwe. M. Victor Jourdain furnished the necessary funds to buy a foot-power press, which was installed at Molenbeeck, a suburb of Brussels, in an outbuilding of a factory belonging to M. van Doren. From then on, the paper was set up at Woluwe and printed at Molenbeeck.

"But the transportation of material was not always an easy matter. M. van Doren had to make two little cases, which, when filled, weighed about twenty kilos. Also, when he got aboard a trolley car with packages so small, yet so heavy, he was always an object of curiosity to passengers.

"In the midst of these inconveniences there arose at times amusing incidents. One day, especially, while M. Louis Allaer was carrying four thousand copies of *Free Belgium* he was obligingly aided by some German soldier, who lifted the box to his shoulder!

"The success of *Free Belgium* progressed with such

rapidity, to the constantly growing anger of the Governor-General, whose spies came back empty-handed day after day, that the printing shop had to be enlarged. A new machine was bought and carried piece by piece to the shop at Molenbeeck. There M. van Doren was surrounded by Germans; it was necessary to prevent the noise of the motor from giving them the alarm. Remember that there was a reward of one hundred thousand francs for him who should discover the office of the forbidden paper! M. van Doren secured the necessary tools and materials, and simply walled up the press and the motor. Before the wall he placed some furniture, and he entered his shop by a little door hidden behind some scrap iron and cardboard boxes.

"When the installation was done, there was published the famous number which showed on the front page the picture of von Bissing seated at his desk reading *Free Belgium*. Throughout Belgium, people literally tore copies of this issue from each other's hands.

"Soon after, on the occasion of the Belgian national holiday, *Free Belgium* summoned the people of Brussels to meet at Sainte-Gudule. It was the most beautiful manifestation of patriotism that can be imagined. Those present thundered out the 'Brabanconne,' then, carried away by their enthusiasm, all followed with 'Toward the Future.'

"The German spies were on the trail; the plant had to be broken up in great haste; the material was carried to the house of a friend of Baucq, on the Rue d'Arlon, at Brussels. These tribulations did not dis-

courage M. van Doren. The book 'J'Accuse' had just appeared in Switzerland; he decided to publish it in installments in *Free Belgium.* Publication began in No. 50 of the paper. Twenty thousand copies had to be printed.

"The danger became pressing. Searches were made without end and arrest followed arrest. Not at all worried, M. van Doren published a new number with a dedication in caricature, representing von Bissing bowed down under the weight of a stack of search warrants against *Free Belgium.* Then he launched an illustrated paper entitled *La Cravache* (*The Whip*), printing ten thousand copies, which were distributed free.

"The catastrophe happened. Discovered, M. van Doren had time to take flight and found refuge with relatives, later with friends, at Brussels, where he stayed for several months, laughing at the searches of the police. But *Free Belgium* did not discontinue its irregular appearances, thanks to the devotion of several patriotic Belgians. This one and that one might be arrested, or sentenced, but some one would pick up the interrupted work. Among them were merchants, printers, bankers, priests, lawyers, politicians. Never could the Germans get hold of *Free Belgium,* in spite of the years of forced labor that they inflicted upon its successive collaborators."

Is it too much to class M. Eugène van Doren with the heroes of the war? Scarcely, for all who read the story of his industry and his courage in the face of danger will concede that he is entitled to a place with

King Albert, Cardinal Mercier and the other brave men who did so much for the cause of freedom and civilization.

# VII

# THE MAD ADVENTURE OF SIR ROGER CASEMENT

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WAS Sir Roger Casement a patriot, a traitor, or a madman? That is the natural query which must come to the average person after reading the evidence in the case, and if there is no answer forthcoming the difficulty must be attributed to the puzzling and picturesque personality of the chief figure in this extraordinary adventure. There are thousands of persons who look upon Casement as a patriot, other thousands who are perfectly satisfied that he was a traitor, and a small and intelligent minority who insist that his actions are only explainable on the score of mental irresponsibility. We have heard of men with dual natures. Could it be possible for a man to have a triple personality? If so, we might solve the Casement problem by regarding him as a patriot, traitor and lunatic.

His case bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the famous Napper Tandy, the only difference being that Tandy was a soldier, and Casement more of a publicist and idealist. General Tandy, who was a favorite of the first Napoleon, organized an expedition to take Ireland in the interest of the Little Cor-

sican. He set sail in a vessel loaded with ammunition, and actually made a landing and issued a proclamation. But the expected uprising was short-lived. Tandy was eventually arrested, and came very near being executed. But he contrived to escape with his life and went to Paris where he was lionized and rewarded by the French. His story is told in full in "The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents."

But the story of the mad adventure of Sir Roger Casement will have to speak for itself — here are the facts in the case given as fully and as impartially as possible.

On the night of Thursday, April 20, 1916, John Hussey, a laborer, stood on the wind-swept shore of the Kerry coast and gazed toward the sea. Suddenly, out of the darkness of the night, came the flashing of a red light. It appeared at intervals, blinking and disappearing, after the manner of a prearranged signal. Adventure rarely entered into the lives of the people who lived in that sparsely-settled section of Ireland, but the unlettered man who beheld the red light had in his heart a love of romance, and he sensed something out of the ordinary. At the same time a small boat approached Tralee Bay under circumstances that aroused suspicion. The authorities learned of these matters, and the Government boats which had been patrolling that part of the Irish coast renewed their vigilance.

On all sides there was a premonition of an approaching adventure — a sense of something unusual in the

air. As one man put it at the time, he felt sure that "something was going to happen."

Well, something did happen, and it proved to be the most sensational incident that had occurred in the crowded history of the Kerry coast.

The day following the night when the blinking light was first seen, April 21, 1916, was Good Friday. That morning His Majesty's vessel, *The Bluebell,* sighted a suspicious-looking ship flying the Norwegian ensign, and with four Norwegian ensigns painted forward and aft on each side of the vessel. The captain of *The Bluebell* hoisted a signal demanding the name of the ship. The reply came that she was the *Aud* of Bergen, and that she was bound for Genoa. She was told in polite nautical language that she would have to come into port.

"Where are you taking me?" she signaled.

The answer to this query was the firing of a shot across her bow. It was evident that the commander of *The Bluebell* would stand for no nonsense. The captain of the *Aud* surrendered as gracefully as possible.

He was told that he should proceed ahead of *The Bluebell,* and he complied with the command. The two vessels went their way and presently passed abreast the lighthouse at Queenstown. Then the *Aud* hoisted a signal which said:

"Where am I to anchor upon arriving in the harbor?"

There was no answer to this. Probably the commander of *The Bluebell* was becoming tired of reply-

ing to questions. At this stage of the game a rather queer proceeding occurred. The only explanation of it was "German efficiency." The captain had been given certain instructions and he must have felt that it was his duty to carry them out to the letter. At all events, two Germans ensigns were suddenly broken at her masts, and almost simultaneously two small boats were lowered. *The Bluebell* fired one round across the bow of the boats and the occupants immediately hoisted flags of truce and the men held up their hands in token of surrender.

In the meanwhile the *Aud* tossed about the water with the air of a drunken ship. She lurched on one side and the other in an uncertain manner for some minutes, and then slowly began to sink. Even before the men in the boats had reached the shore the masts of the guilty ship disappeared beneath the waters of the Irish Sea.

All of the men were placed under arrest. There were nineteen sailors and three officers. They talked broken English, and when taken into custody shrugged their shoulders with the air of men who were accustomed to taking things as they came. Later divers ascertained that the cargo of the *Aud* consisted of Russian rifles of the 1905 pattern. It was quite evident that this was part of a German conspiracy to join in an uprising in Ireland.

But the curious reader may well ask: "What has all of this to do with Sir Roger Casement?"

Well, the answer to that query was to come from another source. At four o'clock on the morning of

Good Friday, John McCarthy, a farmer living at Curraghane, found an apparently abandoned boat on the shore. Filled with curiosity, he made an examination and discovered a dagger, a tin box full of pistol ammunition and other articles. Nearby, buried in the sand, were three Mauser pistols, two handbags filled with ammunition, six maps of Ireland, a flashlamp and three coats.

In the pocket of one of the coats was a railroad ticket from Berlin to Wilhelmshaven, dated April 12, 1916. The authorities afterwards made a great deal of this bit of pasteboard. It was photographed and shown to the jury as part of the proof that Sir Roger Casement had been in Germany at the time indicated. But the dramatic phases of the adventure were only beginning. McCarthy noticed the footprints of three men leading from the shore toward his house, and continuing through his yard to a stile leading in the direction of Ardfert. Such was the evidence of the farmer who had been on the shore at that unusual hour on Good Friday morning — his presence there being prompted by his desire to say some prayers at what is known as the Holy Well of the neighborhood.

The story is next taken up by Mary Gorman, a farm servant, who saw three men passing along the road in the direction of Ardfert. The police were notified at this stage of the proceeding and Sergeant Hearne searched the neighborhood in the quest for the three suspicious-looking characters. They were located finally in what was called McKenna's Fort. McKen-

na's Fort was in reality a cave where the three men had sought refuge. The leader of the trio, when asked to give his name, said:

"I am Richard Morton, of Denham."

"What is your business?" inquired the officer.

"I am a writer — an author."

The sergeant was plainly skeptical. He wanted more detailed information.

"What have you written?"

"Well, among other things, the 'Life of St. Brendon.'"

"Where do you come from?"

"I came to Kerry from Dublin and arrived at Mount Brandon on the nineteenth. I left there on the twentieth, slept at a farm house and intended to go to Tralee."

The man was not Richard Morton, but Sir Roger Casement, and most of his statements were the products of his imagination.

He was taken to Ardfert Barracks, where he was charged with landing arms and ammunition in county Kerry. He wanted to know if he could have legal assistance, but this was a question which the local authorities did not pretend to determine. On the way to the barracks he was seen to drop a piece of paper. When this was recovered it proved to be a code. It was arranged in the form of sentences — some of them incomplete — and each one preceded by a number. Part of the code read as follows:

. 00611 cease communication with

00634 await further instruction
00631 await favorable opportunity
00633 agent has started for
00645 agent will start for
00657 agent is underways for
00658 send agent at once
00659 keep agent back
00757 it is impossible to stay at
00815 nothing further is known
00836 don't send further letter
00845 further rifles are needed
00888 give me a new address for
00899 last wire has not been understood
00837 communication is again possible.

April 27 Casement was conveyed to England and handed over to Inspector Sandercock, of the Metropolitan Police. He was tried for treason in the High Court of Justice, London, beginning June 16, 1916. The Lord Chief Justice of England (Viscount Reading, who, for a time during the war, acted as Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States) presided, and associated with him were Mr. Justice Avory and Mr. Justice Horridge. The counsel for the Crown was the Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Smith, assisted by the Solicitor-General and a competent staff. Mr. A. M. Sullivan, an eminent member of the Irish bar, was counsel for the prisoner, and he was assisted, among others, by Michael Francis Doyle, of the American bar.

There are some interesting facts in connection with the appearance of Counselor Doyle in connection with the defense of the prisoner. Soon after the arrest of

Sir Roger Casement some of his friends cabled to the American lawyer and retained him in the case. One of the purposes of this action was to give the case an international aspect, as the prisoner wished to appeal to the sentiment of the United States where he had been a visitor in 1914. The indictment against Casement charged him with the commission of crimes in Germany and it was necessary for some one to go there to develop the defense. As the United States was neutral at that time Mr. Doyle was assigned for that purpose, but the British authorities would not permit witnesses to be brought from Germany to testify for the defense. The Government, however, consented to his appearance as of counsel for the prisoner and it is said that he was the first American lawyer officially recognized in the British Courts and whose appearance was officially recorded. It was through the activities of Mr. Doyle that the United States Senate adopted the resolution asking for clemency on behalf of Sir Roger Casement.

It was an impressive scene when the King's Coroner, in accordance with tradition, arose to read the indictment. This declared that Sir Roger Casement was to be tried under the Treason Act passed in the days of Edward III. It charged the prisoner with "traitorously contriving and intending to aid and assist the enemies of our Lord, the King, against our Lord the King and his subjects," and said he "did traitorously adhere to and aid and comfort the said enemies in parts beyond the sea without this realm of England, to wit, in the Empire of Germany."

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SIR ROGER CASEMENT

The prisoner was not the least interesting figure in this picturesque setting. There was about him an air of dreamy melancholy. He followed the speeches and the testimony carefully, and when he spoke it was in the manner of a cultivated gentleman who had an unusual knowledge of law and history. Indeed, in spite of his quiet demeanor, there was a something about him which can best be expressed by the word, magnetism. One writer, Padraic Collum, pictures Sir Roger Casement as follows:

"In appearance he does not conform to any Irish type. Tall, bearded, with black hair and remarkable dark eyes, with measured and courteous speech, with nervous and commanding bearing, he looks one's notion of a Castilian nobleman. He has the most romantic distinction of any man I ever saw. I often notice people turn in the Dublin streets to look at him. When I think of him now I always see one picture. It is a poor, wind-swept bridge in Dublin, and it is past midnight. There is only one figure on the bridge — a blind beggar woman who has stood there all day and is now turning to go home. I am coming from a newspaper office and I stop to speak to her. Another figure comes up and halts and speaks to her. It is Roger Casement. He speaks to her in that voice that has such a remarkable quality — a voice that sounds to me as if a man were speaking so as to make some one in a drawing-room understand a profoundly tragic thing. I am sure that if the old woman had been able to look on him, she would have

thought that Casement was the most courtly gentleman she had ever seen.

"We are known to each other, so we talk for a few moments. I cannot recall his words, but I know that the sight of that town where only the poor moved about, and the sight of the gaunt, blind woman made him speak of a noble thing impoverished and degraded, Ireland capable of chivalry and splendor, condemned to a shuffling existence — that was his constant meditation. I almost believe that the bitter words of the Gaelic poet are written on his heart:

> "'Hard it is to see the Arbitress and Thrones
> Wedded to a Saxoneen of cold and sapless bones.'

"After hearing him talk in 1913, the writings of most publicists seem to me obscure and ill-informed. He foretold the most of the combinations in the present war. He knew that war between Germany and England would come within a few years. How could those who hoped to support Ireland take advantage of that struggle? Ireland might be overlooked by Germany. Brooding upon this, Casement made a rediscovery. The position of Ireland was such that no nation, striving to break down the English lordship of the seas, could overlook it. It was the position of Ireland — the country that is the link between the Scandinavian and the Iberian peninsula, and between Europe and America — that gave England control of the seas. With Ireland no longer an 'island beyond an island,' but a part of Europe, the seas would again be free and open. With such an idea, it was

only natural that Casement should go to Berlin, and it was natural, too, that he should strive to land armed forces in Ireland."

For a man who achieved world prominence in such a short time, very little was known of the early history of Sir Roger Casement. Curiously enough the facts were supplied in the opening address of the Attorney-General:

"The prisoner was born in County Dublin on 1st September in the year 1864. He entered the service of the Niger Coast (Oil Rivers) Protectorate on 31st July, 1892, at the age of twenty-eight. He was appointed three years later, on 27th June, 1895, to be Her Majesty's Consul in the Portuguese Province of Lourenco Marques, with a residence at Lourenco Marques. He continued in this employment for three years, and on 29th July, 1898, he became Consul for the Portuguese Possessions in West Africa, south of the Gulf of Guinea. He was employed on special service at Cape Town during the war in South Africa, from 1899 to 1900; and he received, when the hostilities ended, the Queen's South African medal. On 20th August, 1900, he was transferred to Kinchassa, in the Congo State; and he was appointed, in addition, on 6th August, 1901, to be Consul for part of the French Congo Colony. From 31st December, 1904, he was seconded for one year; and afterwards for six months from 31st December, 1905. On 30th June, 1905, he was made a C. M. G., a recognition of his public services which he did not disdain. He was appointed Consul for the States of San Paulo and

Parana, with a residence at Santos, on 13th August, 1906. On 2nd December, 1907, he was transferred to Para; and on the 1st December, 1908, he was promoted to be Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro. On 20th June, 1911, he was made a knight. In 1911, the same year, he received the Coronation medal. The State of Goyaz was added to the district of the Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro; and a new commission was issued to him on 2nd December, 1912. From 1909 to 1912 he was employed, while titular Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro, in making certain inquiries relative to the rubber industry. On 1st August, 1913, after a considerable career of public usefulness, he was retired on a pension."

The first move of the Attorney-General was to prove by documents and oral testimony that Sir Roger Casement had been in Germany in 1914. In December of that year prisoners of war belonging to various Irish regiments were removed from the different camps in which they were then imprisoned, and were collected into a large camp at Limburg Lahn. It was claimed that this was being done for a purpose.

And so it seemed, for when the stage had been fully set, Sir Roger Casement suddenly appeared on the scene.

Why was he there? What did he do? Let the answer to these questions be given in the words of the Attorney-General in his opening speech for the prosecution. Says Sir Frederick Smith:

"He introduced himself to them — such was the tenor of his address on more than one occasion —

as Sir Roger Casement, the organizer of the 'Irish Volunteers.' He stated that he was forming an Irish Brigade, and he invited all the Irish prisoners of war to join it. He pointed out repeatedly, and with emphasis, that in his opinion everything was to be gained for Ireland by Germany winning the war; and that the Irish soldiers who were listening to his address had the best opportunity they had ever had of striking a blow for Ireland by entering the service of the enemies of this country. He said that those who joined the Irish Brigade would be sent to Berlin; they would become the guests of the German Government; and in the event of Germany winning a sea battle he (the speaker) would land a brigade in Ireland to defend the country against the enemy England. And that in the event of Germany losing the war either he or the Imperial German Government would give each man in the brigade a bonus of from £10 to £20, with a free passage to America.

"Such were the temptations unfolded to his simple listeners by the man who reconciled it with his duty to address such persuasions to men in the straits, the bewilderment, and perhaps the despair in which these prisoners then were. Gentlemen, to the honor of Ireland, let it be recorded that the vast majority of the Irish prisoners treated the rhetoric, and the persuasions, and the corruptness of the prisoner with contempt. He was received with hisses, and was on at least one occasion driven from the camp. The Munster Fusileers were particularly prominent in their loyal resentment of the treacherous proposals made to them.

One private in that regiment actually struck, so it is recorded, the prisoner, who was saved from further violence by the intervention of an escort of Prussian Guards, who had been assigned to him for his protection by a nation which thinks of everything."

The prosecution had six or seven soldiers as witnesses, men who had been prisoners at the Limburg Lahn camp. They testified to the facts recited in the indictment and in the speech of the Attorney-General; also they identified a copy of a leaflet which had been widely distributed in the camp and which read as follows:

IRISHMEN!

Here is a chance for you to fight for Ireland!

You have fought for England, your country's hereditary enemy.

You have fought for Belgium, in England's interest, though it was no more to you than the Fiji Islands.

Are you willing to fight for your own country?

With a view to securing the National Freedom of Ireland, with the moral and material assistance of the German Government, an Irish Brigade is being formed.

The object of the Irish Brigade shall be to fight solely for the cause of Ireland, and under no circumstances shall it be directed to any German end.

The Irish Brigade shall be formed and shall fight under the Irish flag alone; the men shall wear a special, distinctively Irish uniform and have Irish officers.

The Irish Brigade shall be clothed, fed, and efficiently equipped with arms and ammunition by the

German Government. It will be stationed near Berlin, and be treated as guests of the German Government.

At the end of the war the German Government undertakes to send each member of the Brigade, who may so desire it, to the United States of America, with necessary means to land. The Irishmen in America are collecting money for the Brigade. Those men who do not join the Brigade will be removed from Limburg and distributed among other camps.

If interested, see your company commanders.

Join the Irish Brigade and win Ireland's independence!

Remember Bachelor's Walk!
God Save Ireland!

There is no need to go into all of the details of the trial. There was an agreement upon the main facts of the case. At one point Sir Roger Casement arose to contradict the statement of certain witnesses who claimed that he was responsible for reducing the rations of those soldiers who had refused to join the Irish Brigade. He declared the assertion to be an abominable falsehood. He also emphatically denied that he had ever asked any Irishman to fight for Germany. "Finally," he concluded, "I resent the imputation of German gold. From the first moment I landed on the Continent until I came home again to Ireland, I never asked for nor accepted a single penny of foreign money, neither for myself, nor for any Irish cause, nor for any purpose whatsoever; but only the money of Irishmen. Money was offered to me in Germany more than once, and offered liberally

and unconditionally, but I rejected every suggestion of the kind and I left Germany a poorer man than I entered."

The prosecution introduced a letter which Sir Roger Casement had written to Sir Edward Gray, thanking him for his graciousness in recommending him for knighthood, and referred at various times to his pension. The prisoner retorted that he had earned the pension by service rendered and it was assigned by law, and that the knighthood was not in his power to refuse.

The accused was ably defended by Counselor Sullivan. His contention was that the court did not have jurisdiction because the indictment charged him with an offense unknown to the law. The ancient statute under which he was being tried referred to those who were guilty of "adhering to the King's enemies within his realm." He made a long and brilliant argument on this point in an endeavor to have the indictment quashed, but without avail. After all the evidence was in, Counselor Sullivan made another powerful speech for the prisoner. He admitted that Sir Roger Casement had been in Germany and had asked soldiers to join the Irish Brigade, but he defied any human being to say that the prisoner had ever asked any Irishman to fight for Germany. He justified Casement's activities in desiring to form such a Brigade to fight for Ireland by pointing out that men high in the English Government had publicly declared their intention of fighting the Home Rule bill — then recently enacted by Parliament — by force. If Sir Roger

Casement was guilty of treason, so were these high officials.

The Attorney-General in the closing speech for the Crown, and the Lord Chief Justice, in his summing up, both declined to accept the justification pleaded by the counsel for the prisoner. The case went to the jury on June 29, 1916. It was 2.53 in the afternoon when they retired for deliberation. Twice they sent for documents in the case, and at 3.48 they returned with the announcement that they had agreed upon a verdict.

"What is your decision?" asked the King's Coroner.

All eyes were on the foreman of the jury. He cleared his throat and replied:

"We find Sir Roger Casement guilty of high treason, and that is the verdict of all of us."

The prisoner seemed to be the least moved of any one in the room. His eyes moved restlessly and his face was animated as he waited for the formalities to be concluded. He was asked if he had anything to say why the court should not pass sentence of death upon him.

His reply was calm, impressive and couched in the language of a cultured man. He began by protesting against the jurisdiction of the court. He objected to the application of an English statute 565 years old against him. In those days, he said, the "heretic" met with the same doom as the "traitor." He insisted that he was being tried not by his peers of the live present but by the peers of the dead past. Loy-

alty was a sentiment and not a law. It rested on love, not on restraint. "The Government of Ireland by England," he said, "rests on restraint and since it demands no love it can evoke no loyalty." "But the statute," he continued, was even more absurd than it was antiquated and if it was potent to hang one Irishman it was still more potent to gibbet all Englishmen. He claimed that if he had done wrong in appealing to Irishmen to fight for Ireland, it was by Irishmen, and by them alone, that he could be rightfully judged.

"Place me before a jury of my own countrymen," he cried, "be it Protestant or Catholic, Unionist or Nationalist, Sinn Feineach or Orangemen, and I shall accept the verdict and bow to the statute and all its penalties."

After asserting that lawlessness sat in high places in England and laughed at the law, he told of his visit to the United States to obtain money to secure arms for the Volunteers of Ireland to defend the Home Rule law. Then he sketched the events which followed and thus concluded his really remarkable address:

"Then came the war. As Mr. Birrell said in his evidence recently laid before the Commission of Inquiry into the causes of the late rebellion in Ireland, 'the war upset all our calculations.' It upset mine no less than Mr. Birrell's, and put an end to my mission of peaceful effort in America. War between Great Britain and Germany meant, as I believed, ruin for all the hopes we had founded on the enrollment of the

Irish Volunteers. A constitutional movement in Ireland is never very far from a breach of the constitution, as the Loyalists of Ulster have been so eager to show us. The cause is not far to seek. A constitution to be maintained intact must be the achievement and the pride of the people themselves; must rest on their own free will and on their own determination to sustain it, instead of being something resident in another land whose chief representative is an armed force — armed not to protect the population, but to hold it down. We had seen the working of the Irish constitution in the refusal of the army of occupation at the Curragh to obey the orders of the Crown. And now that we were told the first duty of an Irishman was to enter that army, in return for a promissory note, payable after death — a scrap of paper that might or might not be redeemed, I felt over there in America that my first duty was to keep Irishmen at home in the only army that could safeguard our national existence.

"If small nationalities were to be the pawns in this game of embattled giants, I saw no reason why Ireland should shed her blood in any cause but her own, and if that be treason beyond the seas I am not ashamed to avow it or to answer for it here with my life. And when we had the doctrine of Unionist loyalty at last — 'Mausers and Kaisers and any king you like,' and I have heard that at Hamburg, not far from Limburg on the Lahn — I felt I needed no other warrant than that these words conveyed — to go forth and do likewise. The difference between us

was that the Unionist champions chose a path they felt would lead to the woolsack; while I went a road I knew must lead to the dock. And the event proves we were both right. The difference between us was my 'treason' was based on a ruthless sincerity that forced me to attempt in time and season to carry out in action what I said in word — whereas their treason lay in verbal indictments that they knew need never be made good in their bodies. And so, I am prouder to stand here to-day in the traitor's dock to answer this impeachment than to fill the place of my right honorable accusers.

"We have been told, we have been asked to hope, that after this war, Ireland will get Home Rule, as a reward for the life blood shed in a cause which whoever else its success may benefit can surely not benefit Ireland. And what will Home Rule be in return for what its vague promise has taken and still hopes to take away from Ireland? It is not necessary to climb the painful stairs of Irish history — that treadmill of a nation whose labors are as vain for her own uplifting as the convict's exertions are for his redemption — to review the long list of British promises made only to be broken — of Irish hopes raised only to be dashed to the ground. Home Rule when it comes, if come it does, will find an Ireland drained of all that is vital to its very existence — unless it be that unquenchable hope we build on the graves of the dead.

"We are told that if Irishmen go by the thousand to die, not for Ireland, but for Flanders, for

Belgium, for a patch of sand on the deserts of Mesopotamia, or a rocky trench on the heights of Gallipoli, they are winning self-government for Ireland. But if they dare to lay down their lives on their native soil, if they dare to dream even that freedom can be won only at home by men resolved to fight for it there, then they are traitors to their country, and their dream and their deaths alike are phases of a dishonorable phantasy. But history is not so recorded in other lands. In Ireland alone in this twentieth century is loyalty held to be a crime. If loyalty be something less than love and more than law, then we have had enough of such loyalty for Ireland or Irishmen. If we are to be indicted as criminals, to be shot as murderers, to be imprisoned as convicts because our offense is that we love Ireland more than we value our lives, then I know not what virtue resides in any offer of self-government held out to brave men on such terms.

" Self-government is our right, a thing born in us at birth; a thing no more to be doled out to us or withheld from us by another people than the right to life itself — than the right to feel the sun or smell the flowers, or to love our kind. It is only from the convict these things are withheld for crime committed and proven — and Ireland that has wronged no man, that has injured no land, that has sought no dominion over others — Ireland is treated to-day among the nations of the world as if she was a convicted criminal. If it be treason to fight against such an unnatural fate as this, then I am proud to be a rebel and shall cling to my ' rebellion ' with the last drop of my blood.

If there be no right of rebellion against a state of things that no savage tribe would endure without resistance, then I am sure that it is better for men to fight and die without right than to live in such a state of right as this. Where all your rights become only an accumulated wrong; where men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, to sing their own songs, to garner the fruits of their own labors — and even while they beg, to see things inexorably withdrawn from them — then surely it is braver, a saner and a truer thing, to be a rebel in act and deed against such circumstances as these than tamely to accept it as the natural lot of men.

"My lord, I have done. Gentlemen of the jury, I wish to thank you for your verdict. I hope you will not take amiss what I have said, or think that I made any imputation upon your truthfulness or your integrity when I spoke and said that this was not a trial by my peers. I maintain that I have a natural right to be tried in that natural jurisdiction, Ireland, my own country, and I would put it to you, how would you feel in the converse case, or rather how would all men here feel in the converse case, if an Englishman had landed here in England and the Crown or the Government, for its own purposes, had conveyed him secretly from England to Ireland under a false name, committed him to prison under a false name, and brought him before a tribunal in Ireland under a statute which they knew involved a trial before an Irish jury? How would you feel yourselves as Eng-

lishmen if that man was to be submitted to trial by jury in a land inflamed against him and believing him to be a criminal, when his only crime was that he had cared for England more than for Ireland?"

After the prisoner had concluded, the Lord Chief Justice arose and said solemnly:

"Sir Roger David Casement, you have been found guilty of treason, the gravest crime known to the law, and upon evidence which in our opinion is conclusive of guilt. Your crime was that of assisting the King's enemies, that is the Empire of Germany, during the terrible war in which we are engaged. The duty now devolves upon me of passing sentence upon you, and it is that you be taken hence to a lawful prison, and thence to a place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead. And the Sheriffs of the Counties of London and Middlesex are, and each of them is, hereby charged with the execution of this judgment, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The newspaper views of the mad adventure of Sir Roger Casement differ quite as sharply as those of individuals, and it might be well, at this point, to quote the comments of three leading newspapers in different parts of the world. The New York *World,* for instance, takes the British Government sharply to task for condoning in others that which it was compelled to condemn in Sir Roger Casement. It suggests ironically that the Government might take Casement into the Coalition Cabinet, doing for him that which it had already done for Sir Edward Carson, and adds:

"Carson openly preached sedition and organized his followers for civil war. Under his leadership they took an oath to offer armed resistance to the Government. They were drilled and supplied with arms secretly shipped into Ireland, and the loyalty of officers of Irish regiments was tampered with. By way of reward a few months later an official place was created in the British Cabinet for the inciter of rebellion in Ulster. Casement was as sincere as Carson in his intention to make trouble in Ireland and hardly less loyal to Britain; but at the first opportunity the Government lays violent hands on him and places him on trial for high treason.

"The promotion of Sir Edward Carson to the Cabinet has been the great obstacle to quiet and order in Ireland during the war. It hampered John Redmond and the Irish Nationalists in their efforts to control their Irish supporters. It acted as a check on recruiting in Ireland. The Irish Nationalist volunteers went to the aid of the troops in putting down the riots in Dublin, but they had been unwilling to enlist in the army because they had seen in Carson's entrance into the Cabinet a threat against Home Rule. In the circumstances, what excuse has the Government for making fish of Carson and flesh of Casement?"

On the other hand, the official London weekly, the *Spectator,* says:

"What excuse can be alleged for his treason? We may honor a man (even though it may be necessary to deal sternly with him) who has always refused to recognize the authority of Parliament, and who would

rather cut off his right hand than serve the Government of the United Kingdom in any shape or form. With such men we know where we are, but what are we to say of Sir Roger Casement? He was a consular official; he took a pension and title from the British Government and then, when war came, he took service with the enemies of his country. Clarke, Pearse and McDonough were ten times better men than he.

"Of course neither we nor anybody else want to shoot a lunatic, and if true lunacy is declared by competent experts in Sir Roger Casement's case, even if he is guilty, he will not be shot, but by lunacy we do not mean eccentricity of conduct. Again, a man cannot found a plea of lunacy on the heinousness of his crimes. He cannot be excused from the consequences of his acts on the ground that nobody could have behaved so badly without being mad. We are not alienists, and therefore, of course, cannot express any opinion on the medical side of Sir Roger Casement's case. All we or any one else can say at the moment is that if his mental state justifies it, he must take the consequences of his acts."

Midway between these two views, we find an expression of opinion from the *New Statesman* of London, which insisted that the execution of Sir Roger would be an act of imbecile stupidity. It says:

"Sir Roger Casement is a strikingly romantic, and in many ways, a noble figure. His wits may, in a measure, be deficient, but his patriotism, his courage, his high personal character, and his disinterested devotion to what he conceived to be his duty, are quite

beyond question. He is just of the stuff of which saints and their legions are made of. If he were to be executed as a traitor, as the stern Mr. Pemberton Billing demands, nothing could prevent his being canonized as one of Ireland's patriot martyrs. For the moment the ludicrous melodrama of the landing on the west coast might keep his name out of the calendar, but the laughter can only last while he lives. Alive, he is a harmless Don Quixote but, on the whole (e. g., by the convincing failure of his efforts to raise an Irish regiment for service in the German Army) has probably done the British cause more good than harm. Dead — he would be a saint and a new Irish grievance worth, perhaps, thousands of recruits to Sinn Fein."

The sentence was appealed in the Court of Criminal Appeal, London, on July 17, 1916. Mr. Sullivan made an impressive address in favor of his client, but the judgment of the High Court was sustained.

Many Englishmen, whose loyalty cannot be questioned, doubted the wisdom of inflicting the death penalty on this strange man. One of them was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the author. He drew up a petition which was addressed to the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith. This paper gave the following reasons why the extreme sentence of the law should not be inflicted:

" (1) We would call attention to the violent change which appears to have taken place in the prisoner's previous sentiments towards Great Britain (as shown, for example, in his letter to the King at the time of his knighthood) from those which he has exhibited during the war. Without going so far as to urge com-

plete mental irresponsibility, we should desire to point out that the prisoner had for many years been exposed to severe strain during his honorable career of public service, that he had endured several tropical fevers, and that he had experienced the worry of two investigations which were of a peculiarly nerve-trying character. For these reasons it appears to us that some allowance may be made in his case for an abnormal physical and mental state.

"(2) We would urge that his execution would be helpful to German policy, by accentuating the differences between us and some of our fellow subjects in Ireland. It would be used, however unjustly, as a weapon against us in the United States and other neutral countries. On the other hand, magnanimity upon the part of the British Government would soothe the bitter feelings in Ireland, and make a most favorable impression throughout the Empire and abroad.

"(3) We would respectfully remind you of the object lesson afforded by the United States at the conclusion of their Civil War. The leaders of the South were entirely in the power of the North. Many of them were officers and officials who had sworn allegiance to the laws of the United States and had afterwards taken up arms and inflicted enormous losses upon her. None the less not one of these men was executed, and this policy of mercy was attended by such happy results that a breach which seemed to be irreparable has now been happily healed over.

"Being ourselves deeply convinced of the wisdom of such a policy, we feel constrained to approach you

with this petition, hoping that you may find yourself in agreement with the considerations which we advance."

This paper was not only remarkable in itself but also for the high character and prominence of the signers. They included:

Sir T. Clifford Allbutt, K.C.B., Regius Professor of Physics at the University of Cambridge.
William Archer.
Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., President of the Royal College of Physicians, London.
Harold Begbie.
Arnold Bennett.
Robert Blatchford.
Muirhead Bone.
Hall Caine.
The Rev. R. J. Campbell.
G. K. Chesterton.
The Rev. John Clifford.
Edward Clodd.
William Crooks.
Sir Francis Darwin (2 and 3).
W. Boyd Dawkins.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
John Drinkwater.
Sir James G. Frazer.
The Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, G.C.B.
John Galsworthy.
A. G. Gardiner.
Alice B. Gomme.
G. P. Gooch.
Maurice Hewlett.
Silas K. Hocking.
The Rev. Robert F. Horton.

Jerome K. Jerome.
John Masefield.
H. W. Massingham.
Sir William Robertson Nicoll.
Sir Sydney Oliver.
The Rev. Thomas Phillips, President of the Baptist Union.
G. P. Scott, Editor, *The Manchester Guardian.*
Clement Shorter.
Ben Tillett.
Beatrice Webb.
Sidney Webb.
The Right Rev. the Bishop of Winchester.
Israel Zangwill.

But the Prime Minister declined to interfere with the action of the Court, and the date of the execution was formally fixed. His English friends hoped for clemency until the last, but they were doomed to disappointment. The prisoner personally made no attempt to avoid his fate, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he welcomed the chance to die for what he conceived to be a cause.

After the trial Sir Roger Casement was "deknighted" by the Government, and he went to his death without the title which, under the circumstances, was probably not a matter of great importance to him.

He was executed in the Pentonville jail on August 3, 1916, and one who was present on that occasion testified that he ascended the scaffold "with the calm courage and inflexible bearing of a martyr." The prison bell tolled solemnly at that last moment, but above it could be heard the prisoner's voice calling out "Into

Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" According to one of his attendants, the last words of Roger Casement were: "I die for my country."

His relatives and friends claimed his body, but their request was refused by the authorities, who interred it in a narrow grave in the prison yard. There it rested, at last accounts, with a plain headboard containing the roughly cut initials "R. C.," and the date, "August 3, 1916."

# VIII

# THE MYSTERY OF THE TURKISH BEAUTY

## VIII

## THE MYSTERY OF THE TURKISH BEAUTY

WAS Despina Davidovitch Storch, the beautiful Turkish woman who led a curious existence in New York City, a spy of the Sultan, or was she the innocent victim of the espionage laws of the United States of America?

That is a question which will probably never be answered in a definite manner. Not that it is impossible to answer, but rather because there are so many interests involved and so many innocent persons concerned that a positive and explicit statement would fail to further the ends of justice.

For many months the representatives of the Department of Justice were on the trail of Madame Storch. They had reports concerning her movements from five great capitals, and the curious part of it lay in the fact that she appeared in each of these cities under a different name. In Paris, for instance, she was known as Madame Nézie; in Madrid and London as Madame Hesketh; in Rome as Madame Davidovitch; at the Biltmore, in New York, as Madame Despina, and at the Shoreham, in Washington, as the Baroness de Bellville.

Surely we have here the foundation of a mystery story of surpassing interest. When we add to the

secrecy of her movements the further facts that she was born in Constantinople, that she was strikingly beautiful, that she was married to a Frenchman, Paul Storch, at the age of seventeen; that they were divorced and that he was fighting in the French Army at the moment she was suspected of aiding the enemies of France, it is not too much to say that we have here a real-life romance more absorbing than anything dared by the writer of fiction.

Madame Storch was in Spain at the time the war began in the company of a gentleman who shall be known simply as the Baron. She attracted attention there, as she did elsewhere, by reason of her uncommon beauty and her lavish expenditure of money. Officers of the Army and the Navy, and even the ambassadors of the countries at war were on her visiting list. They vied with one another in paying attention to this young woman — she was only twenty-three — who had the mere suggestion of a Turkish nose, but otherwise, as one man has put it, with features that complied with "Occidental standards of symmetry."

The Turkish beauty and the Baron were seen in the company of German agents while they were in Spain. The French police heard of this and as a consequence the couple hurriedly left Madrid. They remained in Havana for a time, and then journeyed to New York. In that city a curious quartette was placed under suspicion by the Department of Justice. It consisted of Madame Storch, the Baron, a French count, and a little German woman, a middle-aged widow who had two children at school in this country. One of the things

ascertained by the secret police was that Madame Storch had no visible means of support, and that she always had an abundant supply of money, and always paid her bills promptly. Also — and this was considered important — her companion, the German woman, was known to have received $3000 from Count Bernstorff as "a loan."

It was a significant fact that the beautiful Turkish woman always stopped at the best hotels. Thus, according to the agents of the Department of Justice, she had registered at the Savoy in London, the Palace in Lisbon, the d'Alba in Madrid, and the Biltmore in New York. Few persons had a wider acquaintanceship, and we are told that British army officers attended the "little parties" in her suite at the Savoy in London. Her special penchant, as one writer puts it, "was for diplomats and men in uniform — officers from many nations who constantly streamed through her quarters at the Biltmore in New York, and other hotels in whose ballrooms she was well known." The investigators in this country learned that she had a safe deposit box in one of the banks in New York, and when this was seized it was found to contain a great quantity of documents, including correspondence, plain and in code, that was said to have come from notable persons in all parts of the world.

Madame Storch seemed to lead a butterfly existence in this country. She was seen at many social affairs, and as she danced well and spoke French delightfully, she was not lacking in admirers. The fact that some of those who enjoyed her hospitality were

connected with affairs of State gave her an additional importance. It was remarked that the Baron, who has already been mentioned, was a frequent caller. He usually came in the evening, and then there were long and serious talks. About this time she became aware of the fact that she was under official scrutiny. One day she had her trunks sent to a steamship bound for Panama, but a Government agent intercepted them and sent them back to the hotel.

Truly the plot was thickening, but up to this time no actual charges had been made against Madame Storch. She was in the unpleasant position of being "under suspicion." Late in February, 1918, she obtained a French passport to go to Cuba by way of Key West. A companion obtained a passport at the same time. The Department of Justice was fully informed of all her movements, but there was no disposition to take any action until more was known of the woman and her associates and activities. But it was decided that she should not be permitted to leave this country — or, at least, not to get beyond the control of the authorities. She went to Washington and remained there for two days, and all the time the investigator was at her heels. After that she went to Key West, and at this point she was taken into custody. She was brought to New York and quartered in a hotel there with a companion pending a decision from Washington.

An official of the Department of Justice said at the time that Madame Storch had been living in New York at the rate of $1000 a month. She gave various ex-

Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MADAME DESPINA STORCH

planations of her income, but none of them were satisfactory to the authorities. While in this country she received one payment of $3000 from an official of a foreign government. From the same source she had received three $1000 remittances, which she said were advances or loans from friends. The baron in the case was the son of parents whose loyalty to France was unquestioned. They were naturally disturbed at the notoriety achieved by their son, and insisted that he was in no way involved in anything that might have the shadow of disloyalty. Any suspicion which might have been aroused came from his devotion to Madame Storch. The United States Government accepted this explanation. The count concerned was a friend of the young clerk who, as the Marquis di Castillo, passed as a chum of King Alfonzo, of Spain, and on the strength of this connection tried to borrow $50,000,000 from J. P. Morgan & Co.

The German woman who completed the quartette first told the investigators that she made one hundred dollars a week as a dressmaker, but as she could not produce a list of her customers, her explanation was not accepted by the Government. She finally admitted that she had been in correspondence with a young officer of the British Flying Corps. There does not seem to have been any doubt but that one or more of the quartette had been in communication with Americans as well as others in foreign countries, but no specific charges of this nature were made against them.

Finally it was decided that all four should be interned and then deported under the head of "unde-

sirables." It was stated at the time that if they were sent to France they would be dealt with by the French authorities. Telegrams were sent to Washington, and it was announced that the case was so important that it would have the attention of A. Bruce Bielaski, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, and John Lord O'Brien, of the office of the Attorney General. An effort was made to induce Madame Storch to make a frank statement, but she parried all of the questions that were put to her by the authorities. But there was a feeling that she would weaken in the end and that there would be important revelations. In Government circles it was whispered that the secrets of the German spy ring might be disclosed at any moment. One anxious day followed another, and just when it was thought that the lips of the beautiful Turkish subject were to be opened there came a totally unexpected dénouement.

Madame Storch died suddenly at daylight in her headquarters at Ellis Island where she was being held pending action that would have sent her to France, possibly to face a firing squad.

It was the dramatic close to a puzzling case. Madame Storch said more than once that she would never return to France, and the dark-eyed little woman who was called a "modern Cleopatra" was as good as her word. She was not the first suspect who had died when it was supposed important revelations were to be made. It was said at the time that death, apparently natural, yet stunning in its swiftness, seemed to be the fate of the mysterious ones who might have

told the innermost secrets of the Kaiser's secret service system in America.

Curiously enough, the three persons who were associated with her, and who had also been taken into custody as "undesirable" subjects, were also taken ill at the same time. They did not die, but when the breath left the body of Madame Storch, the officials of the United States Government gave up all hope of learning the truth concerning her mission in this country. Her funeral was delayed, and the body lay in the morgue at Ellis Island for some days in the hope that some additional facts might be ascertained, but all to no avail.

Officials of the Government frankly admitted that death was from natural causes. They said there was no ground whatever for the suspicion of suicide — a suspicion that might have been natural under the circumstances. From the time of her arrest her physical condition gradually weakened under the emotional strain that overcame her when she realized the seriousness of her predicament. Her coolness in parrying questions fell away, she became subjected, downcast and morbidly gloomy. This downheartedness obsessed her from the time she was trapped into confession that she was at one time known as Madame Hesketh and was on intimate terms with the German secret service. She contracted a cold after a crying spell one night, and a few days after pneumonia set in. It was not a serious case, but in her despondency she probably welcomed death and made no effort to win back health and life.

The funeral of this strange woman took place in New York on April 1, 1918. The ceremony has been described vividly in the New York *Sun* of the following day. From that account the following extract is taken:

"An exquisitely carved white coffin containing the body of Madame Despina Davidovitch Storch, the most romantic spy suspect America has yet known, was placed in a vault on the east slope of Mount Olivet Cemetery, Maspeth, Queens, yesterday afternoon. Thus was drawn the curtain on a life which in twenty-three years knew more diplomatic intrigue than even the popular fiction spy heroine is given by Oppenheim and others.

"The burial was simpler than those of people who never reached the prominence of the Beautiful Turk. Only one limousine rolled up to the vault after the hearse. It contained the grief-stricken Baron, his parents and a secret service man, who accompanied the French nobleman from Ellis Island.

"The five knelt on the soft earth about the grave, and James F. Fallon, the undertaker, said a short prayer. The Baron, whose infatuation for the Turkish spy suspect entangled him in the web of her intrigues, wept silently and cast a last look upon the vault as he was led back to the car.

"The funeral services were held behind locked doors. It had been requested that she be buried from the Greek Orthodox Church of the Annunciation, 310 West Fifty-fourth Street, but the pastor of that congregation refused to officiate unless it were proved the

dead Turkish woman had at some time in her life been a worshiper in the Greek faith. The Baron could offer no such evidence, and so Undertaker Fallon secured the Reverend Robert R. White, pastor of the Faith Presbyterian Church of West Forty-eighth Street, to offer prayer in the funeral parlors, 14 East Thirty-ninth Street, before the body was removed to the cemetery.

" The Baron, accompanied by a secret service man, drove up to the Fallon place at noon, and met his aged parents there. They embraced and mother and son wept a little. The young Frenchman bore a plaque of roses and some lilies which he tenderly placed in the folded arms of the dead woman, and then knelt by the casket, praying, for two hours. His parents sat close by.

" He murmured over and over again, and some say the words were ' Forgive me,' and others, *' Cherie, Cherie,'* and like French words of endearment.

" A morbidly inquisitive crowd circled the doorway of the funeral church an hour before the scheduled time for the services. They lined the sidewalk six deep in front of the Hotel Touraine, opposite the Fallon place. They climbed on trucks and pushed around the hearse; many lined the windows of the lofty buildings across the street. None was allowed to enter the funeral parlors, which were guarded by a secret service man.

" A little after two o'clock the white casket, carried by two undertakers, came out of the building. The chatter of the crowd hushed, and all that stirred the

quiet was the music of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' which echoed into the street, as the subway band, on an army truck, passed by."

Thus ended one of the most mysterious and romantic stories of the war. It is an unfinished story, and that fact only adds to its human interest. In considering the case it must be remembered that no criminal charge was brought against her. She was never even brought before a United States Commissioner, although the United States District Attorney was waiting to handle the case should the Washington authorities decide to try her in this country. In telling her story, so far as it is known, there has been an earnest effort not to do injustice to her memory, or to reflect upon those who were associated with her in her last days. For that reason, all names have been omitted. It is certain that the titled Frenchman, who adored her, was guiltless of any wrongdoing so far as his own country and the United States are concerned, and it is not the province of the writer to pass judgment on either Madame Storch or her associates. She died in her youth, far from the land of her birth, a mysterious "undesirable."

But what a plot might be woven from the facts that have been made known through the investigations of the secret police of the United States! The details cover all of the essentials of a story of love, romance, diplomacy and adventure. They are at the disposal of any budding novelist or ambitious dramatist who may have the desire to win fame and fortune with the pen.

# IX

# THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF THE DUTCH-JAVANESE DANCER WHO WAS SHOT AS A SPY

## IX

## THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF THE DUTCH-JAVANESE DANCER WHO WAS SHOT AS A SPY

FEW stories of the Great War contain more romance, adventure and tragedy than that of the Dutch-Javanese woman who was shot as a spy on the rifle range at Vincennes at the breaking of dawn on the morning of October 15, 1917.

Marguerite Gertrude Zelle, better known as Mlle. Mata-Hari, lived in an atmosphere of mystery and mysticism. She was born in Java about 1877, the daughter of a Javanese mother and a wealthy Dutch planter. As a child she gave promise of the great beauty which came to her in later life. As a young girl she was tall and dark, with a wonderful skin that was almost bronze in color. She seems to have had natural talents of a high order, and was given opportunities for education not granted to the poorer inhabitants of that Dutch possession.

It is not strange that she should have had an unusually colorful life. One need only try to picture her early surroundings to understand that her existence was to be an uncommon one in every respect. In the locality where she was born and reared there were many men of many races. Besides the Javanese there

were Arabs, immigrant Malays, Chinese, Hindus and other Orientals and some Dutch and other Europeans. Among the educated Javanese there was a love of literature, and we are told that they were fond of romances, poems and chronicles of the olden days, and that many of them made translations from the Sanskrit and Arabic. Christianity did not thrive in the Islands, and the religions which predominated then, as now, were Mohammedanism, Brahmanism and Buddhism.

As a child, Mata-Hari roamed among the remarkable Hindu ruins which dotted Java; she visited the beautiful temples of Buddha, and peered over the edge of more than one terrifying volcano. Her father died when she was quite young, and her mother, in order to protect her from the dangers which beset a child in that country of mixed races, took her to Burma and placed her in a Buddhist temple to learn the art of dancing, and at the same time pledged her to the life of a vestal *bayadère.* It was on this occasion that she was given the name of Mata-Hari. She must have remained there for nearly ten years, but when she was still in her teens she escaped from the temple. The escape occurred on the occasion of a great Buddhist festival where she met a young army officer. She fell in love with the man and the story has it that they were married, and that two children were the result of the union. One report says that the boy, who was the favorite of his mother, died suddenly, and that a post-mortem examination proved that he had been poisoned, and finally that the dancer, taking the law into

her own hands, shot a discharged gardener, who was suspected of the crime. She fled from her home and going to Paris began the professional career which gave her a world-wide reputation. The husband, we are informed, died soon after this, and the other child, a daughter, is now supposed to be living in England.

Surely this may be regarded as a sufficiently interesting prelude to the sensational life of a woman whose life was to end before a firing squad on the plains of Vincennes. In Paris she created a stir when she appeared as an exponent of Eastern ritualistic dancing. That city which loves sensations, took the tall, handsome woman to its bosom. She became one of the fads of the day. She was almost instantly deluged with offers to appear elsewhere. Invitations came from London, Berlin, Vienna, and New York. It is interesting to note at this point that Mata-Hari became a special favorite in Berlin and Vienna. She performed frequently before titled men of those two capitals. Among her dances were several sinuous ones that were performed with the aid of wriggling snakes. About this time the war began and she made her way to Spain, and afterwards to Holland. Later she went to England and finally found her way again to Paris.

But she found a different Paris from the city where she had made her first success as a dancer. The gay capital was in gloom. Amusements were tabooed for the time being, and even the gay Parisians thought of nothing but the war. The dancer did not enjoy this sort of thing. She was a child of pleasure, and for a time thought of leaving Paris for other parts. But

something happened that caused her to remain there. It was hinted that she was in correspondence with some of her former admirers in Berlin and Vienna. The finger of suspicion was pointed in her direction. Evidently she was unaware of this fact for she moved about freely and made no attempt to conceal her movements. She left Paris and went to one of the English towns where experiments were being made with the famous tanks which proved to be such an important factor in the war. On one occasion she was seen with a young English officer who had fallen under the spell of her charms.

It was currently reported that her arrest and conviction were due to a rejected sweetheart, the brother-in-law of a former French Minister of Finance and once a noted banker, but, however true that may be, it is certain that the first tangible evidence in the case came to light while she was in England. She did not remain in the English town, but made frequent trips to London, and it is presumed that the information she was able to gather about the tanks was transmitted from the capital. How she was able to communicate with the Germans was long a puzzle. During this period she visited by turns Holland and Spain, and it is not hard to believe that it was in these countries that she was able to obtain a trustworthy messenger to carry the English secrets to Berlin. In the intervals between these trips to the Continent she was seen walking along the Strand and the West End of London. It was difficult for such a person to remain unnoticed. Her reputation had preceded her, and she

was described in the English press as a "high-class Indian Princess, who had been a priestess in India, and one who had acquired complete control of enormous snakes."

Indeed, her very prominence served as a cloak under which she was enabled to carry on her dangerous operations. Her repeated presence in the company of the young officer attached to the tank service eventually brought her under suspicion. The tanks, or armored motor tractors, were trump cards in the British war game, and that fact in itself caused the Government to watch over them with unremitting care. Presently came word that the Germans were working furiously on a special gas to combat the tank operations. This meant that in some way or other they had obtained information of what the British were doing in this connection. Where did the information come from? That was the natural question, and after some inquiries in the little town where the tractors were being manufactured, suspicion pointed to Mata-Hari.

For one thing it was discovered that she was always well supplied with money. After giving a famous "veil dance" she had practically ceased her professional work, so that it was evident that the cash was not coming from her public exhibitions. In the midst of the British investigation she suddenly left for Paris. Her arrival in the French capital was the beginning of the end for the famous dancer. The French Secret Police were on her trail from the moment she stepped on French soil. In Paris her name of Mata-Hari was translated to mean "Eye of the Morning." The Se-

cret Service men smiled grimly at this as they followed her from the Café de Paris to Maxim's and finally to Armenonville in the Bois. They did not fail to take note of the fact that she was in the company of an English officer who wined and dined her, and seemed proud of the fact that he was permitted to be in her company. The young man wore in the lapel of his coat a little twisted brass dragon, the same being an official insignia denoting service with the tanks.

One of the American correspondents says that it was on June first, exactly a month before Generals Haig and Foch began their drive astride the Somme, that Mata-Hari returned to Paris. He adds: "And the first thing she did was to apply for a visé on her passports permitting her to go to Spain. San Sebastian was the place she mentioned, explaining that she wished to attend the horse races there. Her papers were stamped and sealed, and she left almost immediately for the fashionable winter resort in the south.

"Madrid, Spain, and Nauen, Germany, are in constant wireless communication. There were other radio stations, privately owned in Spain, which could flash messages to Germany, according to Allied officers, and, of course, there were innumerable German agents, spies and propaganda disseminators infesting the land of the Dons. Secret Service reports disclosed the fact that Mata-Hari was seen much at the San Sebastian race course in the company of a man who was looked upon with suspicion by the French Government. He was a frequent caller upon her at the hotel where she stopped, and it was reported that he made many of the big bets

which she placed upon horses that did not materialize as winners. Soon Mata-Hari came back to Paris and to the apartment near the Bois Boulogne. And once more the limousine owned by the individual branded a Deputy began rolling up to her door twice a week and sometimes oftener."

The plot was thickening. About this time the French people began to get the first news from the Somme. They learned of the simultaneous Franco-British offensive. There the tanks went into action for the first time, and, according to General Haig's report, his "land ships" scored satisfactory results. But at the same time there were some disquieting rumors. It was hinted that several of the tanks were put out of commission in a curious manner. The enemy seemed to be possessed of private information concerning the "land ships." A number of German officers were taken prisoners at the battle, and when they were pressed, admitted that they had received descriptions of the tanks weeks before, and that they had been given special training in the art of combating these new weapons of war.

Mata-Hari was still in Paris at this time, and it is likely that she read the news of the battle with more than ordinary interest. At all events, the cozy apartments which she occupied in the Bois de Boulogne proved to be a magnet for the French police. One evening an officer appeared there, and asked for Mata-Hari. She appeared, radiant in evening toilet. She greeted the caller with regal pride, her bronze-like skin slightly flushed and her head held high in the air.

"How may I serve you, sir?" she demanded.

The man was lost in astonishment at this tall, beautiful woman, but he managed to tell the purport of his errand in a few words.

"You are wanted at headquarters. Come with me."

For a fleeting instant her countenance lost its composure. Evidently she fully realized the meaning of the command. The game was ended and she had lost. Without another word she put on her hat and coat and followed the officer. From that moment she was a prisoner, and was watched day and night until her trial. The story of her trial has not been given to the world, and probably never will be. Indeed, one of the difficulties in telling the story of the spies of the Great War has been found in the reluctance of the authorities to tell any more than has been necessary. But it is not hard to picture this regal beauty facing her judges in the hall of justice. Much of the testimony against her must have been circumstantial, as it is in the case of most spies, but when the evidence had all been pieced together the jurist who presided over the inquiry was satisfied of her guilt. That, too, was the verdict of his associates, and one morning she was commanded to stand up and hear the verdict pronounced by the Judge. It came in the awful words:

"Guilty, and condemned to be shot for the crime of high treason!"

She went back to her prison cell to await the final summons, and it was in the gray dawn of a dull October morning that Mata-Hari heard her last hour had arrived, heard it with an impassive face and not

Photograph by Bain News Service.

MLLE. MATA-HARI

the least sign of emotion. It was the fifteenth of the month, and when the dancer awakened in her cell in the prison of Saint Lazare she instantly realized that the preparations for her execution were going on. Captain Bourchardon, the representative of the French Military Court that had condemned her to death, was there, so was the warden of the prison and her counsel, M. Clouet.

The Protestant clergyman, who was to offer her spiritual consolation, paced the corridor, while two nuns, connected with the prison, entered her cell to assist her in dressing. Smilingly she thanked them while declining their friendly offices. Quickly, deftly, and with the air of one who is about to go on an ordinary journey she dressed, attiring herself in a dark dress, trimmed with fur, which she had worn at her trial. A felt hat and a long coat completed her outfit. Nervously the little procession lined up and marched through the dark corridor of the prison. The men in the party were visibly affected. Mata-Hari, as has been said, " was mistress of herself and her emotions." There was a pause in the office of the warden. Here the condemned woman was given the opportunity of writing two letters, which she entrusted to her lawyer. Without further ado, she entered a military automobile, in the company of Captain Bourchardon and the two nuns.

Presently they came in sight of the fortress of Vincennes. If any emotions stirred Mata-Hari she did not betray them. Around about her were some of the most historic buildings in France. The castle which

was used as a royal residence until the time of Louis XV, and which has since served the double purpose of a prison and a fortress, loomed up before her eyes. She probably recalled that the structure had housed Condé, Diderot, Mirabeau and other distinguished prisoners, and, if so, it made her hold her stately head a little higher. Nearby were the woods of Vincennes, where the people of Paris came for their outings. Absent now were the signs of merrymaking. War had changed all of that, and for the moment a grim tragedy was being enacted within sight of the Parisian playgrounds.

Mata-Hari was the first to alight from the automobile, and with a graceful inclination she turned to help one of the nuns to alight. The two nuns accompanied her to the office of the Governor, and after the final official formalities had been concluded they started for the rifle range, this time being accompanied by a squadron of dragoons. During the brief ride from the prison, and in the short time before the execution, there seemed to arise a sort of understanding between the dancer and the nun who stood by her right side. The one a woman of the world, and the other a woman of God. Differing in faith, appearance and mode of thought, they were yet both women. The one pale and spiritual, and the other dark and almost bronzed with an air of haughty defiance. The calm, religious life of the little nun was reflected in the serenity of her countenance. The pride of the tall, beautiful dancer was shown in the stoicism of her face and manner. If the unfortunate woman felt anything, it was

the sympathy of the little nun, and in the clasp of the two hands there was a world of meaning.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun* has given us a dramatic picture of those last moments. Let him tell the rest of the story:

"On the range all preparations for the execution were ready. A detachment of infantrymen in their blue-gray uniforms were drawn up, forming a hollow square — the targets being at the further end. The firing platoon of zouaves was in the center, the men standing at attention. The automobiles stopped at the entrance to the square and Mata-Hari stepped out. She gazed unmoved, almost disdainfully, at the setting prepared for her final appearance, in much the same manner as she had regarded the audiences that had applauded the exotic dances with which she had startled Paris. In the background stood a group of officers from the Vincennes garrison, many of whom had been witnesses of the condemned woman's stage triumphs. With her lawyer on one side and one of the nuns on the other, she passed unshaken in front of the silent, waiting troops.

"Arriving in front of the targets, Mata-Hari bade these two good-by, embracing the nun as she stretched out her hands to a waiting gendarme who held the cord with which they were to be bound. As he fastened it about her right wrist the spy with the other waved a friendly little farewell to the second nun off in the background. When both were securely fastened she was left alone, standing erect, facing the muzzles of the twelve rifles of the firing squad. The commander

of the platoon raised his sword and the volleys rang out, followed a second later by the report of a single shot — one of the squad had not pulled his trigger in unison with his fellows. Mata-Hari fell on her knees. A non-commissioned officer of the dragoons advanced and fired at close range. The dancer fell backward. She had answered her last curtain call. The troops marched past the prostrate body and returned to their barracks to begin the day's garrison duties, while the corpse was taken to a military cemetery and buried in a section set apart for the interring of executed criminals."

Such is the dramatic and thrilling story, so far as it can be gathered from many conflicting sources, of one of the most notable women spies of the world's greatest war.

# X

# AMAZING ADVENTURES AND TRAGIC DEATH OF BOLO PASHA

## X

## AMAZING ADVENTURES AND TRAGIC DEATH OF BOLO PASHA

THIS is the story of the adventures, the amazing life and the tragic death of Paul Bolo, better known to history as Bolo Pasha. He was a rolling stone that gathered no moss, and for sheer audacity, bold resourcefulness and indifference to fate his career matched, if it did not surpass, the strangest characters depicted by the master pen of Dumas. From the cradle to the grave, his life was a constant succession of surprises. Born in one of the countries on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the son of highly respected parents, he circumnavigated the globe, engaged in various curious occupations, participated in many shady schemes, and finally ended his eventful life before a firing squad in the ancient city of Vincennes.

His reckless disregard of consequences remained with him to the last — to that last ignoble moment when he suffered the saddest death that can come to a Frenchman — the death of a convicted spy. This man, who was by turns a barber's assistant, a soap peddler, an agent for wines and liquors, an intimate of the Khedive of Egypt, a sort of journalist and a tool of the unspeakable Bernstorff, at last came to his

end through the cleverness of the officials of the United States Government. He dealt in millions with the abandon of one who has been born to the purple. He engaged in international plots that would have staggered the greatest adventurers of history, and his nerve, in the face of it all, amazed those who were engaged in the business of bringing him to justice.

The most remarkable episode in his remarkable life, of course, was the one in which he undertook to betray France. The French Secret Police, in spite of their reputation, were unable to obtain the evidence that would convict him, but, by degrees and with infinite patience they helped to weave the net which was to encircle him in the end. Scotland Yard took part in the chase, and eventually the United States Department of Justice took part in the game. Thus it came about that the secret police of three of the most powerful nations in the world participated in the arrest and the conviction of the most adroit and the most picturesque adventurer of his day and generation.

I

Paul Bolo's boyhood days were spent in quaint Marseilles in an atmosphere which was conducive to the love of adventure. It is easy to believe that the scenes amid which he moved were very similar to those depicted by Dumas in his novel of "Monte Cristo." We can imagine Bolo standing on the watch tower of Notra Dame de la Garde from which was signaled the three-masted schooner that carried Edmond Dantes

back to his childhood home. As a youth he must have sat on the Quai d'Orléans and watched the vessels sailing into port between two rows of ships and a veritable forest of masts because then — as now — the harbor was one of the finest in France.

It is certain that he played on the streets of La Cannebière, that thoroughfare which caused the proud ones of the town to exclaim: "If Paris had La Cannebière, Paris would be a second Marseilles!" In the early days of Bolo the city had its old town on the west and its new town on the east. The narrow, irregular streets in the older part of the city, with their tall houses on either side, furnished a sharp contrast to the broad avenues and the modern homes in the newer section. Marseilles has always been the point of embarkation of passengers for ports on the Mediterranean and the East, a sort of international gateway, full of color and gayety and constant excitement. Is it any wonder that an imaginative boy, living amid such surroundings, should have yearned to see the world, to do wonderful things and to long for a life of adventure?

But those were the days of small things for Paul Bolo, and he had to take what he could get, and not get what he wanted. If he had followed the teachings of his parents he might have had a humdrum existence, and died an unnoticed and respectable death. It seems to have been the irony of fate that his father and mother, and indeed, all of the members of his family, were devoted and loyal French people. An older brother was destined for Holy Orders, and the

domestic atmosphere was one that stimulated love of law and order, and reverence for authority.

But from the outset Paul Bolo was wayward. His first employment was as a barber's assistant, a strange part for one who dreamt of being a Napoleon of Finance and a man of affairs. Even in that he was erratic and difficult to manage. It is true that he remained at this humdrum work for several months, but even while he mixed lather and singed hair he was pondering over the means that he should take to become a great man. Marseilles, at that time, was a center for soap and perfumery, and finally the young man determined to seek his fortune by the sale of soap. Not in the ordinary way, because he was not an ordinary person. He conceived the idea of getting rich quick by means of a novel lottery. He began in a modest way with a wheelbarrow, offering his soap at five cents a cake. He prospered to such an extent that he was soon able to acquire a small shop. He advertised that in certain of the cakes of soap there was concealed ten-franc gold pieces. Need it be said that he did a land office business? It became necessary to obtain several assistants, and Bolo seemed to be on the high road to fortune. But at this critical stage of his career the gendarmes interfered, his stock of soap was confiscated, and the first stage of the business life of Paul Bolo came to an abrupt end.

For some time after the collapse of the soap enterprise Bolo lived a life of leisure, and then he cast about for a new occupation. His mind seems to have been bent upon some business that would bring prompt and

profitable returns. He soon learned that he needed capital to embark on anything worth while. He was plausible and interested a man with money. And what do you suppose they decided upon? Nothing more nor less than the lobster business! Bolo had little or no knowledge on that score, but his partner seems to have supplied both the money and the experience for the enterprise. Bolo was full of enthusiasm. He was like the lamented Colonel Mulberry Sellers with his eye cure for the people of India. There was to be billions in it. Everybody had to eat, and that being the case, why not have them eat lobsters? Furthermore, why not direct things so that Bolo and Company should become the French Lobster Kings? For many months all went well. The sales were large, but the expenditures were greater than the receipts, and the concern went to the wall.

The people of Marseilles lost sight of Paul Bolo for a time, but presently he was heard of again in the silk manufacturing town of Lyons. He was as bright and as gay and as care-free as ever, and he was confident that money could be made in the thriving community if he only engaged in the right occupation. Having failed as a barber's assistant, as a soap merchant and as a dealer in lobsters, he felt certain that there must be some line of endeavor in which he could make a success. He had money, for in spite of his hard luck he managed to secure enough to keep the pot boiling. He now organized a photographic company. He reasoned this out in characteristic fashion. No matter how poor people may be, they love to be photo-

graphed. The debonair Bolo now devoted his time to the task of having his customers "look pleasant." This elegant Frenchman had a way about him, and he attracted customers from all classes of the population. But the enterprise was short-lived, and once more the young man from Marseilles scored a failure.

Was he cast down? Not in the least. In less than a year he branched out as a wine agent. At last it seemed as if he had found a vocation in which his peculiar talents were likely to shine to advantage. He formed a partnership with a German nobleman, a certain Baron Saafeld. They had many traits in common, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that to this partnership may be traced the beginning of the Teutonic associations which were to lead Paul Bolo into that fateful enterprise which was only to end in his tragic death. At the outset he was a success. He had all of the personal qualities that go to make up the plausible manager of such a concern. Above all else he was a social being. He loved good food and drink; he was a natural born "mixer," he had no difficulty in securing entrance to the best society, and in a very adroit manner he managed to mingle business and pleasure. But Baron Saafeld had practically the same experience as Bolo's partner in the lobster business. The enterprise came to grief, and in order to avoid unpleasant experiences Bolo found it expedient to leave Lyons.

He moved to Paris, and there he was in his element. He haunted the boulevards; he became a man about town, and he was welcomed in the convivial circles of

Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

BOLO PASHA

the gayest city in Europe. In the course of time he made the acquaintance of a woman who was beautiful, and some years his senior. It seems to have been a case of love at first sight — at least on the part of the woman. She was possessed of a considerable fortune, but this was no obstacle so far as Paul Bolo was concerned. They were married. It must be conceded that Bolo had an attractive personality. His bright eyes, his eager manners and his winning ways were calculated to attract the attention of the fair sex. The two were seen together constantly, and all of the evidence points to a satisfactory marital partnership. Indeed, it seems to have been the only partnership which Bolo had contracted up to that time which was even partially successful. But in a short time the lady died, and Paul Bolo inherited her ample fortune. He had other matrimonial adventures, but probably the least said about them the better.

He was now, for the first time in his life, in a position where he could follow the bent of his inclinations. He was free and he had money. He had the time and the means to satisfy his love for adventure. He thought of the days when, as a boy, he had sat upon the Quai d'Orléans in Marseilles, and looked out upon the sea and wondered what lay in the dim and misty distance. His imaginative mind turned to Egypt, and he determined to journey to that strange and mysterious land which has attracted men in all ages. With that determination came the casting of the die of destiny. He little thought that his decision would lead him into a series of strange adventures

which was to bring his remarkable life to a most thrilling close.

II

It has been said that Egypt is the Mecca of adventurers. It is certain that it had a strong appeal for Bolo, and when he started for Cairo he was putting into execution a desire that had lurked in his mind for many years. The colorful scenes, the donkey boys, the camels, the black-robed and closely-veiled women, the water carriers, and the mixture of Turks, Arabs, Syrians, Armenians, Persians and Europeans, all appealed to the imagination of the man who, as a boy, had sat on the watch towers of his native French city and wondered what lay beyond the horizon.

At that time Abbas Hilmi was the Khedive of Egypt, and it was characteristic of the audacity of Paul Bolo that his first move was to have himself presented to the ruler of the strange land. It was not very difficult to do this, because the Khedive seemed to be as eager to meet Europeans as they were to meet him. When Bolo entered the palace he found himself being escorted along a stairway built of Carrara marble, and thence into a magnificent reception room. He was cordially received and after the usual preliminaries he was invited to take a seat on a divan, the Khedive taking the other end, with his feet drawn under him in the accepted Oriental style. The potentate wore a black suit, with a single-breasted coat, with a low-standing collar, and the never-absent red fez.

The Khedive talked French fluently, so that the two

men managed to indulge in an animated conversation. Abbas Hilmi was greatly attracted to Paul Bolo from the start. Probably the fact that both were adventurers had a great deal to do with the instinctive sympathy between them. In any event, that first visit was but the prelude to many others, and in a little while the Khedive and the former lobster dealer were firm and fast friends. It was a little while before the outbreak of the European war, and when the clouds finally broke the ruler of Egypt began to see that in Bolo he had a man who might serve a useful purpose. Abbas Hilmi was lax in money matters, and he needed some one who could aid him in the realms of higher finance. Also, he was beginning to show a leaning toward Germany. There were ominous mutterings from England. It was the part of wisdom for Abbas Hilmi to make friends who might serve him in the day of his tribulation.

So, one day, he sent for Bolo, and the two of them were presented with pipes with long stems set in diamonds, the bowls resting on silver plates placed in the floor. After that, Turkish coffee was served, and then the Khedive, as an evidence of friendship to his newly found friend, gave him the title of Pasha. From that day until the moment of his execution the young man from Marseilles was known to the world as Bolo Pasha. The two were frequently seen in public together. Bolo basked in the sunshine of the favor of one of the picturesque rulers of the earth. He was content — for the time being. If a record could have been kept of the doings of those days it would have

been full of human interest. Bolo went everywhere and he saw everything. In the company of the Khedive he visited the mosques, the Arab cemetery, the Citadel with its wonderful palaces, the alabaster mosque of Mohammed Ali, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the deserts and the petrified forests. And last, but by no means least, there were wonderful trips along the Nile in gorgeously decorated boats that recalled the magic days of Antony and Cleopatra.

Bolo was present at many of the elaborate court ceremonies, and not the least of these was the occasion when a new Consul-General was received from one of the European countries. At the time selected the Pasha, who was the master of ceremonies, waited on the newly-accredited representative with two great coaches. One of these was the royal gala coach, drawn by richly-caparisoned white horses and accompanied by footmen and outriders. The Pasha was attended by a body of cavalrymen on white and gray horses. Thus surrounded, the Consul-General was conveyed to the palace, there to find a regiment of infantry drawn up on either side of the large square of the entrance. Cannon from the Citadel boomed a salute and the soldiers presented arms. At the grand stairway the master of ceremonies met the party and conducted them to the presence of the Khedive. There were greetings, the exchange of formal addresses, and then Turkish pipes and Turkish coffee. Is it any wonder that such scenes went to the head of Bolo Pasha like so much strong wine?

He was the intimate of a man who was hedged in

with all of the trappings of royalty. But then, as now, it was evident that the head that wore a crown was uneasy. The suspicion that had been entertained of Abbas Hilmi had now practically become a certainty. He was nervous and apprehensive, and he began to cast about for ways and means to save as much of his fortune as was possible. He knew the history of his own country well enough to realize that there is nothing quite as helpless and as useless as an ex-Khedive. His mind went back to the days of the dethronement of Ismail Pasha. Curiously enough, the troubles of that monarch dated from the time that Bismarck and France had entered into a sort of alliance on what was popularly known as the "Egyptian Question." Germany and England did not have a great deal in common in those faraway days, but on that historic occasion England entered into the French scheme of deposing the Khedive. One historian tells us that when Napoleon was the all-powerful monarch in Europe, the Khedive trembled at the simple announcement of a visit from the French Consul-General. "What does he want now?" the Khedive would say, or, "He has come to insist upon the demands he made yesterday."

In any event, it was a condition and not a theory which confronted Abbas Hilmi. It was at this stage of the game that Bolo began to scheme in favor of his friend. It has been said that the Khedive used Bolo as his tool, but it is quite likely that they had a community of interests in the matter. One writer who has sized up the situation, put it aptly when he said

that "the wily Khedive used Bolo, the Frenchman with the Egyptian title, as the means of transferring all of his own fortune, and the trust funds in his care, to Europe." It is certain that at this point the French adventurer first became immersed in the German net of intrigue. Who can say that at that early stage of the game he had any thought of betraying his own country? It seems more than likely that his thought was of aiding the Khedive, and of making his own fortune at the same time.

Events came thick and fast from that time until the end of the European war. One must be patient in order to gather all of the scattered threads of the strange story. Abbas Hilmi was deposed, and he at once began to intrigue to get as much out of the wreck as possible. What followed is a matter of current history. The details have been outlined in the newspapers. Here they are presented in one lucid summary:

> "In November, 1914, in an effort to prevent the permanent sequestration of the ex-Khedive's property in Egypt, Bolo sent an Italian friend to Constantinople, where Abbas then was, with two letters. One was to the effect that Abbas owed Bolo $10,000,000, and the other was a promise by Bolo to refund the money. Bolo then arranged a meeting with Sadik Pasha, counselor to Abbas Hilmi, at Rome for February 1, 1915, and he thereupon proposed to Abbas' representative a plan for the establishment of a bank in Switzerland, which was in reality to be used for the dissemination of German propaganda. Bolo and Sadik Pasha went to Vienna

to meet Abbas Hilmi, who refused to consider the scheme. Bolo thereupon made an alternative proposal to the effect that he purchase an interest in some of the leading newspapers of France, at the same time guaranteeing the publication of a number of articles favorable to the German cause.

"Abbas Hilmi is said to have favored the last proposition, and after a conference with Count Monts, the former German Ambassador to Rome, dispatched Sadik Pasha to Berlin to lay the matter before Foreign Minister von Jagow. Von Jagow is said to have agreed and offered to put up 10,000,000 marks to be paid in ten monthly installments. A short time after that Abbas Hilmi, accompanied by Chefik Pasha, arrived at the Hotel Savoy, Zurich, where Bolo and Commandatore Cavallini already were installed. It is noteworthy that at the same time Bolo and his party were at the Hotel Savoy, Herr Erzberger, leader of the German party, was at the Hotel du Saint Gothard, and that Bolo introduced him to many of his friends. The next day at a conference at the Savoy, Bolo was said to have accepted Von Jagow's proposal of 10,000,000 marks monthly, to be paid through the ex-Khedive.

"The story has it that on March 21, 1915, the former Egyptian ruler received the first installment through the Dresden Bank and forwarded it to an agent in Italy to be paid over to Bolo. The French spy refused to accept the money in that way and arrangements were thereupon made to have the money deposited in a Geneva bank, where Bolo represented it to be a part of the personal fortune of Abbas Hilmi."

At this point one must be careful in trying to sift the facts from the flood of conjecture. We are told

that one of Bolo's most ambitious schemes was his endeavor to establish a great bank in Italy with a capital of 100,000,000 francs, and it was said that he actually succeeded in getting the endorsement of some of those high in authority in Rome. In some way it was expected to interest the King of Spain in the undertaking, and Bolo and a certain nobleman went to Madrid to lay the matter before King Alfonzo. The Papal Nuncio at that Court had heard rumors which gave the transaction an irregular appearance, and it is said that upon his advice the king flatly refused to have anything to do with the proposed enterprise. There are no means of verifying these phases of Bolo's activities, and, consequently, the prudent reader must accept them with a grain of salt.

When we come back to the firmer ground of certainty we find Bolo making frequent trips between Geneva and Paris. In the beginning these journeys did not excite any suspicion. At this time Bolo seems to have been receiving money through Abbas Hilmi from Arthur von Gwinner, head of the Deutsche Bank, financial adviser to Von Jagow, and, as he has been described, "one of the most commanding figures in the commerce and industry of the German Empire." It was during one of these trips that the suggestion for the purchase of an interest in Senator Humbert's newspaper, *Le Journal,* was first broached. It was that business which led to the downfall of Bolo Pasha.

III

It was on February 22, 1916 — curiously enough the anniversary of the birth of Washington — that Bolo Pasha arrived in New York. He came ostensibly as a French publicist and journalist, and was presumed to be ardently in favor of the French cause. The audacity of the man may be understood when it is stated that he stopped at one of the leading hotels in New York, and permitted himself to be entertained as one who was in America favoring the Allies.

Yet, at that very time, he was under official investigation in France. His relations with the former Khedive of Egypt, and his hurried visits to Switzerland, gave an air of mystery to all of his movements. He must have realized this, but it made no difference in his outward appearance. He was playing a bold game, and he was not the sort of person to weaken. Still, in his heart of hearts, he felt that he was approaching a crisis. He had had his hour of success. He had known prosperity. But it was nearing the end. The sun was going down — the shadows of suspicion were rapidly gathering about the hitherto care-free head of Bolo Pasha.

But at the time of his arrival in New York, Bolo basked in popularity and success. He was cordially greeted by the head of the Hearst newspapers. Charles F. Bertilli, the French representative of these journals, explains that he was largely responsible for the newspaper standing given to Bolo in New York. He tells it thus:

" Jean Finot, Director of *La Revue,* had sent him a letter of introduction to Mr. Hearst and had requested me to accredit him with Mr. Hearst. He had said to me, ' Occupy yourself with the matter. Bolo has very great political power; he is the proprietor of *Le Journal,* and it would be well that Hearst should know him.' I made the voyage with Bolo. I spoke of Bolo to Hearst, and the latter said to me, ' If he is a great proprietor of French newspapers I should be very glad to meet him.' "

Thus came about the notable dinner at Sherry's — that dinner which caused no end of gossip and conjecture. Bolo had two personal guests, Jules Bois and Adolph Pavenstedt. That was unfortunate for Bolo, because it gave the affair a pro-German flavor and further roused the suspicions of those who were watching the man and his movements.

Bolo first met Pavenstedt in Havana in 1913 and the acquaintance ripened rapidly, so that at the Hearst dinner the German was looked upon as an old friend. Pavenstedt was head of the banking house of G. Amsinck & Co. This is the firm through which were paid the men who attempted to destroy the Welland Canal.

One of the ways in which Bolo won the attention of newspaper publishers in America was by making it appear that part of his mission in this country was to arrange for the purchase of large quantities of print paper. He had a letter of introduction to the manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, stating that he was the publisher of *Le Journal,* and that he had been " commissioned by all the other large newspaper

publishers in Paris to arrange a contract for 20,000 tons monthly." There was seeming confirmation of the mission when he deposited $500,000 in the Royal Bank of Canada. This money had been drawn from the German Government deposits in the National Park Bank by Hugo Schmidt and given to Pavenstedt, who passed it on to Bolo. A sort of financial thimble rigging to cover the contemplated treachery. The real purpose was to pervert the French newspaper press.

*Le Journal,* of course, was to lead in the German propaganda. None of them were to declare for Germany or against France. Nothing so raw and impossible as that. But the game was to appeal to a war-weary public by subtle suggestions. Would it not, for instance, be a good thing to make a separate peace with Germany? Then again, an old friend, Abbas Hilmi, had proposed that Germany should yield Alsace-Lorraine in return for certain French colonies. Wouldn't that be fine? And then the Germans would be willing to evacuate French soil. War was a dreadful thing at best. Wouldn't it be wonderful if thousands of lives and millions of property might yet be saved? That was the sort of thing that was expected in return for the millions that were being turned over by the German Government to Bolo Pasha.

It might be profitable at this point to consider for a moment the child-like nature of the German mind which could hope to accomplish anything by a propaganda of this kind in a country so intensely patriotic as France. The utter futility of the scheme is as amazing as is its audacity. In this respect it resem-

bles the ineffectual attempt to influence the press of the United States. Hundreds of thousands of dollars seem to have been spent for that purpose, but the results were by no means in proportion to the money expended. It need hardly be said that it was impossible to even approach any newspaper of first-class standing. Where money was placed it was in what might be called the riff-raff of journalism — with those publications that hang on to the skirts of respectable newspaperdom.

But Bolo was not concerned with the question of whether the German Government received the worth of its money or not. Nor did the futility of the enterprise bother him. He was engaged in an adventure involving high finance and probably the fate of nations, and that was sufficient for him. In this connection it is interesting to note that the first place he called after reaching New York was at the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., fiscal agents of the Entente Allies. He presented letters of introduction. It was a shrewd move to divert suspicion from his real mission. But, unfortunately for himself, he did not guard his movements. It became known that he was doing business also with Hugo Schmidt, the New York agent of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, and the associate of Arthur von Gwinner. It was also rumored that he had visited Count Bernstorff. It is known that he paid a midnight visit to Washington, and it is not unlikely that he there met the German Ambassador under cover, although the actual evidence is to the effect that

the wily Bernstorff did not come into personal contact with the elusive Bolo until the very last moment — that is to say, on the eve of his departure for Paris.

But the investigators of the United States Government were on the track of the debonair stranger within our gates. They were greatly aided by following the Germans who had shown such a friendliness to Bolo. One morning a real clew came to hand when it was ascertained that a balance of nearly $1,700,000 deposited to Bolo's credit in the local branch of the Royal Bank of Canada had been sent there by Amsinck & Co., the German banking firm controlled by Adolph Pavenstedt. The way in which this gentleman was regarded by the United States authorities may be surmised when it is stated that during the latter part of the war he was placed in an internment camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

It was proven that the transfers had been made in six installments, and it was noteworthy that they went to a Canadian bank. It was then necessary to establish from what source the money reached Amsinck & Co., and investigation proved that Herr Pavenstedt was an intimate of Count von Bernstorff and of Hugo Schmidt. Further investigation proved that the money had been transferred to Amsinck & Co. by the Guaranty Trust Company and the National Park Bank at the request of Hugo Schmidt, and that Bolo had received it through the Royal Bank of Canada without the names of either Von Bernstorff, Pavenstedt or Schmidt appearing as a party to the transactions.

The ascertainment of all these facts required a long

time, and the story as it is given here was pieced together with odds and ends of facts picked up here and there. In the meantime Bolo had returned to Paris where he was arrested on suspicion. The sensation came when Secretary of State Lansing gave out copies of secret telegrams that had passed between Bernstorff, in Washington, and Foreign Secretary von Jagow, in Berlin. The dates and the contents were damaging to the last degree.

Probably the most important paper in the mass of documentary evidence was a letter written by Bolo Pasha to the New York City branch of the Royal Bank of Canada on March 14, 1916, three days before he sailed on his return to France. The letter reads as follows:

NEW YORK, March 14, 1916.

*The Royal Bank of Canada,*
*New York, N. Y.*

GENTLEMEN:

You will receive from Messrs. G. Amsinck & Co., deposits for the credit of my account with you, which deposits will reach the aggregate amount of about $1,700,000, which I wish you to utilize in the following manner:

First: Immediately on receipt of the amount on account of this sum, pay to Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., New York City, the sum of $170,068.03, to be placed to the credit of the account with them of Senator Charles Humbert, of Paris.

Second: Establish on your books a credit of $5000 good until the thirty-first of May, in favor of Jules Bois, Biltmore Hotel, this amount to be utilized by him at the debit of my account according to his needs, and the unused balance to be returned to me.

Third: Transfer to the credit of my wife, Madame Bolo with Agency T of Comptoir National d'Escomte de Paris the sum of about $524,000, to be debited to my account as such transfers are made by you at best rate and by small amounts.

Fourth: You will hold subject to my instructions when all payments are complete a balance of not less than one million dollars.

Yours truly,

BOLO PASHA.

Was Count Bernstorff the master mind behind Bolo Pasha in his queer adventure? The reader will have to form his own conclusions. At all events, the following five dispatches made public by Secretary of State Lansing tell their own story:

No. 679, Feb. 26

I have received direct information from an entirely trustworthy source concerning a political action in one of the enemy countries which would bring peace. One of the leading political personalities of the country in question is seeking a loan of $1,700,000 in New York, for which security will be given. I was forbidden to give his name in writing. The affair seems to me to be of the greatest possible importance. Can the money be provided at once in New York? That the intermediary will keep the matter secret is entirely certain. Request answer by telegram. A verbal report will follow as soon as a trustworthy person can be found to bring it to Germany.

BERNSTORFF.

No. 150, Feb. 29

Answer to telegram 679. Agreed to the loan,

but only if peace action seems to you a really serious project, as the provision of money in New York is for us at present extraordinarily difficult. If the enemy country is Russia, have nothing to do with the business as the sum of money is too small to have any serious effect in that country or, too, in the case of Italy, where it would not be worth while to spend so much.

JAGOW.

No. 685, March 5

Please instruct Deutsche Bank to hold nine million marks at disposal of Hugo Schmidt. The affair is very promising. Further particulars follow.

BERNSTORFF.

No. 692, March 20

With reference to telegram No. 685, please advise our minister in Berne that some one will call on him who will give him passport to Sanct Regis, and who wishes to establish relations with the Foreign Office. Intermediary further requests that influence may be brought to bear upon our press to press for a change in the inner political situation in France so far as possible in silence in order that influence may not be spoiled by German approval.

BERNSTORFF.

No. 206, May 31

The person announced in telegram 692 of March 20 has not yet reported himself at the legation at Berne. Is there any more news on your side of Bolo?

JAGOW.

Copies of these telegrams were conveyed to France,

and as a result of them Bolo was recommitted to prison and refused bail. From being merely a suspected, he was now an accused, man. There has been a great deal of curiosity regarding the manner in which the United States Government came into possession of these damning documents, but that is a State secret, not to be told. It caused quite a shock in Berlin, and tended to revise the opinion of those self-sufficient German officials who had slightingly referred to Americans as "those fool Yankees." It was notice to the enemy that America had awakened, and that the Germans could no longer go on with their intrigues with impunity.

IV

Bolo Pasha was tried by court-martial, and the case was one of the sensations in Paris. There were other defendants besides the Levantine financier, as he was called, but, naturally, Bolo held the center of the stage, a position which did not dismay him, in spite of the fact that his life was at stake. .

It was a solemn as well as a picturesque-looking tribunal. The military officers were seated in a row behind the long table, their eyes constantly upon the man who had been charged with an attempt to betray their country. Colonel Voyer, the President of the Court, was stern and unsmiling; Captain Bouchardon, who collected and read the testimony charging Bolo with treason, alert and pressing one point after another; and the defendant himself, proclaiming his innocence, and still showing that personal magnetism which had

been at once the means of his rise and fall. He was charged with the greatest crime that can be brought against a Frenchman, and yet it is conceivable that the members of the court may have felt regret at the plight in which this bright-eyed, black-mustached, fashionably-attired young man found himself.

Captain Bouchardon, in opening the case, made it clear that in pressing the charge against Bolo, the French Government was endeavoring to disrupt the whole system of German intrigue and propaganda in France, which, in the spring of 1917, became so "bold and effective as to threaten to defeat French efforts to carry on the war." He said frankly that the purpose was to break up what has been described as "Boloism." This involved a series of attempts to spread discouragement and depression among the civilian leaders and soldiers of France. It involved not only Bolo, but also Joseph Caillaux, one time Premier of France, two members of the French Assembly, and several French newspapers. All of these were charged with spreading the spirit of "defeatism." This meant encouragement of the old cry so often heard in the United States, that "you cannot defeat Germany." After the charges had been formally presented, Bolo denied them with vehemence, crying:

"I am no traitor. I have asked to be judged, and I am willing to die, but not as a traitor!"

After that he sat perfectly still for a long time, listening to the testimony that was offered. Aside from the nervous fumbling of his monocle, one might have imagined that he was a disinterested observer.

The defense admitted many of the activities of the accused, but insisted that they had been wholly in the interest of the Entente Powers.

When ex-Premier Caillaux was called as a witness for the defense, Bolo said he would waive his testimony, but Darius Pochere, a co-defendant, objected to this, contending that Caillaux's testimony must be heard, if not in the present case, then on behalf of himself.

During the reading of Captain Bouchardon's report Bolo appeared somewhat bored, but when called upon by the President of the court-martial to explain discrepancies in his previous testimony the prisoner soon became voluble. He spoke with a patronizing air to the prosecuting attorney and the President of the Court, and admitted many discrepancies and altogether was considered to have had the better of the repartee.

On being asked by the prosecutor, why, considering the volume of business transacted by him, he kept no books or calendars, Bolo replied:

"I am the master of money, not its slave!"

Bolo said that the money he received from Abbas Hilmi, former Khedive of Egypt, through Filippo Cavallini, an Italian, who is alleged to have taken $400,000 to Bolo's hotel in Paris in April, 1915, was in repayment of a loan made to the Khedive in 1914. He asserted that he brought about the abdication of Abbas Hilmi, and said that he used all his influence to have the former Khedive exert his energies in the interest of the Entente.

The indictment formally charged Bolo Pasha with

having maintained communication with the enemy in Switzerland in 1915, and in Paris the same year, when he received German money from Cavallini to further the pacifist movement; with negotiations with German agents in the United States in 1916, where he is charged with having received through Adolph Pavenstedt, once head of the New York banking house of Amsinck & Co., and the Deutsche Bank, German money to be used in influencing the French newspapers, part of it having been advanced to the director of the *Paris Journal.*

Broad smiles passed over the faces of those in the courtroom when Pavenstedt, Abbas Hilmi, the former Khedive of Egypt, and the latter's minister, Youssuf Sadik Pasha, were called as witnesses, and their absence from the courtroom was formally noted.

Bolo's counsel, in demanding an adjournment, on the first day of the trial, said that many witnesses for the defendant, as well as some of his accusers, were in allied or neutral countries, but their presence was possible, by extradition or otherwise. He mentioned particularly the Director of the Royal Bank of Canada, Mr. Pignatel, and Pavenstedt, one of Bolo's chief accusers. He said it would be easy to obtain the testimony of the latter, because he was interned in the United States and could be extradited without difficulty. Counsel likewise demanded that witnesses in Spain be produced, and that even the former Khedive of Egypt, who is in Constantinople, could be brought to Paris, since no formal state of war then existed between France and Turkey.

The State replied to the demand of counsel for the defendant by saying that telegrams had been addressed to each of the witnesses, but that none of them had answered. The State's counsel added that Pavenstedt, the former Khedive, and Youssuf Sadik Pasha could add nothing to the evidence, because they would simply appear as accusers, and the State already had sufficient evidence at its disposal.

On the second day of this remarkable trial, Bolo insisted that his money had come from commissions he had made in legitimate business transactions. Thereupon the State produced M. Doyen, an expert accountant, who, turning dramatically in the direction of the defendant, said:

"All of Bolo's statements are lies; he never received the commissions he alleges as the foundation of his fortune."

The accountant then gave the Court a mass of checks, receipts and other documents showing that Bolo had received half a million dollars from the Guaranty Trust Company of New York when that institution acted as the agent of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, before the war. The papers also indicated that the defendant had received a similar sum from the Royal Bank of Canada. To cap the climax, the letters showing the correspondence between Bernstorff and Von Jagow were placed in evidence. The members of the court passed the documents from hand to hand and they were read with the greatest avidity. It was evident that they were regarded as of prime importance.

Bolo's air of indifference forsook him for the moment. He watched his Judges intently as they read this incriminating evidence. Before this stage of the trial had been reached he had kept the spectators in a roar by his sharp retorts to the prosecutor. More than any other kind of people the French love to be amused, and Bolo Pasha gave them plenty of amusement when he was not contributing touches of tragedy. His gravity was pronounced, but a few monutes later he burst into laughter when a letter from former Premier Joseph Caillaux was read — a letter which said, among other things:

"I beg you, my dear Bolo, to quit this Pasha business. It only makes you ridiculous."

When he was called upon to make his explanation of the correspondence between Bernstorff and Von Jagow, he retorted that there was nothing to explain so far as he was concerned. He asserted that it would be ridiculous to consider him as the "leading political personality" mentioned in the Bernstorff letter. During the course of the examination the statement was made that Bolo had assumed the name of "Saint Regis" for certain purposes, and that it had been given him by Count Bernstorff as a password. Bolo laughed at this and said the allegation was preposterous. He also dismissed the Bernstorff-Von Jagow correspondence as unworthy of notice. "The telegrams," he said, "are fabrications."

There were many witnesses examined during the days the trial lasted, and one of the most interesting — from a minor standpoint — was Madame Marie

Lafargue, who, at one time, had been a conspicuous figure at the court of Abbas Hilmi, the Khedive of Egypt. She had been in the room when Bolo loftily declared that money meant nothing to him, and that he did not even take the trouble to keep an account of his business transactions. His nose was tilted to an unusual altitude when she declared, on the witness stand, that Bolo had once loaned her 20,000 francs, but only on condition that she give him a mortgage on her property, as well as a note signed by her mother, her two brothers, and herself. Far from being indifferent and careless, she said he had played the part of a shrewd and exacting business man all through the transaction.

Bolo watched her closely while she told her story, and after she had concluded, he remarked in a tone of bored indifference:

"I have no recollection of ever having loaned this woman any money."

The audience in the hearing room became quite eager when Charles F. Bertelli, head of the Paris Bureau of the International News Service, took the stand. He said that he had accompanied Bolo to New York and had introduced him to Mr. Hearst. Bolo had talked like a true patriot, and Mr. Hearst thought he was doing France honor by receiving the Levantine financier, whom he believed to be a distinguished citizen of the French Republic.

There was a ripple of excitement when the second wife of the defendant took the stand. Madame Bolo proved to be a strong witness for the accused. She

took pains to deny the stories which had appeared in some of the French papers accusing Bolo of having dissipated her fortune. She said that he not only had not been guilty of that, but that he had invested her funds so well and so wisely that her fortune had been augmented. She was sure that he was a patriot. She was positive that the charges against him were false, for on landing in France after he had visited America, he had said to her with much fervor:

"I'm so glad to be safe in France again! I was in mortal fear that the Germans would have me torpedoed!"

Was that, she asked, the language of a man who was engaged in betraying his country? Was it not more like that of one who is loyal? Bolo smiled at her and she returned the smile. The unspoken communication seemed to say "All will yet be well and we shall be together again."

Senator Charles Humbert was called to the stand to rehearse the story of how Bolo had sought to purchase an interest in that publication, and how he had actually done so. He admitted the transaction, but insisted that he believed that Bolo was a true Frenchman, and that he never suspected for a moment that there was any hidden motive in the deal for the bonds of the newspaper. The prosecutor subjected Senator Humbert to a grilling cross-examination, and the witness finally became very much irritated.

"Have me arrested if you will," he cried. "Place me in the dock and make a frontal attack on me, but

while I am here as a witness, do not treat me as the accused!"

His friends were out in force, and this declaration was received with loud cheers. The President of the Court rapped for order and threatened to clear the room if the demonstration was repeated. Such are the ways of a French court.

Monsignor Bolo, the brother of the accused, made an earnest appeal for the prisoner. He was asked and answered a number of questions, but his remarks were more in the nature of an appeal for clemency than anything else. He assured the Court that he was an ardent patriot first of all, and that he came there to defend his brother because he did not believe that he was mentally responsible for the mistakes he might have made. Whatever these mistakes might have been, he felt certain that deliberate disloyalty was not one of them. He ridiculed the idea that a man of the world, so cynically clever as Count Bernstorff, could have mistaken Bolo for an important political personage. He scoffed at the notion that any of the references in the Bernstorff letter were to the prisoner. He made much of the fact that Hugo Schmidt and Pavenstedt, who were among Bolo's accusers, were now in prison detention camps as enemies of the Allied cause. It was an eloquent effort, and it evidently made some impression upon the spectators, although the members of the Court listened in stolid silence.

Albert Salles, attorney for Bolo, made the final plea for the prisoner. He charged that a newspaper

campaign had been made on Bolo, and said that it had been instituted by Senator Humbert, after the Senator had failed to induce Bolo to sell back the stock of *Le Journal* at half the price he had paid for it. He censured the Military Governor of Paris for his pre-judgment of the case before it came to trial, and declared that the veriest principles of elementary law which presupposes a man innocent until he is proven guilty, had been disregarded. He complained of a mass of evidence which had been introduced regarding the past life of the defendant and said that one might suppose that he was being tried for theft and bigamy rather than treason. He bitterly arraigned the prominent men of Paris who were once glad to be the guests of Bolo and to dine at his table, and who had now eagerly come forward to bear witness against him. He reviewed the evidence to prove that it was inconclusive and circumstantial, and concluded a really able address by exclaiming:

"Do not condemn Bolo Pasha to satisfy public opinion. Do not condemn him to satisfy public passion. Please do not permit yourselves to be the cause of a miscarriage of justice that will be bitterly regretted in after years."

The Court retired to deliberate while Bolo congratulated his advocate upon his address. But his action was perfunctory. It was plain to be seen that he was depressed. He had lost his gay and easy manners. He acted like a man who is about to feel the heavy hand of Fate. And he was not mistaken. The Court was out for only fifteen minutes, and when

the members resumed their seats it was to permit the President to announce that they had unanimously agreed that Bolo Pasha was guilty of treason. He was condemned to death, and was shot by a firing squad at Versailles on the morning of April 17, 1918.

Thus ends the story of the life and adventures and the tragic death of this remarkable man. He was convicted upon circumstantial evidence, but such evidence in the minds of many jurists is more reliable than direct testimony. Men may give false testimony, they say, but circumstances never err. In France the memory of Bolo is regarded in much the same light as is that of Benedict Arnold in America. Yet even those who condemn the man cannot find it in their hearts to regard him as a deliberate and unmitigated scoundrel. The lure of easy money was there, but if we accept the pleas of his intimates, he may have been the victim of a false conscience, and a distorted, if not an unbalanced, intellect. He paid the penalty, and with him there died in France that dangerous thing which the authorities at the time denominated "Boloism."

# XI

# THE STORY OF LIEUTENANT ROBERT FAY AND THE SHIP BOMB PLOTS

## XI

## THE STORY OF LIEUTENANT ROBERT FAY AND THE SHIP BOMB PLOTS

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1915 a stranger with a Teutonic cast of countenance, and a slight German accent, called at the French Chamber of Commerce, in New York City, and asked if he could obtain a small quantity of trinitrotoluol which he said he desired to use for commercial purposes.

It was that incident — apparently trivial — which let to the first clue in the amazing adventure of Robert Fay and the ship bomb plots.

The alert official in charge of the place was quick to scent something out of the ordinary. The extent and the boldness of the German propaganda in the United States was only beginning to be glimpsed at that time, and the casual inquiry was the means of starting an investigation which was to disclose one of the most damnable plots of the Great World War. The clue in itself was a tiny one, but it illustrated the contention of a famous American detective that the greatest criminals, despite the most painstaking care, nearly always fail to cover their tracks. It has been proven time and time again that the most per-

fect alibi has in it somewhere a flaw which is the means eventually of bringing the guilty man to justice. In the same manner the most carefully devised criminal plots have in them a break, a crack, an imperfection which lead their inventors into the meshes of the law.

It proved to be so in the case under consideration, although at the time no one dreamed that the results were to be so important and so far-reaching to the United States and its future Allies.

The matter was immediately reported to the authorities, and then began a search and a chase that is unique in the history of the criminal records of the nation. At that early date in the war the various bureaus of investigation in this country were just beginning to coördinate their work. It was realized that the German system of treachery was so widely scattered, and was being practiced on such a broad scale that the best efforts of the official police were needed to frustrate and punish the efforts of the enemy. It is not permissible, even now, to give the names of those who took part in the patriotic work of rounding up the conspirators, but it is sufficient to say that the major part of the business fell to the Bureau of Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, and that Chief Flynn, of the United States Secret Service, also deserves credit for his assistance in this connection.

The preliminary examination demonstrated that the man who had made the request for the high explosive from the French Chamber of Commerce was merely

an instrument in the hands of cleverer and more unscrupulous men. It was decided that he should be given a small quantity of the deadly stuff, and that it should be carefully followed to its ultimate destination. That led the detectives to a man named Oppegaard, who proved to have some knowledge of chemicals and explosives. So far, so good. But Oppegaard, important as he proved to be as a link in the chain, was not the man the authorities wanted. It was ascertained that the individual with the Teutonic name had recently purchased a considerable quantity of chlorate of potash, and finally the potash and the trinitrotoluol were traced to the door of Robert Fay, a native of Germany who had been an officer in the German Army.

The police were "getting warm," as the children say in their game of hide and seek. Every agency in the United States was put to work ascertaining the story of the life of Robert Fay. It was a most difficult task, and the details involved investigations on both sides of the Atlantic. The story of how that biography was obtained, from the time of Fay's birth until that day when the inquiry was made at the French Chamber of Commerce, would require an article in itself. But the puzzling details would have but little interest to the reader. It is sufficient to say that the industry, the cleverness and the patriotism of the investigators reflected credit upon all who were engaged in the task, and proved that when it came to efficiency, the boasted German system was not one

bit superior to the painstaking methods of the American Secret Service.

It was ascertained that Robert Fay was an ardent German. He believed that the "Fatherland" was the greatest nation in the world, and he felt that it was his duty to do anything in his power to help it conquer the earth. He came to America originally in 1902, and worked for many months on a farm in Manitoba. After that he journeyed to the United States, where he found employment with a machinery concern. Also, he took a course in electrical and steam engineering. While here, he learned to speak and write English. He went back to Germany four years later — well equipped for any work the Kaiser might have for him to do.

When the war began in 1914, Robert Fay found himself an officer in the German Army. He served with distinction in the early part of the struggle, and his name is found among those who took part in campaigns in the Vosges Mountains and in the Champagne sector. He attracted the attention of his superiors on one memorable occasion when he led a detachment of his men against a large force of French soldiers. He came out of that alive and was given the Order of the Iron Cross.

In the meantime he was not satisfied with playing the part of an ordinary soldier. He was a thoughtful man, and it began to dawn upon him that large quantities of war material were being supplied to the Allies by the United States. Fay went to his superiors and told them that if Germany was to

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LIEUTENANT ROBERT FAY

be successful it would be necessary to head off the constant supply of munitions of war which were coming from America. They laughed at him and assured him that he had not made an original discovery by any means.

"Now," said the officer to whom he had addressed himself, "if you were able to give us some method for stopping these munitions, you might be able to do something for the Fatherland."

The officer smiled at his own conceit. He never dreamed that this enthusiastic Teuton had been pondering upon this very point for many days and nights.

"If," said Fay, in effect, "you will give me the authority and a sufficient amount of money, I will undertake to stop American shipping from bringing supplies to Europe!"

The intensity of this ardent German aroused the interest of his superiors. He was taken to some of the higher officers of the Army, and after he had confided his plans to his superiors he was given a secret mission to the United States. He was supplied with passports, letters of introduction, and a large amount of money. He sailed on the steamship *Rotterdam* and reached New York on April 23, 1915.

A few weeks after that, curious observers in the neighborhood might have noticed a new place of business in the town of Weehawken, in New Jersey. It was called the "Riverside Garage," and was ostensibly intended to fill a long-felt want in the community. Curiously enough, the owners were Robert Fay and Walter Scholz. Scholz was a mechanical engineer

who had formerly been employed by the Lackawanna Railroad Company. He was also the brother-in-law of Fay, a fact that might have great or little significance, according to the point of view of the observer.

The strange part of the Riverside Garage was that little or no actual work was performed there. The place was littered with broken-down motor cars and parts of cars, but no one could testify that the concern really transacted any business. On more than one occasion an automobilist had his car towed in distress to the Riverside Garage, but in each instance he was directed to go elsewhere for his repairs.

Fay and Scholz had rooms in a boarding-house near the garage, and it was learned that they spent all of their time working upon a mechanical device that had been conceived by Fay. A light in the window testified that they spent many hours of the night poring over blueprints and making drawings.

In the meanwhile both Fay and Scholz made frequent trips to New York City and returned with material intended for the device upon which they were working.

The special detectives of the Bureau of Investigation made another discovery about this time. They found that Fay had purchased a little motor boat, and when he was not at the Weehawken garage or in the modest boarding-house, he was cruising about the New York harbor and making himself familiar with the shipping. He haunted the docks during the day and went out with his little boat at night. It

was noticed that he paid special attention to the ships that were loaded with supplies for the Allies. By this time it became perfectly clear that Fay was engaged in the construction of a device with which he intended to blow up ships bound for England and France.

The business of the authorities from this time forward was to keep close watch on Fay, and to permit him to go far enough to supply them with legal evidence upon which he could be convicted in a court of law. At the same time it was important that he should not be permitted to destroy any of the shipping.

Finally the conspirator reached a stage in his experiments when it would be necessary for him to have a practical demonstration of his invention. He needed a secluded spot for this purpose, some place far from the madding crowd and, at the same time, large enough to experiment with dangerous explosives. He found the place he wanted in Lush's Sanatorium in New Jersey. He located there, and from time to time sent to New York for materials. He needed chlorate of potash and he managed to get it through a New York man, Carl Oppegaard, whose name has already been mentioned in this narrative. Oppegaard was told to get two hundred pounds of this material, but he did better than that — he purchased three cases, each holding over one hundred pounds.

Fay also discovered before he had gone very far that he would need a quantity of dynamite, and this he succeeded in getting without any difficulty, but

when he made the mixture of chlorate of potash and dynamite he found that it was not exactly what he wanted. He needed a still greater explosive. It was Oppegaard who gave him the missing link. He told Fay that what he needed was trinitrotoluol. He could not get it himself, so he employed a friend to secure it for him. This friend scoured all of New York and finally obtained it, as already indicated, at the French Chamber of Commerce. That, needless to say, was the final undoing of Fay and his fellow conspirators. They had covered up all their tracks — so they supposed — but one little spot was left bare, and it exposed the whole damnable plot.

The Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice was now constantly on the heels of all the men concerned in the conspiracy. They followed them to the sanatorium at Butler, New Jersey. It was a dramatic scene that occurred on that afternoon in the summer of 1915. Fay and his friends began to make experiments with the material which he had prepared after so many weeks of study and hard work. A can of it was placed in the hollow of a large tree. Just what would have happened can never be told, for at that moment an unexpected slip precipitated the climax of the whole business.

The detectives had concealed themselves behind trees and were waiting for the explosion to occur. Just at a critical moment one of the investigators gave a loud and violent sneeze, and in that second the presence of the detectives was revealed. There was nothing for them to do but to make the arrests at

once, and in a few hours Fay and his fellow conspirators were lodged in prison cells in Manhattan.

Word was telegraphed to New York at once, and other investigators proceeded to carry out their instructions. The first party made a search of the Riverside Garage and secured evidence which played its part in the formal trial. The second detachment made their way into and searched the warehouse where Fay had a lot of his stuff concealed, and a third party of detectives entered the house where the motor boat was stored and confiscated it as part of the evidence in the case.

The exhibits were numerous and more than sufficient to prove the criminal activity of these overzealous Germans. The net which had been so carefully spread out now closed in on Robert Fay, and he was formally committed to await trial in the United States Courts.

The device which he had invented showed remarkable mechanical ingenuity. It was so arranged that it could be attached to the rudder of a ship going out to sea. After a certain number of revolutions of the machinery and the device a spring would drive downward, strike a cap and then the explosion would occur. It was so timed that a vessel would be several miles from port before the explosion would occur. By this horrible device it would have been possible — if the conspirators had not been caught — to have practically destroyed all of the shipping intended for the Allies.

The United States authorities were perfectly satisfied that this cold-blooded scheme was well known

to the military and naval officials of Germany — indeed, it was proven that Fay had taken his invention to Von Papen. He admitted this, but tried to shield that functionary by saying that he had declined to go into the business.

"What happened when you explained this device to Von Papen?" the defendant was asked.

"Not much," was the reply. "He asked me what it would cost, and I told him that the bombs would not be more than twenty dollars apiece. As a matter of fact, I could have made these things in Germany for half that price. 'If it doesn't cost more than that,' Von Papen said to me, 'go ahead, but I cannot promise you anything.'"

"Did you go back to him?" Fay was asked.

"Yes, I did, and he turned me down. He said the thing would be placed before the German experts, and that he had also gone into the political condition of the whole suggestion and he said to me: 'In the first place our experts report that this apparatus is not sea-worthy, but as regards political conditions I am sorry to say we cannot consider it, and therefore we shall have to dismiss the whole business."

The trial of Fay and the other defendants was a long-drawn-out affair, but there was never any doubt about the result. The examination of the witnesses and their cross-examination was valuable because it brought out under oath many things that had hitherto been a matter of conjecture and mere rumor. It proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that there were men in the United States who thought more of Ger-

many than they did of their American citizenship. But it also had the effect of asserting the majesty of the law in a most impressive manner, and there is no manner of doubt but that the prompt conviction of Fay put a wet blanket on pro-German activities in the United States.

He tried his best to acquit the German Government of complicity in the affair, and he insisted that Von Papen had not encouraged him, but the jury found him guilty as charged, and he was sentenced to seven years in a Federal penitentiary where he might have had plenty of time for reflecting upon the folly of his misguided zeal for the Fatherland, but it only needed one more touch to round out this remarkable incident, and Fay, himself, furnished it. He escaped from the penitentiary, and, it is generally believed, went into Mexico.

# XII

# RAM CHANDRA AND THE GERMAN-HINDU PLOTS IN THE UNITED STATES

## XII

## RAM CHANDRA AND THE GERMAN-HINDU PLOTS IN THE UNITED STATES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, Rudyard Kipling and Clark Russell, in collaboration, could not have written a more thrilling tale of fiction than we have in the actual story of Germany's attempt to incite revolution in India. The fact that the plot began in the United States, and that Germany made use of our neutrality to carry on a conspiracy against a nation with whom we were on friendly terms is the most reprehensible phase of the disgraceful business. The three stars in this drama from real life were Dr. C. K. Chakraberty, Ram Chandra and Bhagwan Singh. The authority for the movement is furnished by the following communication from the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs:

Berlin, 4th February, 1916.

To the German Embassy, Washington.

In the future all Indian affairs are to be handled through the Committee to be formed by Dr. Chakraberty. Dhirenda Sarkar and Heramba Lal Gupta, who has meanwhile been expelled from Japan, will cease to be independent representatives of the Indian Independence Committee existing here.

ZIMMERMANN.

This Doctor Chakraberty had been a school teacher and journalist in India. While there he was the member of an organization which aimed to overthrow the British Government in India, and if necessary to use force to do it. He confessed that he had been furnished with $60,000 by the Indian Nationalist Party, that the money came from the German Government, and that it was forwarded to him in this country after he had been expelled from India by the British Government.

The Hindu revolutionists in America were located in San Francisco, where they published a newspaper known as *The Ghadr,* meaning mutiny. If there is any doubt about this it may be dispelled by reading the announcement in the first issue of that paper which says: "To-day there begins in foreign lands, but in our country's tongue, a war against the British Raj. What is our name? Mutiny. What is our work? Mutiny. Where will mutiny break out? In India. The time will come soon when rifles and blood will take the place of pens and ink." That this was not mere idle gossip is proven by the events which followed one another in quick succession. The first move is shown by the following statement made to an agent of the Department of Justice by Captain Hans Tauscher, a representative of German munition makers:

Feb. 8, 1916.

About the end of September, 1914, I was asked by the military attaché of the German Embassy, Captain F. von Papen, to buy about 10,000 rifles

with ammunition, and a number of revolvers with ammunition, to be shipped for a special purpose to San Diego, Cal. Therefore, I purchased from several dealers in this country . . . the following arms and ammunition:

| | |
|---|---|
| 8,080 | U. S. Springfield rifles 45/70 cal. |
| 2,400 | " " carbines " |
| 410 | repeating rifles, system Hotchkiss, 45/70 |
| 3,904,340 | cartridges, 45/70 |
| 5,000 | cartridge belts |
| 500 | Colt revolvers, cal. 45 |
| 100,000 | Colt revolver cartridges, cal. 45 |

In order to make this shipment as secretly as possible, I decided to ship the above arms and ammunition in the name of my forwarding agent, Walter C. Hughes, who also acted as the receiver of the shipment in San Diego, Cal. . . . All expenses involved in this transaction were paid by me, and I was reimbursed by Captain von Papen by check.

Later on, after the shipment had failed to reach its destination and was landed at the port of Hoquiam, Washington, Captain von Papen informed me that he had told the State Department in Washington that this shipment of arms and ammunition was ultimately destined for German South African colonies.

H. TAUSCHER.

The scene now shifts to San Diego, California, where the *Annie Larsen* was loaded with the arms and ammunition with the understanding that they were to be eventually transferred to another ship called the *Maverick*. Through a series of misadventures

the connection was never made. It seems that the *Annie Larsen* was compelled to make a run to the Mexican coast for water. Eventually the shipment was seized by the United States Government authorities at the port of Hoquiam, Washington. Later, Count Bernstorff had the audacity to write to Secretary of State Lansing, asking for the delivery of the arms and ammunition to the German Consul in Seattle. "You will note," he writes, "that my Government is the owner of these articles, although the manner and means of shipment was left to a shipping agent at San Francisco."

The voyage of the *Maverick,* which the *Annie Larsen* missed at Socorro Island, has been narrated to the British authorities at Singapore, by J. H. Starr Hunt, the purser. Hunt was an American and he was asked by his employer, F. Jebsen, to sail as a purser on the *Maverick.* He was told that the war material would be transhipped to the *Maverick* at whatever point they should meet in Mexican or Central American waters; that a man named Page, who would be on the *Annie Larsen,* was to take charge of the *Maverick,* and that Hunt was to take over the *Annie Larsen* and proceed to trade with her. Hunt was not to return to any American port until after the expiration of six months.

On the morning of April 22, 1915, when the ship sailed from Los Angeles, Jebsen gave Hunt a sealed letter, unaddressed, with instruction to hand it over to Page on the *Annie Larsen* when he made himself known. He also gave Hunt another unaddressed letter

to be given to the same man. This was open and contained a printed enclosure explaining how to work the machine gun or a small Hotchkiss. Jebsen finally gave Hunt a third letter, without address and open, for Page. It contained typewritten instructions as to how to stow the cargo transhipped from the *Annie Larsen*. The narrative of Hunt continues as follows:

"It is said that the cases containing rifles were to be stored in one of the two empty tanks of the *Maverick* (she had been an oil carrier) and flooded with oil. The ammunition cases were to be stowed in the other empty tank, which was not to be flooded except as a last resort . . . Jebsen had given me to understand that we might meet the *Annie Larsen* at San Jose del Cabo, but she was not there; so we left that port on the 28th of April and proceeded to Socorro Island where we arrived on the 29th. . . .

"Altogether we were 29 days at that island waiting for the schooner, which did not turn up after all. By the time we had anchored it was very dark, and the first sign of life on the island was a campfire close to the shore. Shortly after a small boat pulled alongside with two American sailors in it. One of them came to the bridge and saw the Captain and after putting the question, 'Are you the people who are looking for the *Annie Larsen*,' and getting a reply in the affirmative, he said that the *Annie Larsen* had been at the island and being short of water had left some 13 days before.

"He delivered a note to Nelson stating that it was left by the *Annie Larsen's* supercargo, Page. Nelson passed the note over to me to read. It was a short note in English saying, 'This will be delivered to you by a member of the crew of the schooner

*Emma* who will explain his own position. I have been waiting for you a month and am now going to the Mexican west coast for supplies and water. I will return as soon as possible. Please await my return.' Signed, 'Page,' initials (I think), A. W."

Hunt then tells that on May 26, or about that date, they left Socorro Island and returned to San Diego, searching on the way for the *Annie Larsen*. After reaching there Nelson was instructed to proceed to Hilo, Hawaii, and then to Anjer, Java.

After leaving Anjer, Hunt read the sealed letter given him at San Francisco for Page. It contained instructions for the officers of the *Maverick*, which were thus reproduced by Hunt from memory:

"Upon the meeting of the *Annie Larsen* with the *Maverick*, the transshipment of the cargo must be commenced at once.— The cases containing rifles should be stowed in one of the two empty tanks and flooded, and the cases of ammunition should be placed in the other, but need not be flooded unless as a last resort. . . . No attempt was to be made to escape from British warships if encountered at sea.

"In case of her meeting a warship she (the *Maverick*) should act in a manner absolutely open and above suspicion. In case of her being boarded by enemy officers all cordiality should be shown to them, and in fact an inspection should actually be offered to put them off their suspicion. Under no condition was the steamer or the cargo to be permitted to fall into their hands. Should the cargo be discovered and should there be no escape from capture, the captain was ordered not to hesitate to have recourse to the last resort, namely, to sink the ship. Upon arriving at Anjer the *Maverick* would

be met in the Sunda Straits by a small, friendly boat which would instruct us regarding further details. Should we not be met at Anjer, we were to proceed to Bangkok, where we were to arrive towards dusk. Here we should be met by a German pilot, who would give us further instruction; should we not he met here also, we were to proceed to Kurrache. Outside Kurrache the *Maverick* was to be met by numerous small friendly fishing craft. The fishing craft together with the five blacks (Hindus) aboard would attend to the unloading and landing of the cargo.

"Two of the blacks should go ashore immediately on arrival and proceed inland to notify our arrival to the people. The remaining three blacks and the friendly natives would assist in burying the cargo. (Hunt states that they had picks and shovels on board from the time of their departure. From Anjer the *Maverick* sailed to Batavia where Hunt met Theodore and Emil Helffereich, who were in the plot, and gave him the following information.) Helffereich remarked that the arrangements made at this end were substantially the same as those indicated in the letter (for Page).

"Emil spoke up and said that he had waited for the *Maverick* three weeks in the Sunda Straits. They deeply regretted the failure of the *Maverick* in not bringing the arms and said that their arrangements this side were excellent and complete and they were only awaiting the arrival of the cargo when they could have easily put the whole scheme through. They observed that the people in India were all ready and prepared and had only been waiting for the arms to turn up. . . ."

There was more to the same effect. In fact, the

statement of Purser Hunt would make a story in itself, but enough has been given to clearly expose the purpose to create a revolution in India. It has been estimated that it cost the German Government a million dollars. The net result was a dismal failure — a failure that made the German conspirators look silly.

The connection of Ram Chandra and Bhagwan Singh with the fiasco was clearly established. Both were working under the direction of Wilhelm von Brincken, the military attaché of the German Consulate at San Francisco. Ram Chandra was probably the most active of all. At one time he managed the affairs of the Hindu Pacific Coast Association and later he was the editor of the *Ghadr*. There were jealousies, however, between Ram Chandra and Bhagwan Singh. The last named was known as "the poet and the orator" of the Hindu organization. Both were thrifty men, and it is suggested that much of the money which they obtained from the Germans was invested in real estate on the Pacific Coast. At one stage of the movement Singh accused Chandra of misappropriating funds. As a result of this Chandra was expelled from the Pacific Coast Association. Bhagwan Singh not only became the head of the organization, but was elected editor of the *Ghadr*. Need it be said that these internal dissensions aided the United States authorities in obtaining evidence against the conspirators?

No one felt more bitterly the failure of the whole scheme than Von Brincken, the military attaché of

RAM CHANDRA

the German Consulate. He had the German habit of efficiency. This caused him to write a report of his activities. It was intended for the German Foreign Office. It found its way to the United States Attorney at San Francisco. In this report this servant of Germany said:

"I complied with instructions and met Ram Chandra and other leaders of the Hindu Nationalists, and there laid the foundations for the entire Hindu work which has since been carried out here on the Pacific. . . . Up to the present date I have fulfilled this assignment entirely alone. . . . Mr. Von Schack has seen Ram Chandra only a few times during the entire period — while Consul-General Bopp saw the man only once. I had nothing to do with the ship matters in connection with the Hindu affair. Therefore, I am not responsible for the failure of the *Maverick* expedition. I had only planned the point of landing at Kurrache. Besides, through messengers, I had prepared the populace of the Punjab for the arrival of the *Maverick*."

It has been said that the Germans thought we wouldn't fight. They must have thought we were stupid into the bargain. By this time it must be clear that they were mistaken in both surmises. All the while the German-Hindu conspiracy was being hatched the secret officers of this Government were gathering evidence and waiting for a favorable moment to strike. It came on the day after war was declared by the United States against Germany. Within twenty-four hours thirty-four German-Hindu

plotters were arrested in various parts of this country.

The trial took place in San Francisco in the latter part of March, 1918, and continued into the following month. The Federal officials had collected a mass of evidence, all of which went to prove the connection of the German Consul-General in San Francisco and his staff with the proposed expedition against India. The following persons were indicted by the Grand Jury "for feloniously conspiring to set on foot a military enterprise to be carried on from within the territory of the United States against India . . . the object and purpose being to initiate mutiny and armed rebellion in India and to overthrow the Government": Franz Bopp, Eckhart H. von Schack, William von Brincken, Hans Tauscher, F. von Papen, George Rodiek (German Consul at Honolulu), Ernest Sekunna, Wolf von Igel, Har Dayal, Ram Chandra, Bhagwan Singh, Chandra Kanta Chakraberty, and Haramba Lal Gupta.

It was one of the most remarkable trials ever held in the United States, and it had an ending that was as dramatic as it was unexpected. There were books, papers, exhibits, cipher codes and testimony which proved the guilt of the chief defendants beyond the shadow of a doubt. On April 24 they were convicted by the jury. During all of the dreary days of the trial Ram Chandra and Bhagwan had been glaring at one another like tigers. Just before the noon recess Bhagwan pulled out a pistol and shot and killed Chandra. The United States Marshal, who was in attend-

ance at the trial, fearing that this was the first move in an attempt to save the prisoners, quickly pulled out his gun and shot and killed Bhagwan.

I cannot conclude this chapter better than by quoting from the pamphlet issued by the Committee on Public Information of the United States Government. In commenting on this attempt to incite revolution in India, Professor Sperry, who assembled all of the facts, says:

> "The commander-in-chief of Germany's agents here was Count Johann von Bernstorff, Imperial German Ambassador to the United States. His coadjutor and able adviser during some months was Constantin Theodor Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador. His chief lieutenants in the execution of his plans were Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché of the German Embassy, Captain Karl Boy-Ed, its naval attaché, Dr. Heinrich F. Albert, commercial attaché, and Wolf von Igel, who also had diplomatic status. Assisting this central group were many of the consuls of Germany and Austria-Hungary scattered over the United States, and beneath them were the rank and file of obscure servitors who carried out the plans conceived by the General Staff in Berlin and sent to the German Ambassador."

## XIII

## THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE WHO BECAME A GERMAN SPY

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THIS is a movie story, taken from actual life in the world's greatest war. That is to say it has all of the ingredients of a movie thriller, the only drawback being that the real facts in the case might seem improbable to the average movie audience. There is a real Ambassador in it, and a trial by court-martial, and a soldier of fortune who accepts his fate with the air of a stoic.

Henry Bode, known at various times as Herbert Wilson, Henry Wilson, and Rafael Rodriguez, was born at Wilhelmshaven, Germany, September 3, 1877, of an educated and well-to-do family. Six years later he was taken to Hawaii. He remained in that tropical land until he was thirteen years of age, and then he decided to see more of the world on his own account. Accordingly, he secreted himself in the hold of a vessel bound for San Francisco, and arrived in that city in the latter part of 1890. He lived a Bohemian sort of existence for a few months and then traveled across the continent to New York. Even that lively community could not satisfy his desire for constant change, so he enlisted in the United States Navy, where he lived the life of a bluejacket for three years.

In order to round out his education in the University of Hard Knocks, he went to Butte, Montana, where he worked as a miner. That gave him a taste of the gold fever, and he hurried off to the Klondyke, where he made a fortune in three months which he succeeded in dissipating at the gambling table in three nights.

This brief summary of an eventful career might seem like the complete story of an unusual life, but the life of Henry Bode was only beginning. He found that the First Montana Infantry was about to embark for the Philippines, and he enlisted with less thought than one might give to a journey from New York to Boston. There was some lively fighting, and it is to be said to the credit of the man of many names that he was frequently on the front line, and always gave a good account of himself. A book might be made of his adventures in the Philippines, and it is not hard to believe that one of his regrets was that he was not in the party sent to find the elusive Aguinaldo, who was somewhat of an adventurer himself.

During his wanderings over the face of the earth Bode had found time to get married, but it is easy to understand that matrimony did not set easily upon this rolling stone. There was a separation, and shortly after his experience in the Philippines the young man looked with longing eyes in the direction of China. With him to think was to act, and we find him on his way to Shanghai, paying his passage by working before the mast. Once in the East, he joined the Russian Intelligence service and remained therein until the close of the Japanese-Russian War. He was

alert and intelligent and obtained much information for the Russian Government, although there is not much evidence to show that the high officials in St. Petersburg profited thereby. He was here, there and everywhere, and near the end of the war he found himself in the city of Seoul, Corea.

In the capital city of the Hermit Nation the young adventurer found himself in an atmosphere that suited his purposes and his temperament. The high walls surrounding the town gave it an air of romance, and Bode roamed about inspecting the temples, the palaces and the government buildings, picking up information here and there, and altogether mixing business and pleasure in true Bohemian fashion. He made his headquarters in a house built of bamboo and plaster with straw thatching. While there he made the acquaintance of a German officer, and the two walked the badly-kept streets, and afterwards exchanged confidences over many a bottle. Bode liked his friend so well that he told him the story of his life. He even went so far as to tell him that he was in the service of the Russian Government. That was unfortunate for him, because the other immediately communicated the facts to the Japanese authorities. Instantly the police were sent to take him into custody. They located the house where he was staying. One squad watched the front of the bamboo hut, while another guarded the rear so that there should be no possibility of his escaping.

While they waited for him to emerge a curious sight attracted their attention. An elderly woman came

forth, leaning on a cane, and evidently moving with great difficulty. The dress of this strange creature was fantastic in the extreme, the poke bonnet especially being a wonderfully made creation that evoked the laughter of the police. They asked her if Bode was in the hut, but she shook her head as though she could not understand their words, and pointed back at the house in an imbecilic sort of style. They watched the stranger until the last edge of her poke bonnet had disappeared around a corner, and then they went into the hut. They looked at one another in consternation, and well they might, for the place was empty.

In the meanwhile things were happening in another part of the town. No sooner had the supposed female turned the corner than she cast aside the poke bonnet and the dress, and stood revealed as Henry Bode. A steamer was to sail for Yokohama in a short time and the dashing fellow sailed with it, without waiting to say good-by to the friends he had made in Seoul. He did not remain in Yokohama any longer than was necessary to ship for Shanghai. Once there he felt comparatively safe, for the Chinese had no love for the Japanese. Besides that, Bode felt at home in a city that contained thousands of white men, many of whom spoke the English language. He remained in Shanghai for many weeks, enjoying himself better than the tourists, because his wants were few, and he let each succeeding day take care of itself. Most of the English-speaking residents of Shanghai remain in the portions set aside for foreign settlements, but Bode was

quite as familiar with the native city, surrounded by its small wall. But this rolling stone could not remain in one place very long. It is true that he was still supposed to be officially in the employ of the Russian Government, but that fact gave him no concern. He wanted to "move on." The opportunity came sooner than he expected. Governor Forbes' yacht touched at Shanghai, and Bode was permitted to go to Manila in the vessel.

It happened that General Leonard Wood was on the yacht, and Bode managed to get into conversation with the American soldier. The amazing knowledge of China which Bode displayed in his talk attracted the attention of General Wood, and it finally resulted in his employment in the Philippine Constabulary. The most remarkable trait about this really remarkable man was the ease with which he adapted himself to conditions. He was able to live on rice and dried fish, and he found his way about the country in a way that astonished his superiors. The "little brown brothers" liked him, too, and it is fair to say that he was a success in his new post. But he soon returned to China, and this was followed by a trip through the South Seas, during which he visited many of the places made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson. Next we find him in California, and a little later in Madera's army. He did some real fighting, and if the Mexican General had been giving out medals Henry Bode would have been well decorated. It is not easy to follow his ever-changing career, but it is said that about this time he again en-

listed in the American service, joining the army.

Bode had a fatal facility for quitting a job whenever he got tired of it. He tired of the army and he quit. Now, technically, this is called "desertion," and it was here that the merry adventurer made a fatal mistake. He forgot that Uncle Sam never forgets, and he never dreamt that he had woven a tangled web which was presently to be his undoing. He joined forces with General Urbina, and he was at Torreon, Mexico, when the Kaiser decided that treaties are only scraps of paper, and when he started out to conquer the world. That was the sort of mad adventure which appealed to Bode, and he was filled with a desire to join the Germans. Also, it must be remembered that he was born in Wilhelmshaven, and considered himself part of the Fatherland.

He applied to the German Consul for transportation, but without success. But that did not deter him. He managed to reach the coast, and eventually arrived in Denmark. In the course of time he got into the fighting in Europe, serving under Field Marshal Mackensen. According to the records, he was wounded twice and received the Iron Cross on May 19, 1915. He was also given the Austrian service medal for courage in battle.

Now we come to that real part of this real movie which makes it rival anything the managers dare show on the screen. It can best be told in the words of a well-informed writer of the New York *Sun* who, with infinite patience and skill, has rescued the story from the records:

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HENRY BODE

"In the fall of 1915 he was summoned to Berlin and assigned to the Intelligence Department. After having his photograph taken, seven hundred marks were given him and he was ordered to report to the German Consulate at 11 Broadway, New York. It was shortly before he sailed from Copenhagen on board the steamship *Frederick III* that he called at the American Embassy, a fact which resulted in his subsequent conviction before the court-martial here.

"The *Frederick III* left for New York October 15, 1915, with Bode listed under the name of William Reed. The Prince and Princess von Hazenfeldt were also passengers. Upon arriving here Bode at once received $2,218 from the German Consul and started the same night on his way to San Francisco, whence he went to the Far East. Three months later he was on his way back to California on board the American steamship *Maru,* when a Russian general, who was a fellow passenger, became suspicious of him. So Bode went ashore at Honolulu, catching another liner two weeks later. After being ordered to New York and Havana and doing nothing in either city, Bode next went to Madrid, Spain, where he found himself under the surveillance of the Allied Secret Service.

"On July 19, 1916, acting on orders from Berlin, Bode obtained a Spanish passport under the name of Rafael Rodriguez Gomez and boarded the *Maria Christiana* for Vera Cruz, via Havana.

"'I then proceeded to Mexico City,' said Bode in his testimony before the court-martial, 'and reported to the military attaché, a Dr. Mangus. I also met Am-

bassador von Eckhardt, and we talked plans over and he told me to wait the arrival of other agents, because he disagreed with instructions I had from Berlin and was not sure of my identity. My instructions were to blow up the oil fields at Tampico and to embroil the United States into war with Mexico.

" ' Finally agents arrived from the States — Captain Hinze, formerly captain of the Hamburg-American Line, and Captain Nekker, who ran the blockade from Cuba to Baltimore in 1914, who is at present chief of the secret service at Mexico City, with Dr. Brown, once a surgeon on the German cruiser *Karlsruhe,* as his assistant. It was then agreed I was the most capable man to carry out a project in the United States to blow up the Laguna Dam and destroy the railroad bridge at Yuma.

" ' Then came the opportunity for which I had been waiting, giving me a chance to connect with the United States Government. My instructions were to proceed to Yuma and settle there to live.

" ' I was to obtain pictures of the bridge and supposed trenches and artillery casements and wire entanglements on the American side of the border.'

" When Bode arrived at La Bolsa, at the mouth of the Colorado River, he was arrested by the Carranzista troops. He was later released and reached Padarones, where a German resident told him the Mexicans were about to ship him across the border, on suspicion that he was an American spy. Eventually Bode crossed the line himself because, he testified, ' I saw they were still bent on murdering peo-

ple.' He was taken to San Diego, and later brought to Governor's Island for trial."

The feature of this trial was the testimony of Mrs. James W. Gerard, the wife of the former American Ambassador to Germany, and Frank Hall, Mr. Gerard's servant. Mrs. Gerard remembered that Bode had called at the American Embassy in Berlin, clothed in a German uniform, and wearing the Iron Cross upon his breast. Besides this, Hall recalled that Bode had approached him in Madrid, after the Gerard party had left Berlin, and had asked him to induce the Ambassador to approach President Wilson with a view to securing his pardon for desertion.

He was acquitted of various charges, but was found guilty of violating the Ninety-fifth Article of War, in serving as a secret agent and emissary of the German Government at Einsenda, Mexico, about April 6, 1917. The sentence was ten years at hard labor in the disciplinary barracks at Fort Jay, Governor's Island.

It is hard to bear much ill will to this amazing soldier of fortune. It is true that he violated the law, and that he is being properly punished, but it must not be forgotten that he was a German by birth, and that he was more of an adventurer than a traitor.

## XIV

## THE ARTLESS GERMAN WHO DYNAMITED THE VANCEBORO BRIDGE

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## THE ARTLESS GERMAN WHO DYNAMITED THE VANCEBORO BRIDGE

SHORTLY before seven o'clock on the evening of December 30, 1914, a big, light-complexioned German, carrying a brown suitcase, alighted from the train at Vanceboro, Maine, and stood looking about him in a perplexed manner. The man was Werner Horn, and the suitcase was filled with dynamite. Thereby hangs one of the most sensational tales of the war.

It was bitter cold and the ground was covered with snow. Presently Werner Horn made his way to a woodpile on one of the sidings, and concealed his suitcase. Then he plodded in the direction of the Vanceboro bridge. This is not a very long span, but it is the connecting link between the United States and Canada in that locality, and once destroyed or put out of commission, it would be impossible to convey freight between the two countries. With true German thoroughness, Horn made a careful inspection of the structure, and then, satisfied, returned to the village. He recovered his suitcase with its deadly contents, and inquired the way to the local hotel. It was the Vanceboro Exchange Hotel, and here the Ger-

man emissary obtained a room for the night. He went to bed and slept like a child.

The following day, while he was absent, one of the employees of the hotel happened to enter the room and, in cleaning it, moved the suitcase. The woman, for it was a woman, marveled at the great weight of the baggage and wondered how any man could carry it. That was one little detail that cast suspicion upon the unknown stranger. But there were others. A boy and two young women had seen him in the act of hiding his suitcase behind the woodpile, and they had told one of the men of the town and he, in turn, had notified the inspector at the Immigrant Station. Evidently Werner Horn was an unsophisticated person, for he covered his tracks badly. Indeed, the inspector met him that first evening as he was returning from the bridge. He demanded his name, and Horn, with a child-like grin, said that he was Olaf Hoorn, and that he was a Dane.

The inspector was not acquainted with the Danish language, but from the stranger's odd way of expressing himself there was no reason to doubt that part of his story. He wanted to know what he was doing in Vanceboro, and Horn told him that he thought of buying a farm in that section. Asked where he came from, the German said that he had come from New York by way of Boston. Evidently there was nothing he could do in the matter, and the inspector went his way and Werner Horn went to the Vanceboro hotel. He proceeded to his room at once, and during all of the following day made himself in-

conspicuous. On Monday night he paid his bill and announced that he was going to Boston on the eight o'clock train. He marched out of the hotel, smoking a big cigar, and carrying the heavy suitcase. The proprietor of the hotel imagined that that was the last he was to see of his odd guest, but he was mistaken, as future events were to prove.

Shortly after one o'clock on the following morning there was a terrific explosion that shook all Vanceboro. The glass in the windows of the hotel was shattered, and some persons were thrown from their beds. Men and women stuck their heads out of doorways and windows, and wondered if an earthquake had occurred. The landlord of the hotel hurried to the cellar of his house to ascertain if the boiler had burst. Everything was as right as right could be, and Mr. Tague, greatly puzzled, started for his bedroom. On the way he passed the bathroom, and to his surprise, beheld Werner Horn there running the hot water. The German displayed no confusion whatever, but wished his host a cheery "Good morning."

"What seems to be the difficulty?" asked the landlord.

"I freeze my hands," replied Horn, holding out his hands for the inspection of Mr. Tague; "you see, I freeze my hands. What should I do about it?"

The hotel proprietor thought of the explosion, and then he considered the unexpected return of Werner Horn. He put two and two together, and he was satisfied that this child-like German was in some way responsible for the shock which had terrified Vance-

boro. He opened the window of the bathroom and gave Horn snow to rub on his frozen fingers. After that the German asked for his old room. It had already been given to another guest, but Horn was placed in an apartment on the third floor, and in spite of the excitement and his frost-bitten fingers, went to sleep.

While this was going on, the people had hurried from their homes and were proceeding in the direction of the explosion. They found the bridge had been dynamited. It was not a total wreck by any means, but the rails, the rods and the girders had been twisted to such an extent that it would have been dangerous to use it. A hurried investigation showed that the dynamite had been exploded by means of a time fuse. The stuff had evidently been placed near a girder on the bridge above the Canadian bank of the river. Mr. Tague, who seems to have been wide awake, sent out a general alarm. First, precautions were taken to see that no train was permitted to cross the bridge. Fortunately, the schedule showed that none need be expected until the next morning. Next, plans were made to arrest all suspicious persons. The landlord felt morally certain that Werner Horn was the guilty man, but he wanted to make assurance doubly sure by including all possible suspects.

In the meanwhile, by the use of a special train, the Superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad had arrived on the scene. The first man he interviewed was the deputy sheriff of the town. That official was candid, even if he did not throw much light upon the

business. He said: "I was asleep at my home, which is three or four hundred feet from the bridge; heard a noise about 1.10 A. M., which I thought was an earthquake, a collison of engines, or a boiler explosion in the heating plant. The noise disturbed me so that I could not get to sleep. I got up in the morning at about half-past five; met a man who said that they had blown up the bridge."

By this time two Canadian constables had arrived, and then Mr. Tague informed them of the strange German and of his suspicious actions. It was decided that he should be placed under arrest. It was a curious procession that wound its way up the twisting stairways of the Vanceboro hotel. They were representatives of the railroad, the Canadian authorities, and of the United States Government. At least two of them were armed, for they expected to be confronted by a desperate character. They tapped on the door of the third-story room, and the sleepy voice of Werner Horn called out:

"What you want there?"

"We want to speak to you," replied one of the constables.

There was a shuffling noise inside the room, and then the door was thrown open. As the attacking party entered, the big, blue-eyed and fair-faced German looked at them in amazement. Slowly he reached for his coat which was on the side of the bed. But one of the constables was ahead of him, and secured the garment, which contained a revolver. For a moment it looked as if the child-like giant contemplated re-

sistance. The sight of the uniformed Canadian officers seemed to rouse him. At this point the Deputy Sheriff of Vanceboro said:

"I am here as an American officer."

"Oh," exclaimed Horn, "that is all right then. I thought you were all Canadians. I would not think of harming an American officer."

Thereupon he consented to be handcuffed and led to the Immigration Station, where a sort of inquiry was held. He told a rather fantastic story. He admitted at the outset that he was responsible for the explosion, but the details were highly romantic and sensational. He said that by arrangement he had come to Vanceboro with an empty suitcase, that he had proceeded to the bridge, and going to the Canadian side, had met another man who had given him the dynamite, and then quickly and mysteriously disappeared. He said that he had been given a password, which was "Tommy," and that by uttering the name, he had secured the explosive.

At once it was concluded that Horn was the mere tool of more experienced criminals, and that the solution of the mystery lay in securing the man who was called "Tommy." The officials of both the American and Canadian Governments at once started a search for this person. For days they scoured the shores of the river. But in spite of their best efforts they could not locate such a man.

In the meanwhile public feeling had been wrought to such a pitch that it looked for a time as though Horn might be taken and lynched. To guard against

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WERNER HORN

this, he was conveyed to the county jail at Machias, and imprisoned on a technical charge. There, seated on the little iron bedstead, he repeated his queer story.

"I met a white man on the Canadian side of the bridge," he said, "a man I had never seen before, but who was thirty-five or forty years of age, clean-shaven. 'Tommy'— I was told to say 'Tommy' when I met him — I cannot say anything that would involve the consulate or the embassy — Germany is at war — I received, however, an order which was from one who had a right to give it, a verbal order only — received it two or three days before leaving New York for Vanceboro."

He was pressed to give the name of the man who had authorized him to do the work, but would not do so. Some time afterward he added:

"I cannot speak of the rank of the man who gave the orders — I cannot even say that he was an officer. No one was present when the orders were given in New York City. I cannot tell more, for it was a matter for the Fatherland. I would rather go to Canada, where they have threatened to lynch me, than to tell more about my order — this would be impossible — at least until after the war is over."

Thus the guileless one went on, little thinking that his child-like attempt to conceal the truth was in reality revealing it slowly but surely. He admitted that he had met Von Papen in the German Club in New York City, but he would not admit that he had received his orders from this man.

By this time Mr. Bruce Bielaski, Chief of the Bureau

of Investigation of the Department of Justice, had arrived in Vanceboro, and he took the prisoner in charge. He had several interviews with Horn, and at the end of five days had obtained the complete story — and the truthful story — of the attempt to blow up the bridge. More than that, by piecing the evidence that had been obtained elsewhere, he had the full story of the life of Werner Horn. It involved stolen passports, Count von Bernstorff and Von Papen, and the whole crew of German conspirators who were using the hospitality of the United States to carry on the schemes of the German propagandists.

Horn had been in the German Army for ten years. In 1909 he was given permission to leave the service for two years in order to go to Central America. He was classed as a first lieutenant on " inactive service." He served as the manager of a coffee plantation in Guatemala. He was a capable man in his line and might have remained there for a long time, but the war broke out, and at once he prepared to return to Germany. He went to Galveston in the hope of obtaining a passage to Germany. It was out of the question. Then he went to New York, thinking he might sail from that port. Again he met with failure. In the meanwhile he had come in contact with Von Papen. Presumably he had hoped that this German agent might assist him in his desire to return to Germany. The records are incomplete at this point, but everything points to the fact that Von Papen had decided to make use of Horn in the United States. From this time on we find ourselves in the thick of

the scheme to blow up the Vanceboro bridge. It begins with the arrival of Horn in the little town. The details of the business came out in one of the interviews which Horn had with the representative of the Department of Justice.

From all the accounts of this weird adventure there is an agreement on two points which must be put down to the credit of Werner Horn. The first is that while he was willing to go almost any length to serve the Fatherland, he was resolved not to sacrifice any lives, and the second is that he would not swear to a lie.

The scoundrels who were utilizing him as a tool for their criminal purposes had evidently given him a schedule of the trains that crossed the bridge every twenty-four hours. According to this schedule there were to be no trains after midnight until nearly morning. Hence, he reasoned, he would not involve the lives of any of his fellow-beings as the result of his dynamiting the bridge. He felt assured that the explosion would arouse the village, and thus prevent the next scheduled train from attempting to cross the bridge. The fifty-minute fuse which he carried in his brown suitcase with the dynamite would enable him to escape before the damage had been done.

So he left the hotel rather blithely on that momentous morning in December. He was smoking a big black cigar, smoking it with a purpose, because with it he intended to light the fuse that was to ignite the dynamite. He tugged the brown suitcase along, and was happy in the thought that he was about to

serve his native land — and without causing the loss of a single life. Property would be destroyed, of course, but he reasoned that that would be justified because it would end the means employed by the enemy to send ammunitions which were being used against his countrymen.

It was one of the coldest nights of the year, and his fingers tingled as he lugged the heavy load of dynamite toward the bridge. It was pitch dark also, and when he reached his destination he had to feel his way across the ties. Once he slipped and would have fallen into the frozen stream below if he had not caught the edge of a girder. For some moments he hung between heaven and earth, his heart palpitating with the fear that his end had come. But by a superhuman effort he pulled himself up to the bridge again, and resumed his journey. Just before he reached the point where he was to plant the explosive he slipped for the second time. He actually went over the side, but he caught a piece of iron work, and once again dragged himself to a place of safety.

All seemed to be well now, but at that critical moment he was frightened by the tolling of a bell and the snorting of a locomotive. He glanced toward the American side and was confronted by the awful glare of a headlight. He had been deceived. The schedule with which he had been presented was wrong. There was another train, and it was speeding toward him at a frightful rate of speed. He had escaped death twice in the river only to have it pursuing him on that dangerous railroad bridge. For such a child-

like person he had a quick wit. Almost in the twinkling of an eye he slipped down between the ties, and hung suspended in the air while the iron monster came rushing on and past him. He managed to pull himself up again, and in spite of the intense cold there were beads of sweat upon his brow. He had scarcely recovered his self-possession when another train came along — this time from the Canadian side, and he was compelled to repeat his performance.

Once more he was alone, but as Werner Horn stood there under the cold and twinkling stars he felt a sense of moral responsibility. He was as keen as ever to serve the Fatherland, but he was more resolved than ever that there should be no loss of life as the result of his action. The two trains which had passed made it clear that the schedule which had been furnished him was unreliable. There might be another along in the course of the next hour. What should he do? The answer came to him even while he was thinking out the problem. He had a fifty-minute fuse. The thing to do was to reduce this fuse. He resolved to cut it so that it would only take three minutes to reach the dynamite. He did so.

In doing this, Werner Horn not only gave a sop to his conscience, but he ran a serious personal risk. In the first place, it would require all of the three minutes for him to escape with his own life. He felt that he would succeed in this, but he ran a risk just the same. In the second place he involved his personal liberty. The chances were ninety-nine out of a hundred that he would be arrested. Arrest might mean

his death, because in Germany any man doing what he proposed to do, if caught in the act, would be stood up against a wall and shot by a firing squad. Nevertheless, to his credit, Werner Horn took the chance. He was arrested, as we have seen, but a lenient Republic spared his life.

The course of events now takes us back to the Machias jail where the patience and strategy of Mr. Bruce Bielaski had succeeded in drawing a pretty complete story from Horn. In order to put the matter in legal form, the facts which he had given to the authorities were embodied in a typewritten confession which he was asked to sign. A part of this confession is appended herewith:

"Machias, Maine,
"February 7, 1915.

"I, Werner Horn, after having been advised that my extradition to Canada has been asked by the Government of Great Britain, and that anything I may say will or may be used against me in an extradition proceeding by the United States or in a prosecution by the United States if it shall be found that I have violated any of the laws of that country and that I may decline to talk at all or to answer any particular questions, do voluntarily, willingly and without any promises other than that my case will be dealt with by the United States fairly, impartially and in accordance with the law, make this statement.

"I am thirty-seven years of age, a citizen of Germany and at the outbreak of the war was the manager of a coffee plantation in Guatemala, that I am an Over-lieutenant in the German army, in inactive service, having had ten years' active service in the

German army, that two hours after receiving the call to return for army service I was on my way. I went from Guatemala to Galveston, Texas, in August, 1914, remained there fourteen days, proceeded to New York City, waited there four weeks trying to get a steamer to return to Germany, found that this was impossible, started to Mexico, remaining en route 15 days in San Antonio, Texas, that in Mexico City I received a card from the coffee plantation in Guatemala that another man had my position, that I secured a position on an American coffee plantation, that about four hours before going from Frontera to Salto de Aguas, in Chiapas, I received a card that all German officers should proceed to Germany, that I returned on the same launch on which I had intended to go from Frontera, sailed on a Norwegian steamer from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, was on the sea on Christmas day, arrived in New Orleans December 26, 1914, proceeded at once to New York by train, reported to the German Consul there either Jan. 1 or 2, asked Captain von Papen if it was possible to go to Germany, he said that it was impossible, that I stayed at the Arietta Hotel on Arietta Street, Staten Island, three or four weeks and then went to Vanceboro, Maine.

. . . . . .

"I have had the flags I wore for about two years. I got them when in Guatemala. I got the suitcase in a store that sells men's clothes on the first floor. I bought the suit I am wearing for the trip on Staten Island across from the hotel and I bought the cap at the same place. I had the overcoat which I bought at Wanamaker's the day I got to New York from New Orleans. I paid about $12 for the suit.

"I certify on my honor as a German officer that the foregoing statements are true except as to 'Tommy'; that I did not buy the nitroglycerine, but received it in New York and took it with me in the suitcase. I cannot say from whom I received it.

"WERNER HORN."

Now the curious nature of this German is illustrated by this remarkable document, or rather by the manner in which he treated the document. He was told that he did not have to say anything, and that his statement must be voluntary. But he cheerfully expressed his willingness to sign it. Nevertheless, when the time came he showed a curious hesitancy. Mr. Bielaski was perfectly satisfied that the statement was correct except in one particular. Horn was asked if he hesitated because that part of it was not true. Smilingly he admitted the soft impeachment. The part of his story concerning the mysterious "Tommy" was a pure invention. The sentences bearing on the mythical one were stricken out of the paper, and then Werner Horn signed the confession testifying to its correctness on his honor "as a German officer."

He was tried in due course and given a small sentence — something like eighteen months in a Federal penitentiary. It is not stretching the probabilities to say that if he had been taken to Canada he would have been lynched. The people of the Dominion were in no mood to deal lightly with such a serious offense. The American courts evidently took all of the redeeming facts of the case into consideration — his

evident desire to avoid the loss of life, and his willingness to sacrifice his liberty rather than commit deliberate and cold-blooded murder. But what must the public think of the arch-scoundrels who were behind this child-like German? What must be thought of the men, high in authority, who plotted to destroy life and property while enjoying the hospitality of the United States of America?

# XV

# THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF THE MASTER GERMAN SPY

## XV

# THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF THE MASTER GERMAN SPY

WAS there a master German spy in the United States during and before the time of the great war?

If so, was that spy a mysterious female, and did she have headquarters in one of the leading cities of the Pacific coast?

Was this chief female spy in charge of those who were concerned in the plot to foment a revolt against British rule in India — a plot that brought more than threescore of suspects into the United States courts in San Francisco?

These three questions have never been satisfactorily answered. It is not possible, even at this late day, to assemble evidence that can be accepted as conclusive. But from time to time there were arrests, and rumors of arrests, which it was felt might clear up the mystery. Men and women were taken into custody in various parts of the country. Some of them were interned for the period of the war, and others were released for want of evidence. Incidentally, the investigators of the Government never admitted the existence of the master spy, although some of them might have strongly suspected that such a person was

at work. They simply let each day's work take care of itself and did not concern themselves with the romantic phases of the business. But it is permissible for a civilian to speculate upon the subject, and there were at least three important arrests which lend color to the belief in the existence of the directing head of the hundreds of German spies in America during the war.

It may be conceded at the outset that the work of the German minions in the United States was not haphazard, and that there was an executive head in this country directing the movements of the Kaiser's secret agents, but in spite of the best efforts of the United States Secret Service, and of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, it was impossible to name this formidable person, or to obtain evidence upon which conviction could be had in an American court of justice.

It is good to know that even during the most critical hours of the war the disposition in this country was to proceed according to law and, so far as possible, not to act in an autocratic manner toward suspects. When it was found that there was not sufficient legislation to cover the cases of dangerous aliens, Congress was asked to vote more power to the authorities. This was nearly always done, although the delay in obtaining this power embarrassed those who were engaged in running down spies, and in ridding the country of undesirable men and women. The most annoying phase of the early part of the war was the apparent ease with which German agents interfered

with munition plants and factories engaged in making supplies for the Allies. There were many arrests and some convictions in this connection. The more important of these have been dealt with in the earlier parts of this book.

Bernstorff, Boy-Ed and Von Papen were regarded as the fountain heads of the German propaganda in the United States, but it was not easy to connect them directly with the work of German spies. The line of demarcation between diplomatic rights and illegal acts was not as clear as many might imagine. Hence the ever-present desire of the Secret Service in this country was to locate and arrest the master spy of the German service in this country. There were many false alarms, many arrests which were made upon insufficient evidence and many official mountains which afterward proved to be mole hills.

It was toward the close of the third year of the war that certain government officials in the West conceived the idea that the master spy of the Germans was a woman, and that she was known only by the initial "H." About that time a man was arrested in San Francisco, charged with acting suspiciously in the neighborhood of United States arsenals in that part of the country. Papers found upon him indicated that he had been active in promoting plans to destroy bridges and public buildings in Canada, and shipping and warehouses in Pacific ports. It was quite evident that he was acting as the tool of some person higher up, and it was believed that the person was no less than "H," the mysterious female spy. The first clew to

the woman was obtained by a letter found in the possession of the man. It was postmarked Cleveland, and instructed him to meet her in Los Angeles. Investigation showed that "H" had been an agent of Wolf von Ingel, who was at one time secretary to Franz von Papen, military attaché to the German Embassy at Washington, and the reputed head of the German espionage system in this country.

By means of scraps of information picked up at various times and places, it was claimed that the officials of the United States Government were able to patch together a pretty good description of this remarkable woman. She was a brunette, about thirty-five years old, and of striking carriage. She had bright black eyes, was quick in her movements, and had altogether an agreeable personality. She was well educated and spoke English, French and German with equal ease. In fact, it would be no misuse of the much-abused word to say that she was "beautiful." It must also be said, in behalf of the strange female, that she was as discreet as she was beautiful. Aside from the letter that was discovered in the effects of the prisoner, little was found that could convict her of being part and parcel of the scheme to abuse the hospitality of the United States, and of the many plots to blow up Government buildings. She was traced to a fashionable apartment in San Francisco, and, at what they considered a favorable moment, the secret service men prepared to take her into custody, but when they entered the bird had flown and never reappeared in that place.

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WOLF VON INGEL

A further investigation into the antecedents of the man in the case indicated that he was a German who had been sent to this country for the purpose of assisting in the maintenance of contraband wireless stations supported by the German Government for the purpose of obtaining military information and of transmitting it to Berlin. After that industry had been pretty well destroyed, he was sent to the coast to employ his talents in activities that were certainly not in the interest of this Government. One of these seemed to connect him with the elaborate German-Hindu plot to foment a mutiny among the natives of India.

It is claimed that in February, 1915, he inserted an advertisement in Spokane newspapers looking to the purchase of a tract of land on which to colonize several hundred Spanish families. These families, Federal officials said, were Hindus, and the purpose of their colonization was to permit them easy entrance into Canada, where they were to obtain military information and facts concerning the movements of Canadian vessels, to assist in raider warfare conducted in the Pacific Ocean by the Germans. The colonization plan did not materialize.

Some of his activities, according to the authorities, have been traced to Ram Chandra, the Hindu who was tried in San Francisco with thirty other persons, charged with attempting to foment a revolt against British rule in India. Ram Chandra made several payments of money to the German, officials said.

The man, according to Federal officials, was a de-

serter from the German army and was actuated only by the hope of financial gain.

The scene shifts from San Francisco to Hampton Roads Aviation grounds in Virginia. There a man, who was afterwards proven to be a lieutenant in the German Navy, was arrested on the technical charge of trespassing upon Government property. An American secret service agent had been on his trail for weeks. It was believed that he had landed in this country from a German submarine which touched at Newport in the latter part of 1917. At all events, he obtained employment with a Government contractor engaged in construction work at Newport News. He was assigned to duty near the aviation field. He was closely watched and was claimed to have been one of the most dangerous German spies in America. It was felt that he was under the charge and direction of "H," the unknown master spy, and it was hoped that, through him, it might be possible to ascertain the identity of the famous female.

He was arrested while he was at work one night in the early part of January, 1918. He protested his innocence of any wrong-doing, and denied being connected with the German Government, or with any propaganda work in the United States. After he had been placed under lock and key, an attempt was made to obtain evidence to make out a case against the suspect. Disguised as an insurance agent, one of the investigators visited the apartment of the man, and found certain articles and papers which tended to confirm the charge which had been made against him.

But at the best it was circumstantial evidence, and, above all, there was nothing which could connect him with the mysterious female on the Pacific coast. The arrest caused great excitement at the time, and after some days' consideration it was decided that he should be interned at Fort Oglethorpe for the duration of the war.

The case was considered of such importance that the Attorney-General and the Secretary of the Navy issued a joint statement for the benefit of the public. This was given out after an examination of the evidence. It said:

" He is a German reservist of the Twelfth Company, Seventy-fifth Bremen Regiment, who came to this country in 1910. He has been engaged in various occupations in and around Baltimore since he entered the United States.

" In October, 1917, he obtained a position with the contractor in charge of the construction of the aviation camp at Newport News, working there as a timekeeper. One night in October, he approached a dynamite magazine in the camp and was fired upon by the sentry, but escaped. His identity was not at that time known, and information as to identity was not obtained by the Navy Department until later.

" So far no evidence has been obtained tending to show that he obtained or intended to transmit information, or that he was at the camp for that purpose, and he, therefore, cannot be placed on trial as a spy, but if sufficient further evidence is found on this subject he may be tried as a spy. A search of his effects

disclosed his German military uniform, consisting of sword-bayonet, scabbard and sword-knot, army blouse, duck uniform, and belt. His name was stamped on the inside of his uniform. A number of postcards of German manufacture of a propaganda nature were also found.

"Last autumn he worked for a lumber contractor on the work of Camp Meade, under a permit from the United States Marshal. Apparently he worked under another contractor at Quantico. When arrested, he had been employed under his own name. It was also learned from his letters that he contemplated going to Birmingham.

"The press publications on this case have contained misstatements. It was printed, for example, that he was a former German officer of high rank; was a master spy known to have been in communication with one Bernstorff, Boy-Ed and other high German officers prior to our declaration of war; that he arrived in this country on the submarine U-53; that after the commencement of the European war he went back to Germany, and later returned to the United States; that at times he disguised himself in the uniform of an American army officer; that he was arrested while in the act of lighting a fuse or match for an American army magazine; that money was advanced to him by the German spy system in this country.

"Careful examination of all the evidence in the possession of the Department of Justice and the Navy Department failed to show any foundation for these statements."

Nothing ever came of this case, and so, once again, the searchers after the master spy were compelled to acknowledge defeat.

Soon after this, another promising clew presented itself in the arrest of a so-called baroness in Tennessee. This woman had visited Fort Oglethorpe, and it was claimed that she had a secret underground means of communication with Berlin. She claimed to have been born in America, and said that her father was of German birth but had been naturalized. She married at an early age, and after the death of her husband went abroad and resided for short intervals in Paris, London, Naples, Rome, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Cologne, Singapore, and Berlin. In 1906 she married a baron, who was a lieutenant in the German Army. The subsequent career of this astonishing woman, as it was outlined by the United States Attorney, in presenting the case of the Government, is quite as interesting as the pages from a romance.

"Shortly after the marriage, her husband passed the examination for the German general staff, and the Baroness and he moved to Berlin, where they resided two years. The Baron attended to his official duties and he and the Baroness were presented to the Kaiser at a court ball.

"On several occasions, the Baroness met the Empress of Germany and most of the high court functionaries. She also admitted that on two occasions children of the Kaiser's sister had been her guests at birthday parties given for her children.

"About the time of Prince Henry's visit to the

United States, when Germany was attempting to create a better feeling toward that country in the United States, the Baroness came to America, leaving her husband and children in Germany and London, respectively. She came to America on the ship with a count, who was adjutant of the German general staff, and who, with other high German officials, was invited by Andrew Carnegie to attend the opening of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. She admitted that she revised and edited the speeches the count was to make in America, telling him that they were too flowery for the American people. She also admitted that she rendered him like assistance after he arrived in America. After three months she returned to Germany.

"In 1909 she was divorced from the baron in the courts of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Shortly after her divorce she went from England to Naples. On this trip she met a Bavarian, with the rank of lieutenant in the German Army, who, she claimed, had a leave of absence because of a slight heart disorder. She said that he was on his way to Ceylon to hunt tigers. She claimed that he proposed marriage to her while on the ship, but that she had asked him to defer the matter to a later date.

"She returned to Rome, where she accepted his proposal. He returned to Germany to get permission from his regiment to be married. This was given, and they came to America and were married in New York. They then toured the world, sailing from San Francisco in 1911. They went to Honolulu, and from

there to Japan, then on to Singapore, where he purchased from the Sultan of Johre concessions for a rubber plantation about twenty miles from Singapore, the naval base of the British Government in the East Indies.

"During the next three or four years the Baroness, as she still called herself, divided her time between London and Singapore. Her husband stayed in Singapore, returning to Germany only once a year to report to his regiment, and to have his leave of absence extended.

"When the war was declared between France and Germany, her husband was en route to London. While in the middle of the Mediterranean, between Suez and Marseilles, he made arrangements to land at Marseilles and go from there to London instead of continuing his voyage by way of Gibraltar. However, the Baroness sent him a wireless just before he reached Marseilles, advising him not to disembark there, as war was about to be declared. When the ship touched Marseilles, the Captain offered $1000 for an automobile to take him to the Italian frontier, but was unable to procure one to make the trip. He continued his voyage and landed at Southampton just one day after England had declared war on Germany. He was interned immediately at the Dorchester internment camp, where he remained three weeks. In the meantime the Baroness intervened with high English officers of her acquaintance, and obtained her husband's release upon his giving his word of honor as an officer and a gentleman not to take up arms against

England during the war. The Baroness also joined him in the pledge.

"Shortly after his release from the internment camp, he and his wife sailed for New York as steerage passengers.

"The Baroness admitted that on probably fifteen occasions she had communicated with her husband by letter through another woman of Arnheim, Holland. This woman understood for whom the letters were intended, and would open them and mail them to the man. He would reply through the same intermediary. Cablegrams also were transmitted in this manner."

All of this sounded promising enough, but it never led to any practical results. Much of it seems like a fairy tale, but, even admitting the accuracy of the facts as given, there still remained little or nothing upon which the United States could proceed, and there was no real evidence to connect the so-called Baroness with the unknown master spy who was known only by the cryptic initial of "H." Each of the three cases cited, the German suspect who was taken into custody in San Francisco, the lieutenant of the German Navy who was arrested at Newport News, and the Baroness who was held to answer for her visits to Fort Oglethorpe, were filled with possibilities, but no one of them, or all of them combined, sufficed to clear up the mystery.

Thus the tale must be presented to the reader in the form of an unfinished story, and it is no exaggeration to say that there were hundreds of such uncompleted stories during the war. One of the most interesting phases in connection with the work of arresting sus-

pects was the stubbornness and the persistence with which the prisoners shielded those "higher up." Many of them willingly accepted prison sentences rather than reveal to the authorities the names of those who had directed their work. They were fanatically devoted to the interests of the "Fatherland," and most of them were obsessed with the notion that Germany was sure to win the war.

If they had suspected that the "All Highest" in the person of the Kaiser would eventually flee for his life, and that Germany was to be decisively beaten by the Allies, they might have adopted a different attitude. But this, of course, is mere conjecture. The fact remains that they placed the interests of Germany above those of the United States, and shamefully abused the hospitality of the country which gave them shelter and the opportunity of a livelihood.

In this connection it is but right to pay a tribute to the voluntary work of the American Protective League during the war. This was an organization of patriotic citizens which had the approval of Attorney-General Gregory, and which was formed for the purpose of assisting the authorities in the work of detecting spies and those who sympathized with Germany. It penetrated into every nook and corner of the United States, and at one time was said to have a membership of two hundred and fifty thousand persons.

It is an interesting fact that no one connected with the organization received any pay, and that the members were not even allowed their expenses. Each city in the United States was divided into divisions and

placed in charge of an inspector. The divisions, in turn, were divided into districts and each district was in command of a captain who organized squads and placed them under the direction of lieutenants. These men were to make "prompt and reliable reports of all disloyal or enemy activities," and of all infractions or evasions of the war code of the United States, and to make "prompt and thorough investigations of all matters of a similar nature referred to it by the Department of Justice."

It will be seen that the members of the American Protective League had a pretty big contract on their hands. They delved into spy activities, sedition, lying reports concerning the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus, and any reports or rumors likely to interfere with the successful prosecution of the war. They paid special attention to individual and organized attempts to evade the draft, and there is no doubt but that they were instrumental in discovering hundreds of draft dodgers who were compelled to do their duty along with all willing sons of the Republic.

Perhaps the most curious feature of this strange association was the fact that many of the members did not know each other. As a consequence of this, they were able to halt a great deal of German propaganda in the United States. In the beginning of the war, it may be recalled, there was more or less outspoken friendship for Germany. Those who indulged in this sort of thing did not seem to realize that they were giving "aid and sympathy" to the enemy. But

when they received a notice to call upon the United States District Attorney and explain their talk, their eyes were opened. They wondered how in the world the Government could have found out about their casual conversations with their neighbors, little thinking that these neighbors were sworn agents of the Government for the period of the war. In some cases, members of the organization were known to have been watching one another in the belief that they were on the track of enemy sympathizers. So easy it is to misjudge and mistake the motives of our neighbor.

But in the very beginning, the treason hunters were warned to be careful not to do injustice to any individuals or to any class of men. The membership of the League was composed of all classes and conditions of men. Bankers, lawyers, carpenters, dentists, bricklayers, clerks, engineers and anybody with average intelligence was eligible so long as they were known to be loyal and patriotic Americans. At the outset there was a careful effort made to impress the members with the importance of avoiding the giving of unnecessary annoyance to aliens in the United States. One of the first announcements to the members said:

" Many alien residents in this country are absolutely loyal to its institutions and laws, and many individuals having the status of alien enemies are not only conducting themselves with due respect to law, but are of great value in industry and business. Great care must be exercised by members to avoid unnecessary alarm to aliens and to avoid causing apprehension upon their part as to the fairness and justice of the attitude

of the Government toward them. In this regard members will be called upon for the exercise of judgment and discretion of a high order. They should protect aliens and citizens from unjust suspicion, but must fearlessly ascertain and report treason wherever found."

It would be too much to claim that the members of the American Protective League did not make mistakes. There were instances where perfectly loyal citizens were placed under suspicion, and there were a few cases where arrests were made without sufficient evidence. But, in the main, the organization did a real and important work for the Government. Their labors related to enemy aliens, unfriendly neutrals, first-paper citizens, disloyal citizens, pro-German radicals, disloyal Government employees, I. W. W. agitators, those guilty of seditious utterances, anti-militarists, army deserters, food hoarders, and others too numerous to mention. Men high in the counsels of the Government willingly bore witness to the efficiency of the work done by these volunteer treason hunters.

But soon after the signing of the armistice, steps were taken to dissolve the organization. It was said, with justice, that we could not afford to have an organization of this kind in the United States in times of peace. There has always been a strong sentiment in this country against a secret police, and the notion of having one class of citizens spying upon another class, and upon one another, was repugnant to the American idea of freedom. It savored too much of the secret police system of Europe. The Attorney-General

thanked the members for the valuable aid they had given the Government during a crisis in the history of the Republic, and directed that the organization be disbanded. So, without any ceremony, the American Protective League went out of existence almost as quickly and quietly as it had come into being, and the members took their places again as citizens of a free country.

It is hardly necessary to say that the organization was no more successful in locating the master spy of the German secret service in America than were the professional detectives of the Government. Their activities dealt rather with the minor and irritating enemies of the United States. Their net was widespread and the mesh was very close, but they did not succeed in catching the big fish which would have been the great prize of the war.

Thus it came about when the peace treaty was signed, the identity of " H," the master German spy, was as much a mystery as it was in the beginning of the war in this country.

# XVI

# THE DARK MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE MURDER OF THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND

## XVI

# THE DARK MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE MURDER OF THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND

THE real history of the world's greatest war will never be written until the student of history ascertains all of the hidden facts which lay concealed behind the cruel murder of the Archduke Ferdinand and his Consort, the Duchess of Hohenberg. To the casual observer that ghastly double-tragedy in the streets of Sarajevo, on June 28, 1914, just "happened," but to those who look beneath the surface, to those who study causes and effects, there are phases of the business that are both puzzling and understandable.

There have been many mysterious tragedies connected with the war, such as the strange disappearance of Lord Kitchener and the last end of the Emperor Nicholas, but none of them have been shrouded with as impenetrable a veil as the details leading to the assassination of the man who had been selected to succeed Francis Joseph as the ruler of Austria-Hungary. Before the war, no monarch seemed to be so sure of his throne as the aged man who had presided for so many years over the destinies of the dual monarchy. Yet he seemed to have a premonition of impending dis-

aster, and in the last years of his life devoted most of his time and attention toward insuring the succession to the throne. The House of Hapsburg had been subject to a succession of strange fatalities. Early in his reign an attempt had been made upon the life of Francis Joseph by a fanatical Hungarian; later, his wife was assassinated by an Italian anarchist in Geneva, and, still later, his only son died a violent and unexplained death. Hence, when he finally selected Franz Ferdinand to be the heir to the throne, all of his hopes centered about that young man.

In the closing years of his life, when he was within the shadow of the grave, he was fated to receive a telegram informing him that the Archduke upon whom he had pinned his hopes had also fallen by the hands of an assassin. Destiny had decreed that he should die disappointed and broken-hearted. In his closing hours he must have felt that he was surrounded by treachery and false friends. The question that was asked even while he was breathing his last was whether the bullet which ended the life of Ferdinand was fashioned in Vienna. He died before it could be answered. Will the mystery ever be solved? Who can answer that question?

The life of the murdered Archduke was filled with romance. For years he was regarded as one of the most mysterious characters in Austria. But it is more likely that much of this mystery was thrown about him by those who did not understand his shy character, and, most of all, his persistence in marrying for love instead of for reasons of State. From the moment,

however, when he was selected by the aged Francis Joseph to be his successor to the throne of Austria he became a world figure.

He was born at Gratz, in Styria province, while his father was Governor, on December 18, 1863. He was the eldest son of the Archduke Charles Louis, eldest of the three brothers of Francis Joseph. Under the laws of the Hapsburgs the eldest son of the reigning monarch was heir to the throne, and in pursuance of this rule the Archduke Rudolph was educated to be an Emperor. But man proposes and God disposes. Archduke Rudolph met with a tragic death in the hunting lodge near Vienna on January 30, 1889. There was something mysterious about his end — and it never has been satisfactorily explained — but as a result of it Ferdinand came into line as the successor to the throne. He had been trained along military and engineering lines, and now he was called upon to study methods of government. The aged Emperor took a personal interest in this, and made it his business to instruct him in the intricate duties he would finally be called upon to assume. Indeed, he permitted him to exercise many of the functions of the ruler of Austria, and was delighted to find that in Franz Ferdinand he had an apt and willing pupil.

Then, one day, an incident occurred which threatened to upset all of his plans for the succession to the throne of Austria.

It was known, of course, that the time would come when he would be called upon to choose a wife who would be the Empress of Austria. In Europe, as

everybody knows, they have a way of arranging these things for the heir to the throne. In the case of Ferdinand this began very early. When he was only twenty-two years old the Austrian Cabinet planned that he should marry a Princess of Saxony. It appeared to be a very desirable match from every point of view. It pleased everybody — that is, everybody except Ferdinand. He flatly refused to consider it, much to the consternation of the rulers of Austria. He said that if the crown depended upon such a marriage he would forfeit his rights. To the surprise of all, Emperor Francis Joseph upheld the young man in this refusal. In a word, he upheld the young man's natural right to choose his own wife.

Time went on, and it was generally felt that at the right moment he could be depended upon to select the right sort of a wife — that is to say, a wife who would satisfy the Emperor and the Cabinet. He was an attractive young man, tall, good-looking, highly accomplished, and, best of all, free from scandal. But he was one of those men who do not make friends easily. This was not from any want of desire on his part, but rather because he had a retiring disposition. He had both a practical and a poetic side to his nature. He not only studied engineering, but he secured a degree which entitled him to practice that profession. It is not surprising to learn that he was also of an inventive turn of mind. It has been said that if he had the desire he could have patented many devices, and that if thrown upon his natural resources he could easily have been one of the wealthiest

princes in Europe — and that by his own unaided efforts.

On the other hand, he was a writer and a poet of no mean order. He loved music, and was the author of several compositions — old Styrian melodies which, until that time, had never been placed upon paper. He published two volumes of quaint Alpine poetry, and he was also the author of some biographical sketches which attracted attention outside his own country. Add to this the fact that he was a sportsman and a good shot, and we have an all-around man that might well attract the attention of the young women of the old world. Long ago it was said that journeys end in lovers meeting. The girl and the place were waiting for Ferdinand.

He went on a visit to Abbazia, the country place of the widowed Princess Stephanie. It is a charming spot and the vacation was all that could be desired. Ferdinand had intended to stay but a few days, but his visit was prolonged to weeks. Then those who were at the court in Vienna began to gossip, just as folks will gossip about impending matrimony, whether it be in a cottage or a palace. It was hinted that Ferdinand had fallen in love with his hostess, and a charming hostess she was. The Emperor Francis Joseph was delighted. It was precisely the sort of a match that he would have planned for the heir to the throne. When he returned to Vienna he was met with playful references to his supposed love affair, but he remained silent. If he had any matrimonial intentions he was not making them public at that time. So

the Emperor and his Cabinet waited, ascribing his silence to the natural shyness of a love-smitten young man. That he was in love no one doubted, because he had all of the symptoms of the ancient disease.

The truth came out in an unexpected manner. He paid a second visit to Abbazia. The plot thickened, so to speak. •Could it be possible that the Archduke was in love with one of the sisters of Princess Stephanie? No, he was not, because after his departure one of the servants found in his room a gold-framed miniature of the Countess Sophie. This young woman, who was exceedingly beautiful, was a lady-in-waiting to the Princess, and had been acting as a sort of duenna to the daughters of the hostess. Without the poverty which is supposed to be part of the rôle, she was a modern Cinderella, and Ferdinand was the young Prince who had found her slipper and came to claim her as his bride.

There was an emotional explosion. Hell, we are told, hath no fury like a woman scorned, and, if we are to believe contemporaneous reports, the Princess Stephanie raged just like an ordinary woman who has been jilted. As a matter of fact, the loving Ferdinand had been guilty of no impropriety. He did not make love to either the Princess or her sisters, but he had been guilty of the bad judgment of preferring the lady-in-waiting to the lady. He preferred the maid to the mistress. Worst of all, rumors had gone forth of his supposed attachment to the Princess. We have no record of what actually took place between the two women, but it is enough to say that within half

an hour after the discovery of the miniature the Countess Sophie was banished from the house.

In the meanwhile the news traveled to Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph was amazed. He sent for the young man and wanted to know if the stories that had reached him were true. The young Archduke bowed his head:

"It is true that I love the Countess."

The Emperor conceded his right to that feeling, but insisted that it was his duty to marry some one of his own rank, to make an alliance with one of the royal houses.

"That is impossible," retorted this astonishing Archduke. "I shall marry the woman I love."

"But," cried the angry Emperor, "can it be possible that you intend to renounce your claim to the throne?"

"Not at all," was the calm response. "I am simply taking your advice. I heard you say once that in taking a wife an Emperor should pay no attention to politics and should follow only the impulse of his own heart."

The aged ruler had to turn his head aside to conceal the smile that was provoked by this apt retort. He knew very well that he had uttered these words, but he pretended to be very angry, and dismissed his disobedient nephew. From that day onward every possible effort was made to break off the attachment between the two young people. The Archduke was sent into a sort of exile at Budweis. By a curious set of circumstances the young Countess happened to be in

the same neighborhood at the same time. So, what was intended as a punishment, proved to be a delightful occasion. But the royal diplomats were at work again, and it was not long before the two were separated. Later, the information was brought to the Countess Sophie that Ferdinand was actually engaged to the Princess Stephanie, and that the date of their marriage would soon be fixed. The purpose was to provoke her jealousy and to bring about an estrangement. But it failed utterly of its effect. She smiled radiantly:

"The story is interesting," she said, "but I do not believe it."

"It comes from good authority," she was told; "it comes direct from Vienna."

"Then it is very doubtful," was the quick retort, "and the only person in the world who can make me believe it is Ferdinand himself."

A tour of the world and a separation of many months failed to wean Ferdinand from the woman he loved. Finally the Emperor, who was a fairly good judge of human nature, realized that further opposition would be useless. The courtship had continued for nine years, and at the end of that time Francis Joseph consented to the betrothal. So it came about that the Archduke Ferdinand, on June 28, 1900, in the presence of the Emperor, church dignitaries and ministers of State took an oath in the Hofburg at Vienna, that he and the Countess would consider their marriage a morganatic one, renounced for her all future claims as Empress, and for their unborn children all

claims to the throne. Three days later the Archduke and the Countess were married at her native home in Bohemia. The Emperor, who really admired the Countess, made her Duchess of Hohenberg.

The course of true love had not run smoothly, but after their marriage the much-opposed young couple were exceedingly happy. The truth of the matter is that both of them were so decent, generous and good-intentioned that they deserved their happiness. But while their love affairs had been happily adjusted their political difficulties were only beginning. There were men in Austria who were not reconciled to the idea of Ferdinand as the heir-apparent. They were deeply disappointed when the aged Emperor had finally forgiven the young man and taken him to his bosom again. They were more incensed when they found that Ferdinand was actually ruling Austria. He was earnest, he was patient and he was industrious. Best of all, he was content to remain in the background, and permit his uncle to have all of the honor and the glory of governing. Indeed, the complaint was made that an "impenetrable veil had been drawn over his private life." But behind this veil Ferdinand was working like a Trojan. It was the Archduke Ferdinand who was the moving spirit in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and it seemed to be fate that he should meet with his tragic end in the capital of Bosnia.

It was quite common to hear that Ferdinand avoided the fierce light that shines on a crown. This did not mean that he was inactive, but rather that he had a dislike for publicity. He was not photographed in

every conceivable position; his daily movements were not faithfully chronicled and his likes and dislikes were not a matter of common knowledge. Those about him, however, soon found that he was a man of character. They found that he had the ability to govern, and that he did not hesitate to disagree with the Emperor when he thought the Emperor was wrong. It was freely predicted that when he became the actual head of the State — a time that was never to come — that the good old Austrian carelessness would be a thing of the past. It is perhaps natural that such a man should be unpopular. In this respect it is interesting to reproduce an estimate that was made of him some years before his death. An American correspondent writing at that time said:

"The Archduke is thoroughly constitutional. No attempt will be made by him to make a breach in the Empire or among its varied populations. And this is why he is unpopular with certain militant sections of his future subjects in Hungary. He fiercely hates those who would sap the foundations on which the dual monarchy is built. But to Hungarians as Hungarians he is as friendly as to Germans or Poles or Czechs. He loves none of them, but hates none as long as they do his will.

"Not long ago he was disliked in the army. His coldness, his want of the spirit of camaraderie, his indifference to buttons, facings and gold braid worn by officers, his dislike of parades and military show which pleases both his uncle and his neighbor, the German Emperor, have raised a barrier between him and the

flashy sections of the army. But there is not an officer of worth in the Austrian Army who does not know that Franz Ferdinand is a great soldier of the working, plodding, diligent, watchful sort, that nothing escapes him, and that his supreme qualities of generalship will be of enormous advantage to the Empire when the day of trial comes. If Austria fights she will fight with Franz Ferdinand at the head of her forces.

"Franz Ferdinand makes no claim to be a genius and is not one, but his head is clear and he has a habit of thinking for himself. He has also a remarkable knowledge of men. Immediately after he took the reins of power under his uncle the old easy Austrian methods of appointing unfit men to high positions were abandoned, and only those men were chosen for office who were suitable by gifts and experience — men like Von Beck, Conrad von Stotzendorf and Baron von Aehrenthal. Not one of the men named belongs to what is known as the 'high aristocracy,' and the famous foreign minister is even of Jewish extraction, belonging to a banking family of ordinary reputation. Prince Ferdinand has no prejudices. Like all the Hapsburgs, he is a religious man, but it is not accurate to say that he is a clerically minded man. He sees in the Christian Socialist or Clerical party the best organized, most patriotic party in the Empire, and that is why he maintains a sort of connection with them. Were the other parties in the State to show the same devotion to the Crown, the same eagerness to advance the glory and power of Austria, he would join forces with them also.

"But the fact remains that Franz Ferdinand is not a lovable character. He is not what the Austrians call a 'guter mensch.' He lacks the amiability which distinguishes the German and Austrian Emperors and the sovereigns of England and Italy. His smile is seldom seen, and when seen is usually sardonic."

In view of what has happened since this estimate was made it assumes unusual interest and importance. It sounds like irony to read that if Austria fights "she will fight with Franz Ferdinand at the head of her forces." Fate had decreed that Ferdinand himself was to be the cause of the war. His assassination in the town of Sarajevo was to be the match that was to kindle the world-wide conflagration. Had it been otherwise, had the war been from other causes, and had Ferdinand headed the troops of Austria would the result have been different? Hardly, although it is reasonable to believe that the dual monarchy would not have made such a miserable showing in the war.

But, from the foregoing, it is evident that there were many men in Austria who did not look with much joy upon the prospect of having Ferdinand ascend the throne. We are told that when he arranged to make his visit of State to Bosnia one of his friends in Vienna urged him to postpone the trip. This man was filled with forebodings. He could give no reason for his warning beyond the prevailing political unrest, but he simply had a premonition that there was danger in the air. The Archduke was not greatly impressed. He was a man of great personal courage. He was also highly practical and he was not to be deterred by

"voices in the air." So the visit of ceremony was carried out as planned.

The Archduke and his Consort arrived at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. There was a great outpouring of the people, and while he was not greeted with cheers he was received with respectful interest. It was a curious assemblage. The streets through which the royal automobile passed were lined with Turkish bazaars, mosques, churches and synagogues. In the crowd were the Serbs, Croatians and Jews who make up the population of the picturesque and cosmopolitan city. Howling Moslem dervishes went through their contortions. All of this was interesting, but Ferdinand and his well-beloved wife must have had some misgivings as they gazed upon the sea of half-sullen faces.

He realized, for one thing, that the local Governor and the Army Commandant had not provided an adequate police and military escort for himself and his Consort. There were some cheers, but they were not hearty. Nevertheless, the Archduke, making the best of a bad situation, bowed to the right and to the left as his conveyance made its way from the railroad station to the Town Hall. Just before the visitors reached their destination some one — he was afterwards proven to be the son of an Austrian official — threw a bomb at the automobile. The crowd shrieked in horror, but when the wall of smoke was wafted aside it was found that the Archduke and his Consort were sitting upright and unharmed.

"Now," the Archduke is reported to have said to

his Consort, "I know why Count Tisza advised me to postpone my journey."

Some of the members of his party were wounded by the explosion, and the Archduke would not continue his journey until they had been cared for, and taken to a local hospital. He was pale, but presented an undisturbed demeanor. Yet even after that startling incident he was without proper police protection. The procession proceeded to the Town Hall, where the Burgomaster, in the robes of his office, was waiting to deliver the formal address of welcome. But before he began the Archduke raised his hand:

"Herr Burgomaster, we have come here to pay you a visit and bombs have been thrown at us. This is altogether an amazing indignity. You may now proceed with your address."

The formalities went on to their end, but there was a tenseness about the situation by no means agreeable. After that the Archduke and his Consort returned to their automobile and the line of march was resumed. Half way to the station he directed the driver to proceed to the hospital in order that he might call upon the injured members of his party. It was an act of mercy. They had not gone three blocks, however, before a youth on the sidewalk produced a pistol, and fired three shots at the royal couple. The first shot struck the Archduke. He stood up in the automobile, rigid and drawn, and then fell in a heap in the bottom of the machine. In the meanwhile another shot fatally wounded his Consort, and thus these two, who had been inseparable in life, were united in death. Be-

Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

ARCHDUKE FERDINAND AND HIS CONSORT

fore Ferdinand expired, and while he was being assisted from the automobile, he said, with a groan:

"That fellow will get the Golden Cross of Merit for this day's work!"

The crowd made a rush for the assassin, and but for the intervention of the police he would have been torn to pieces. It was quite evident that no matter what their political grievances they had no sympathy with murder. After he was taken to the police station he gave his name as Gavrio Prinzip. He was a Serbian student, residing in Sarajevo, and he had been nursing his hatred until the time came to fire the fatal shot. He had a confederate, a printer, and the evidence showed that they had been waiting for hours for this opportunity for a double assassination that was to involve the world in war.

In due course of time the culprits were tried and punished. But in the meanwhile events were following one another with lightning-like rapidity. Those three cowardly shots were heard around the world. The people of all the civilized countries were shocked by the crime. The British Government was the first to formally express its detestation of the horrible happening. One after another followed with notes of sympathy and indignation. But, outside of Austria and Germany, none appeared to suspect the tragic consequences that were to turn the world topsy-turvy. A few — a very few — were asking the question:

Was Archduke Ferdinand purposely placed in peril?

This question has never been satisfactorily answered. More than one student of history has speculated upon

the sinister meaning of the tragedy. It has become one of the great mysteries of history. Had destiny decreed that Ferdinand was to be the instrument to end the great Austrian Empire? Trifles have changed the history of the world, but surely this double-tragedy was no trifle. Could the politicians at Vienna tell the inside story of that black crime? One historian in discussing this phase of the case says:

"There is some reason for feeling that certain influential personages in Austria realized that the Archduke's visit to Sarajevo was likely to be perilous and that they did not, nevertheless, order any very efficient police measures to protect him. The dark skeins in Balkan history are innumerable, and to-day it is impossible to untangle this one. One fact, however, is certain. The news of the death of Franz Ferdinand did not leave certain influential politicians in Vienna and Buda-Pesth bowed with anguish."

All newspaper readers are familiar with the events which now followed one another in quick succession. Austria-Hungary made demands upon the Serbian Government for immediate satisfaction. Steps were taken to comply with this demand. Full punishment was promised against the assassins, but that was not enough for Vienna. Further demands were made, demands with which the Serbian Government felt that it could not comply without yielding up its national existence. Then followed the declaration of war against Serbia, the intervention of Russia, and finally Germany's announcement that the mobilization of the Russian Army would be taken as an act of hostility

to the Fatherland. And, before any one realized it, the world was on fire.

Most of the momentous facts are familiar to even the most casual reader. To attempt to recite them all would be to undertake to tell the history of the World War. But it must be apparent that the moment in which the Archduke and his Consort were killed was one of the most dramatic moments in the history of the world.

There are many mysteries connected with this appalling war, but none of them are veiled in greater secrecy than this one in which the Archduke Ferdinand was the principal, and it is fitting that this series should conclude with this episode, which was the first event in the greatest war the world has ever known.

THE END

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*Author of "Man Proposes"*

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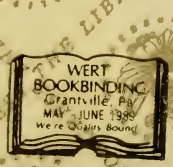

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